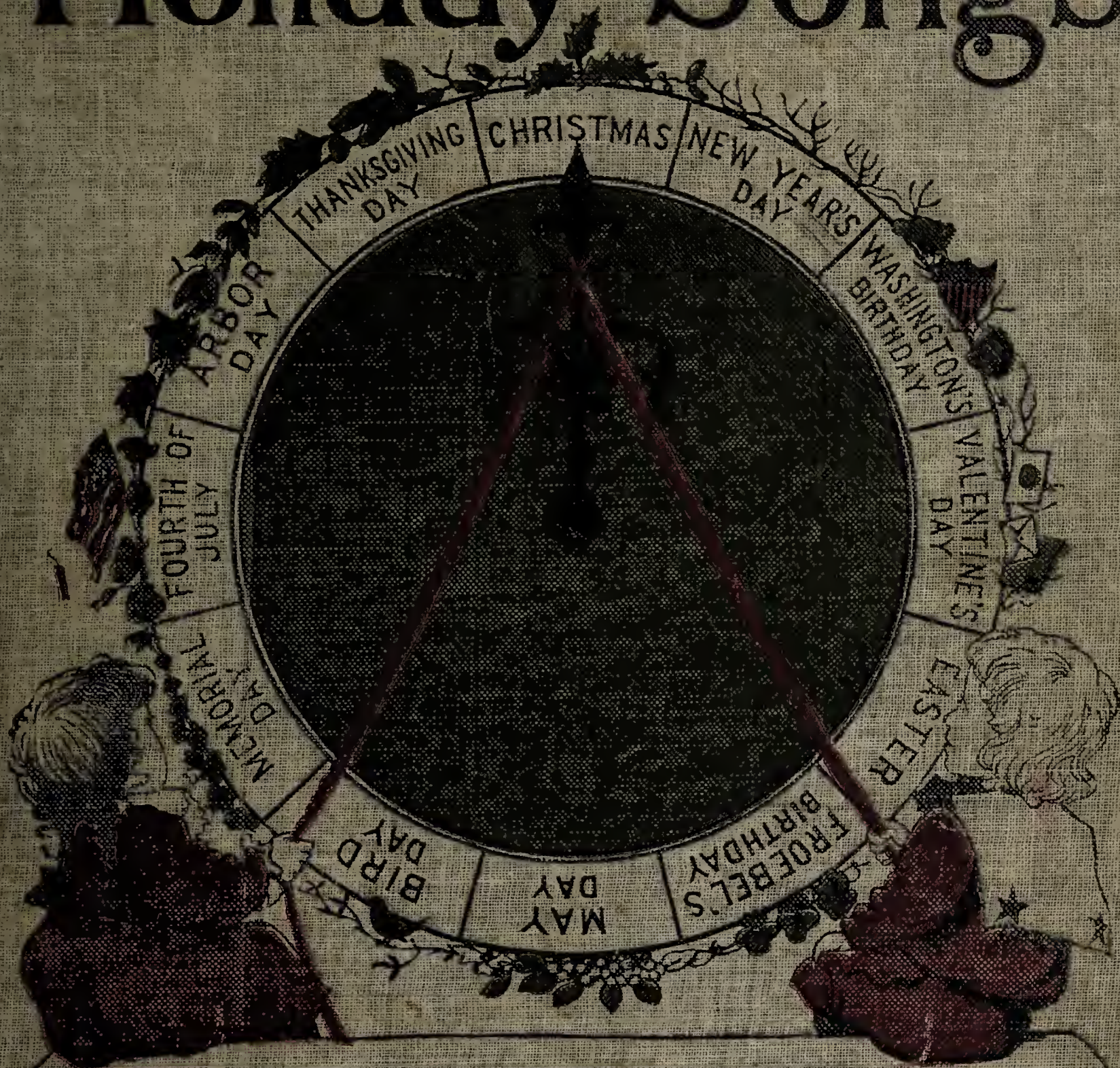


# Holiday Songs



By  
Emilie Poulsson

Illustrated By  
L.J. Bridgman

Milton Bradley Company  
Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.











# HOLIDAY SONGS

AND

## EVERY DAY SONGS AND GAMES

BY

EMILIE POULSSON

*Author of "In the Child's World," "Love and Law in Child Training," "Nursery Finger Plays," "Through the Farmyard Gate," "Child Stories and Rhymes," etc.*

MUSIC BY

VARIOUS COMPOSERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

L. J. BRIDGMAN

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## PREFACE.

IN the belief that holidays and festivals, rightly celebrated, enrich life and memory, and that appropriate songs make no small part of the fitting observance of such days, this book has been prepared, and is now offered for use with children in those three related circles, — home, kindergarten, and school.

Owners of other song-books will be glad to find that this new one is not made up of material already available in different books. Only six\* of the one hundred and three songs herein contained are to be found in previously published collections; and although some of the songs have appeared in magazines (chiefly Kindergarten Review), many are entirely new, — the verses new, and the music written expressly for them.

The songs are, in most cases, simple and short, the capacity and taste of little children being chiefly consulted; but there are some songs which are intended for older children, and in which, consequently, a wider range of thought, language, and musical expression could be presented.

Most of the contributors' names appearing in the book are familiar in connection with acceptable work previously done for the child-world, and the new names which appear are happily introduced by the quality of the contributions to which they are signed.

### SONGS BY CHILDREN.

The Fourth of July song (page 62) was composed, words and music, by a class of children of about twelve years of age, in the Elementary School, University of Chicago. Mrs. May Root Kern, Director of Music in the school, has written an exceedingly interesting account of her work in Number Two of the Elementary School Record, from which this song is reprinted by courteous permission.

The children at the Kindergarten for the Blind, Jamaica Plain, Mass., are like a flock of happy singing birds at any time of the year, but at the Christmas season they are perhaps in fullest song. One year, when the Christmas carols were being learned, the little blind girls were heard singing a carol ("Merry Christmas," page 84) which none of the teachers recognized. The kindergartner had not taught it, the primary teacher disclaimed it, the music-teacher knew nothing of it. On being questioned, the children said: "Oh! that's the carol Margaret and Norah made. Margaret made the words, and Norah made the music, and we've all learned it."

The two little girls were not in the kindergarten proper, but in the primary department connected with the kindergarten. Three little blind girls of this same school composed the words and melody of the song "Winter," page 78.

### CLASSIFICATION.

Although the songs are arranged under topics, it will be easily understood that some songs could be classified with equal appropriateness under different topics. For instance, "Our Land" is as good for the Fourth of July or for Washington's Birthday, as for Memorial Day; "Leaves, Flowers, and Fruits" is a finger-play quite as fitting for an Arbor Day program as for an Autumn Festival; while extra songs suitable for Bird Day are found under other headings. The book contains, therefore, a greater number and variety of songs appropriate for a special occasion or on a special subject than is shown by the classification chosen.

### FINGER-PLAYS AND GAMES.

Although suggestions for playing some of these have been given on the pages where they occur, and suggestions for a few others are appended below, it seemed scarcely necessary to picture or describe all the games, since kindergartners and children will usually get sufficient suggestion from the words. In addition to the specified games, some of the songs furnish legitimate play-material; while some of the games and finger-plays will serve equally well for songs as such, unaccompanied by gestures or action.

### THE ORCHARD.

This game will allow of many participants, and will, therefore, be described as used in a large kindergarten. Where space and number of children are limited, the kindergartner will still find it a practicable game by having fewer trees and using only two or three of the verses; for instance, the first, second, and third for a Spring play, or the first and fifth for an Autumn play.

*Verse I.* Nine of the largest children are chosen, and placed in three rows, at equal distances, as trees stand in an orchard. The spreading branches are represented by the loosely extended arms of the children; and, that the branches may not all be spread out in the same direction, let the children face in different directions. To avoid fatigue from sustaining the arms in one posi-

\* Fly, Little Birds. } SONGS AND GAMES FOR LITTLE ONES. Gertrude Walker and Harriet S. Jenks. Published by Oliver Ditson Co.  
The First Christmas. }  
The Orchard. SONG ECHOES FROM CHILD LAND. Harriet S. Jenks and Mabel Rust. Published by Oliver Ditson Co.  
The Sleepy Leaves. } TIMELY SONGS AND GAMES. Clare S. Reed. Published by J. L. Hammett Co., Boston.  
Christmas. }  
Autumn Song. SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE. Sarah J. Eddy. Published by Silver, Burdett and Co.



tion, they may be "swaying branches," moving gently and slowly up and down and backward and forward. During the chorus the children will need to rest their arms altogether by letting them drop at their sides.

*Verse II.* The children (any number) who play that they are bees, should hum and buzz as they fly about in the orchard. During the singing of the chorus they fly back to their places in the circle.

*Verse III.* The "robins" fly about, peering here and there as if seeking a building spot, and chirping. They also fly back to the circle during the singing of the chorus.

*Verse IV.* The children who play in the orchard will find plenty to do,—skipping about, picking up apples to eat, filling their aprons with them, hiding behind the apple trees, etc., etc.

*Verse V.* The singing of the chorus having again allowed time for the children to return to the circle, others, who represent the apple pickers at harvest time, go to the orchard, shake the boughs, pick up the apples which fall, and put them into imaginary baskets and barrels.

#### THE TOYMAN'S SHOP.

The children stand in two rows opposite each other. One row sings the first stanza,—the invitation. The other row accepts the invitation by walking forward as they sing the chorus. The second stanza, which enumerates what they expect to see, is sung by all as the children walk, two by two, around the room on their way to the toy shop.

In the third stanza, the children are supposed to be in the shop. After each child has chosen an imaginary toy, the children walk away from the shop, singing the fourth stanza, and then pretend to play with whatever toys they have chosen.

#### AROUND THE MAYPOLE.

The twining of the Maypole and the Maypole dance are described as follows in an article by Miss Emily S. Thornton, in "Pratt Institute Monthly," May, 1899. "A strong pole is first obtained; and this is either attached

to a heavy base, or, better still, shaved to fit a hole cut in the floor; ribbons of contrasting colors—suppose we say red and white to begin with—are alternately fixed to the top of the pole, the free ends reaching almost to the ground.

The exercises are at first very simple. Each girl takes a white ribbon, each boy a red one; and as the children stand at equal distances blithely singing, the ribbons seem to form a fairy tent. This soon changes however; for the dance begins, and the children skip round to the right in an ever-narrowing circle, intently watching the ribbons winding round and round the pole, which looks much like—dare I suggest anything so commonplace?—one of those sticks of twisted red and white peppermint candy dear to the hearts of children.

When the ribbons are all wound up the children change hands, and skip the other way until they are in their original places; the winding is now repeated, this time to the left instead of to the right, and the unwinding follows as before.

At a chord or other signal the girls step forward, forming an inner circle surrounded by a circle of boys. The inner circle dances round to the right, the outer to the left, so that the ribbons on the pole cross without interlacing, which, being the most delightful thing of all, is reserved for the finish.

The simplest of the interlacing games is played much like the grand chain in the English lancers, or as "right hand, left hand," in the Saratoga lancers, the boys and girls dancing in opposite directions, each passing his ribbon alternately over and under those of the playmates whom he meets."

This interlacing or weaving is too difficult for the youngest children; but they can wind the pole as first described, or they will enjoy simply dancing toward the pole and out to the circle again repeatedly while holding the ribbon ends.

The "ribbons," by the way, are sometimes strips of ticking covered with cotton cloth of the desired colors.

EMILIE POULSSON.

WABAN, MASS., U. S. A.,  
1901.



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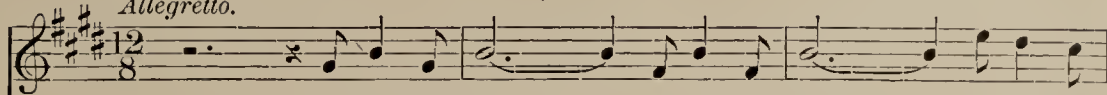


## THE NEW YEAR.

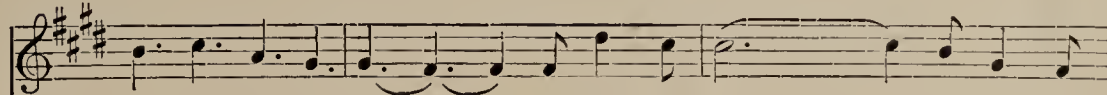
LAURA FROST ARMITAGE.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

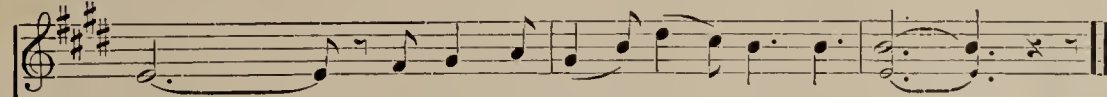
*Allegretto.*



1. A-gain you're here! . . . O bright New Year, . . . A wel-come  
2. A-gain I'm here! . . . O chil-dren dear; . . . Your gen-tle



glad to you we sing; . . . Our hands we hold . . . . for gifts un-  
hearts I long to bless; . . . Wher-e'er I find . . . . the good and



told, . . . . What pre-cious treas-ure do you bring?  
kind, . . . . I free-ly give true hap-pi-ness.





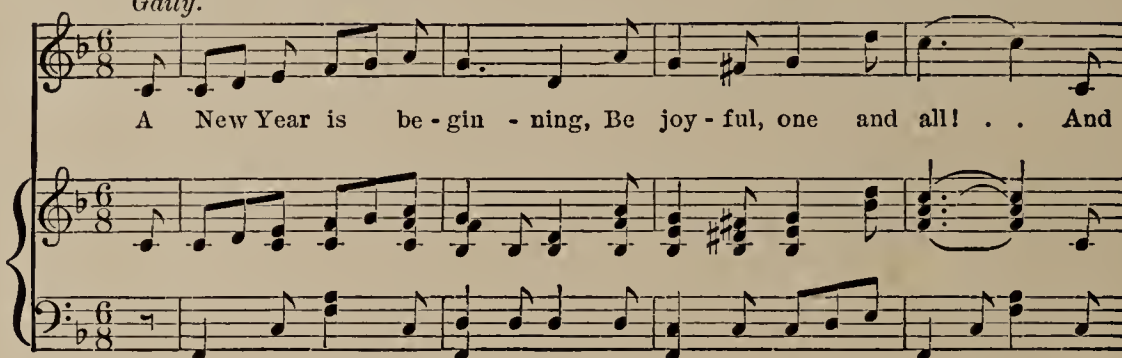


## A NEW YEAR GREETING.

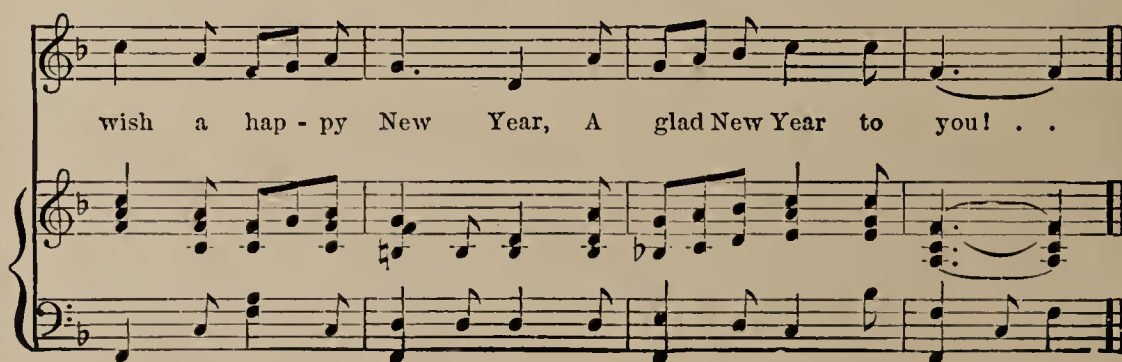
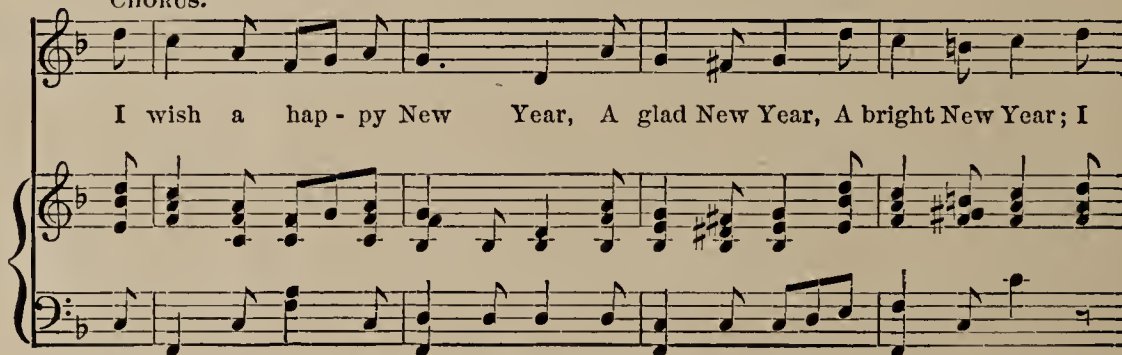
EMILIE POULSSON.

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

*Gaily.*



CHORUS.







## OLD YEAR AND NEW YEAR.

EMILIE POULSSON.

MILDRED J. HILL.

*Solemnly.*

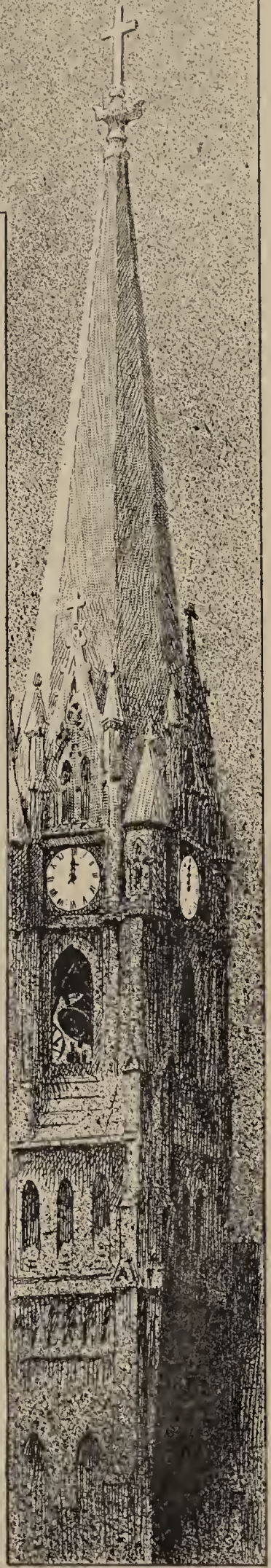
"Ding, dong, ding!" In sol - emn chime, Bells rang out the mid - night time;

"Ding, dong, ding! Good - bye!" they said To the Old Year as it fled.

*Much faster and cheerily.*

Chim - ing on, their "ding, dong, ding!" Rang the New Year's wel - com - ing.

"Ding, dong, ding!" in notes of cheer, "Hail! all hail! the glad New Year!"



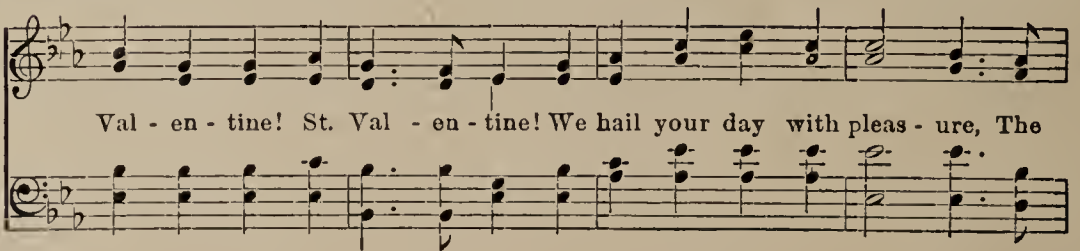
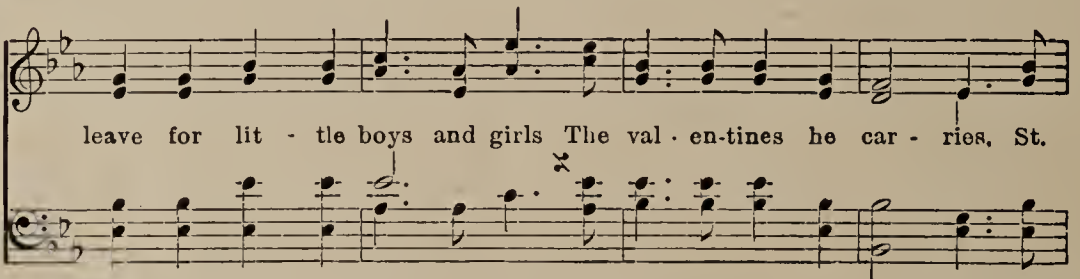
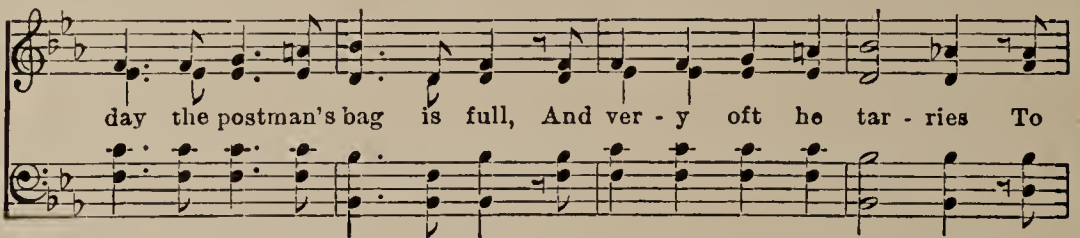
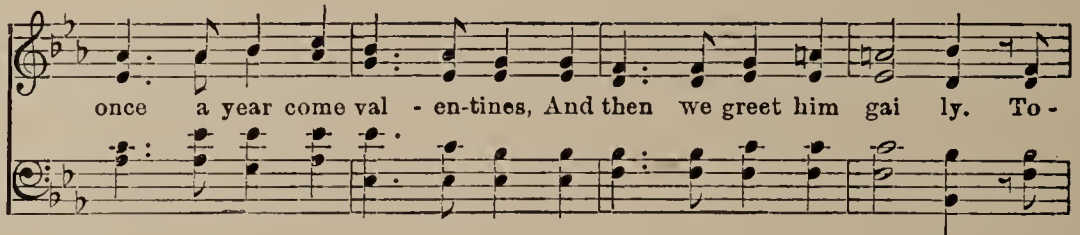
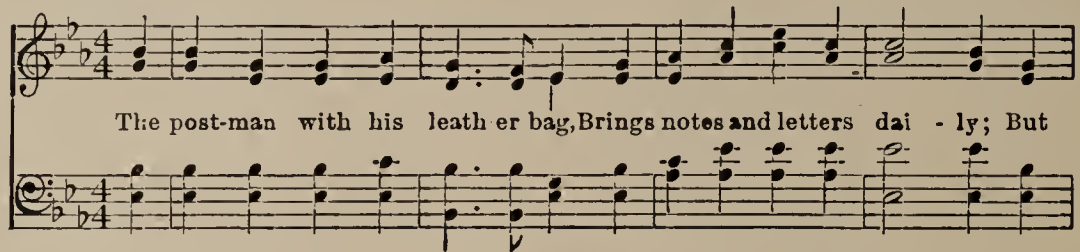




## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

EMILIE POULSSON.

ALICE E. SHEDD.





# WHEN YOU SEND A VALENTINE.

EMILIE POULSSON.  
*Rollicking.*

MILDRED J. HILL.

1. When you send a val - en - tine— That's the time for  
2. When you get a val - en - tine— That is pleas - ant

fun! Push it un - der - neath the door,  
too. Fun it is to try to guess

Ring the bell, and run, run, run! Ring the bell and run!  
Who has sent it, Who, guess who? Who has sent it? Who?

5







## THE VALENTINE'S MESSAGE.

EMILIE POULSSON.  
*Gayly.*

MILDRED J. HILL.

The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 6/8 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are: "Oh! gay pret - ty val - en - tines glad - ly we send That".

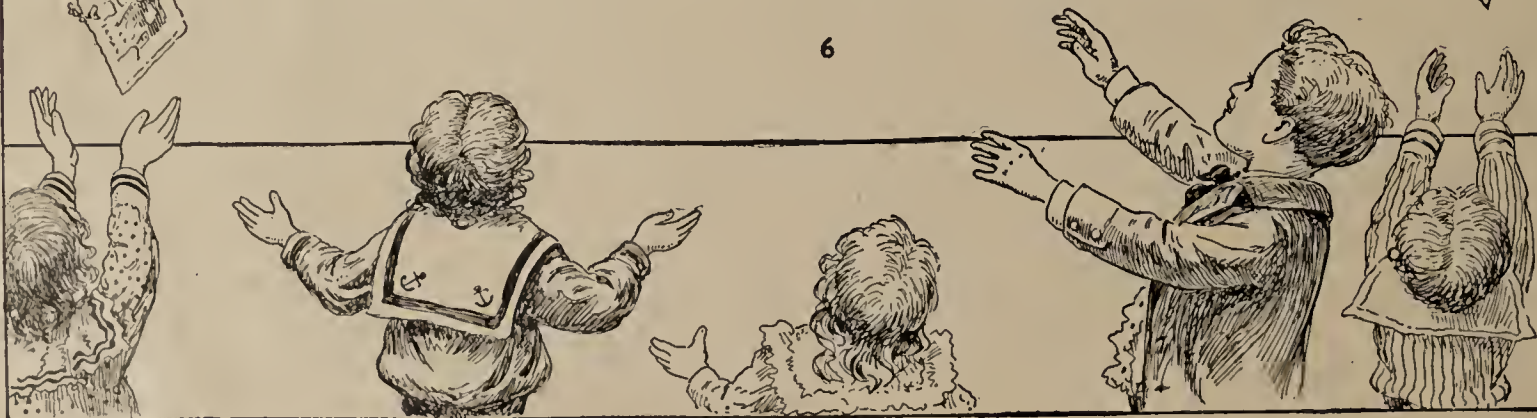
Oh! gay pret - ty val - en - tines glad - ly we send That

The second system of musical notation continues the song. The vocal line has the lyrics: "they may give pleas-ure to some lit - tle friend. Each val - en - tine car - ries its".


they may give pleas-ure to some lit - tle friend. Each val - en - tine car - ries its

The third system of musical notation concludes the song. The vocal line has the lyrics: "mes-sage so true: 'A play - mate or friend has been think - ing of you.'".

mes-sage so true: "A play - mate or friend has been think - ing of you."







## SEE THE PRETTY VALENTINES.

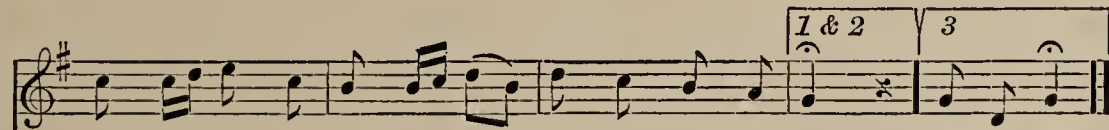
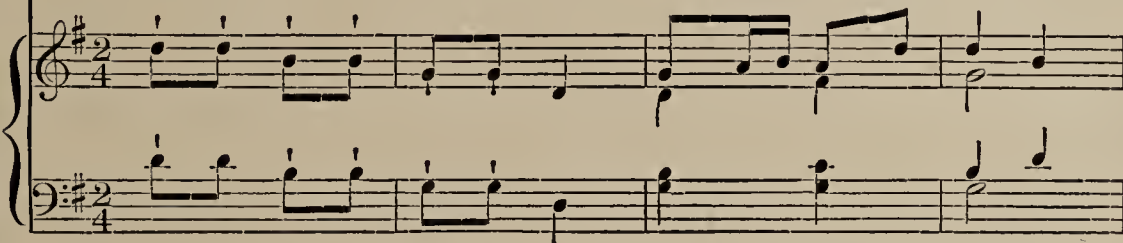
EMILIE POULSSON.

MILDRED J. HILL.

*Cheerily.*



1. See the pret - ty val - en - tines, Gay with flow'rs and birds,



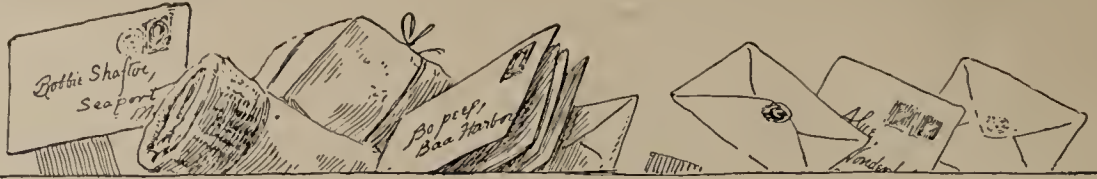
Fan - cy pa - per, lace and gilt, Sweet with lov - ing words. Guess who!"



2 How we like to buy or make  
Dainty things like these,  
Then to send each one away  
Some dear friend to please.

3 Go, then, pretty valentines,  
Bear the message true;  
Say to playmates and to friends  
"Some one thinks of you. Guess who!"





## THE POSTMAN.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CLARE SAWYER REED.

The post - man trudg - es down the street In ev - 'ry sort of

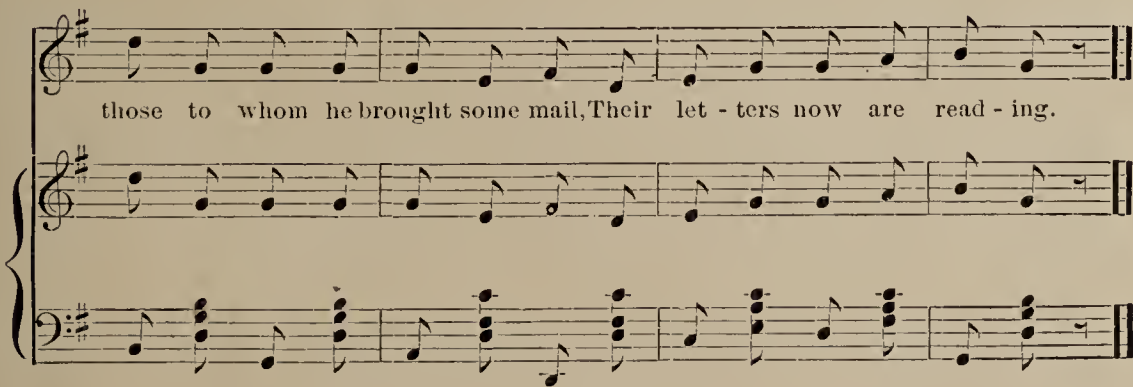
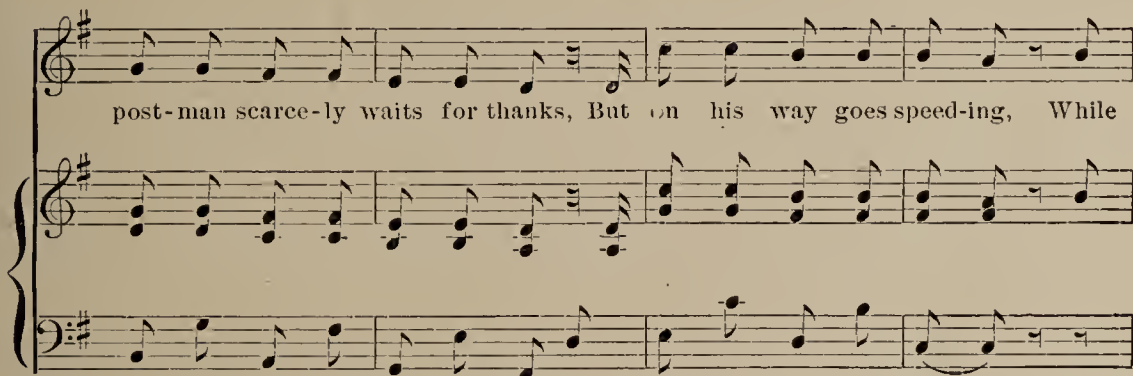
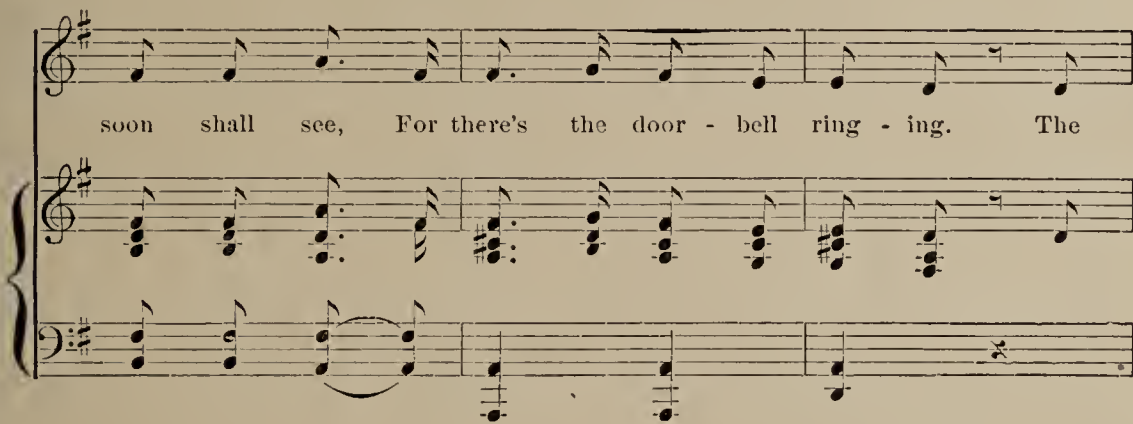
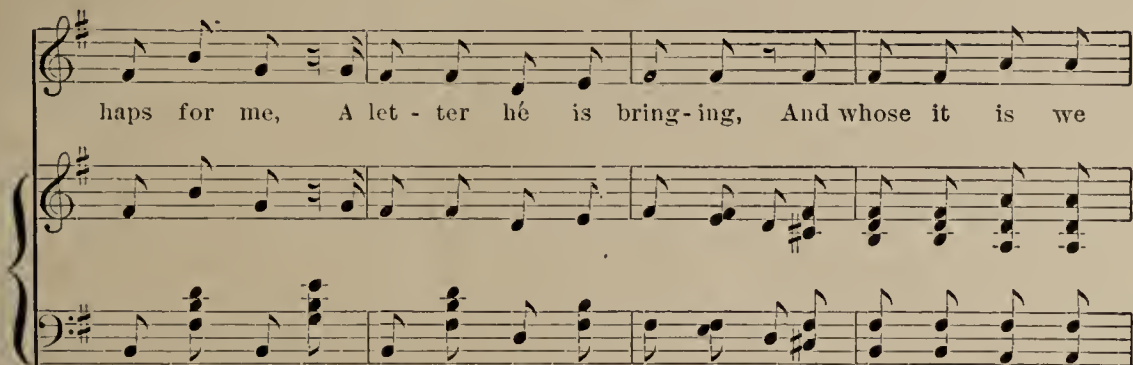
weath - er, And let - ters from our ab - sent friends Are

in his bag of leath - er. Per-haps for you, per -





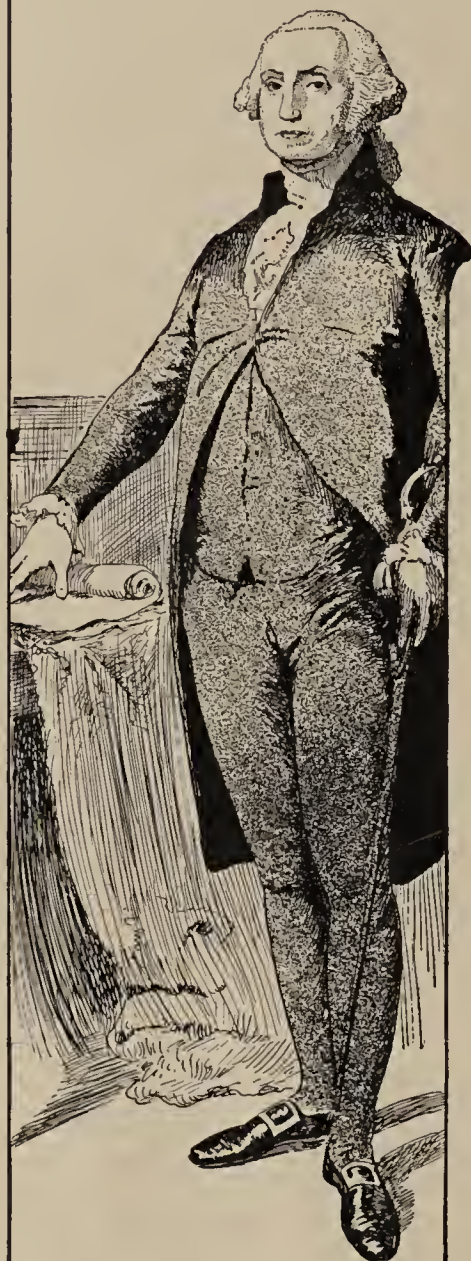
# THE POSTMAN.



Boy Blue,  
Raggsack,  
Land of nod

Home  
The Corner,  
U.S.A.





## A SONG OF WASHINGTON.

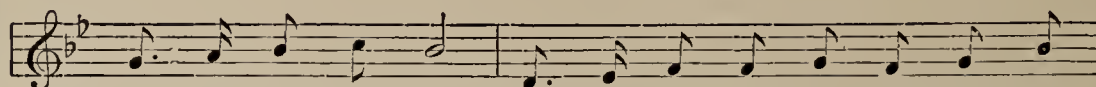
Air, "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

LAURA FROST ARMITAGE.

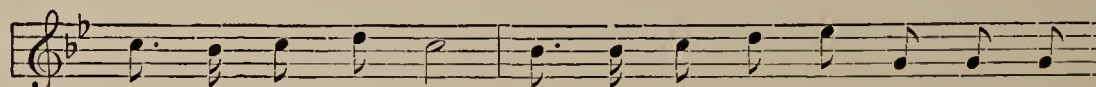
HENRY C. WORK.



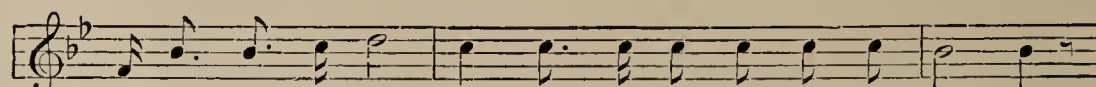
1. Sing a song of Wash - ing - ton, Our  
2. Sing a song of Wash - ing - ton And



he - ro brave and true; Wave a - loft our bau - ners bright, Our  
cel - e - brate his birth. Chil - dren all should know his name, His

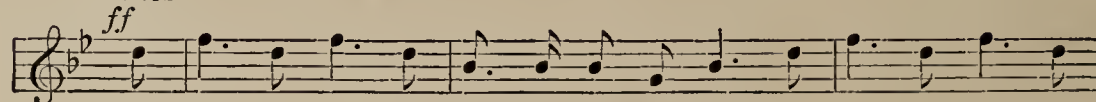


own "red, white, and blue." Hon - or we to - day the man To  
great - ness and his worth. Well he loved this land of ours, The

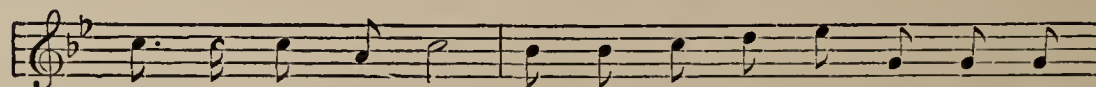


whom our praise is due, Sing we of Wash - ing - ton, our he - ro.  
fair - est on the earth, Sing we of Wash - ing - ton, our he - ro.

CHORUS.



Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Our bau - ners we will wave, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! For



Wash - ing - ton so brave. Hon - or we to - day the man To



whom our praise is due, Sing we of Wash - ing - ton, our he - ro.

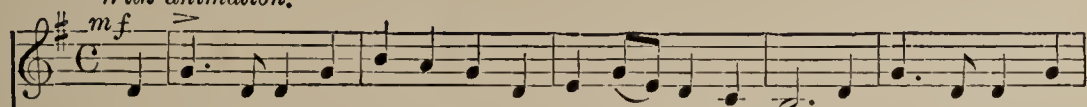


# SONG FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

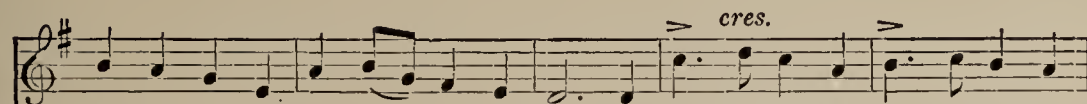
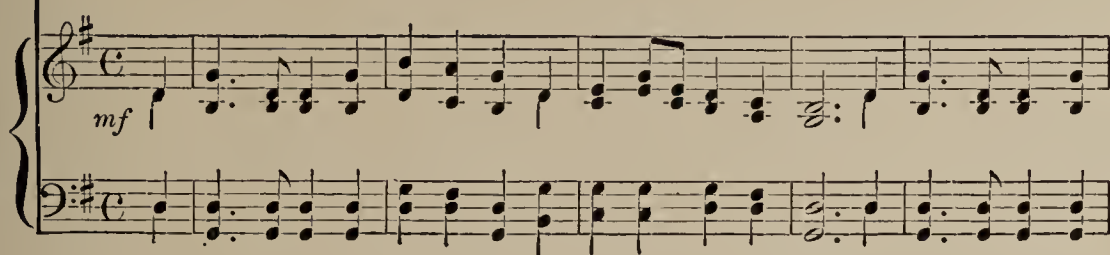
R. J. WESTON.

T. H. G.

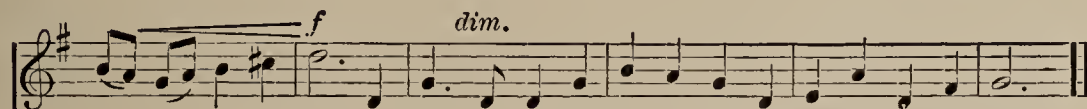
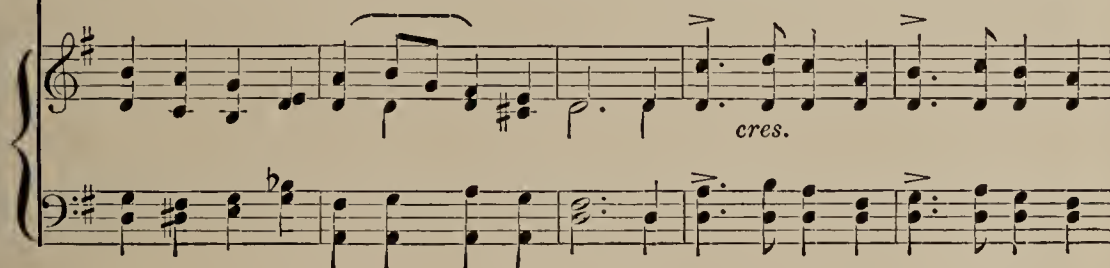
*With animation.*



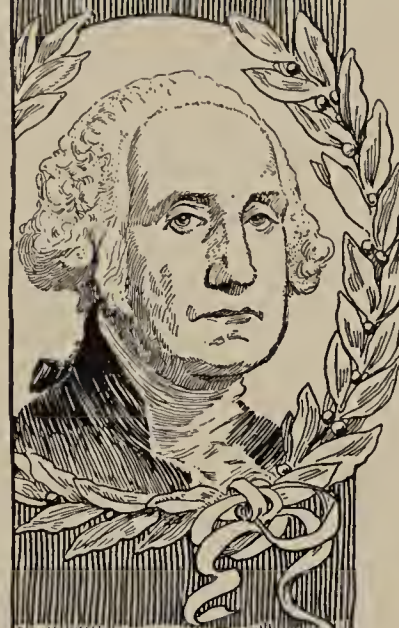
Our coun-try is A - mer - i - ca, Our flag red, white, and blue; To this, the land of



Wash-ington, We ev - er will be true. Then wave the flag and wave a-gain, And



now three loud hurrahs! For our be-loved A-mer - i - ca, Our glo-rious stripes and stars!





# SPRING SONG.

Words and Music by VIRGINIA E. GRAEFF.

*Allegretto, joyously.*

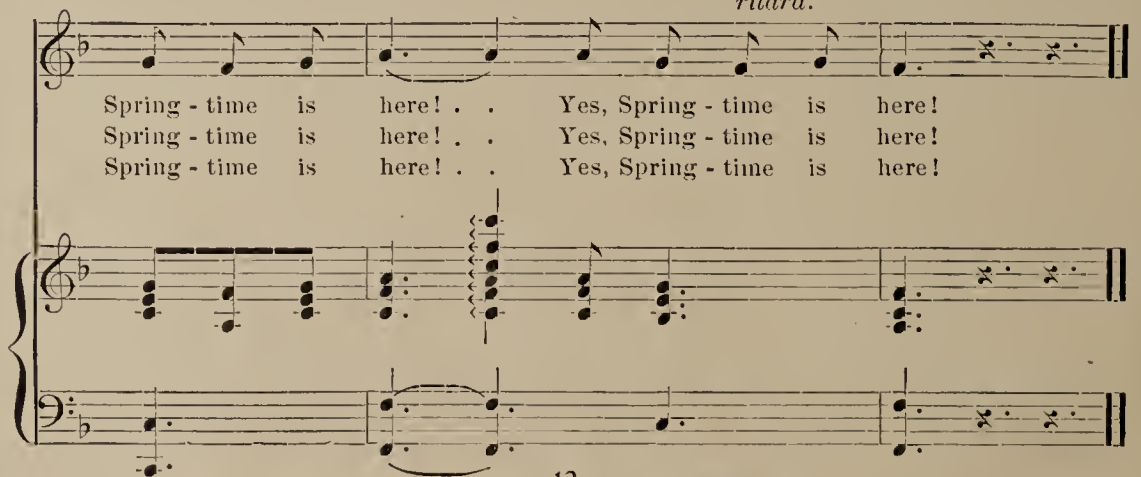


1. Spring - time is here! . . Spring - time is here! . . The  
2. Spring - time is here! . . Spring - time is here! . . The  
3. Spring - time is here! . . Spring - time is here! . . Our



snow has all melt - ed, The brook's run - ning clear. . . Yes,  
vi - o - let's bloom - ing, The bob - o - link's near. . . Hark!  
hearts are so joy - ful, Our words full of cheer. . . For

*ritard.*



Spring - time is here! . . Yes, Spring - time is here!  
Spring - time is here! . . Yes, Spring - time is here!  
Spring - time is here! . . Yes, Spring - time is here!



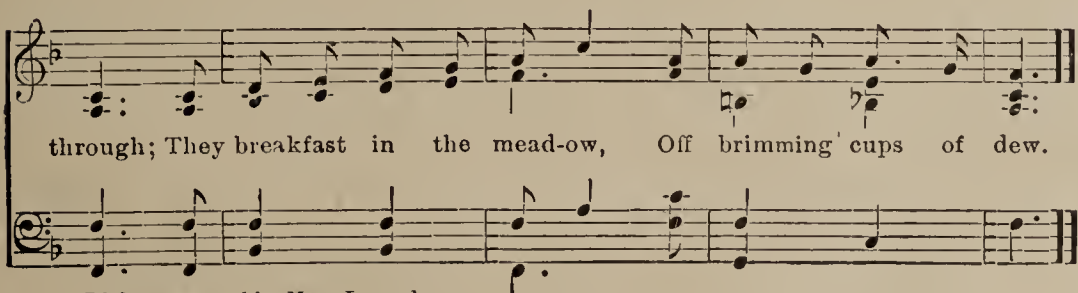
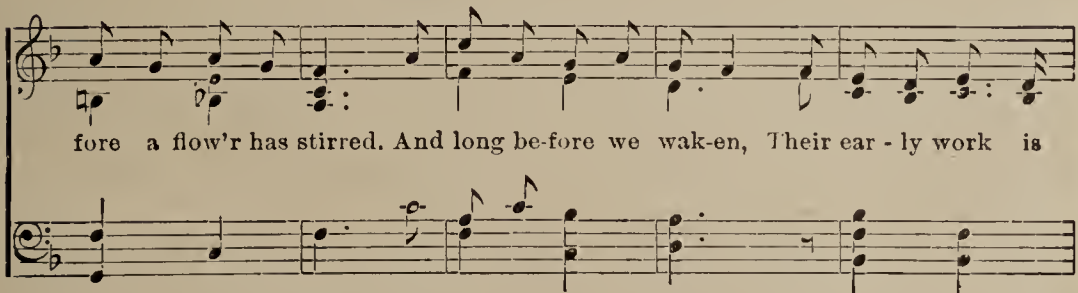
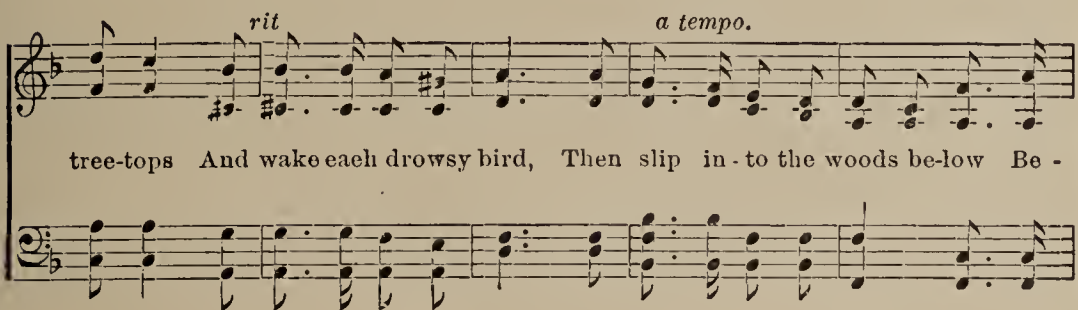
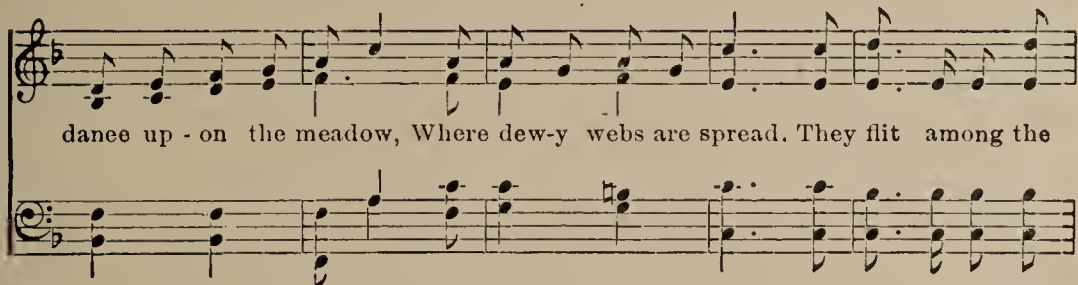
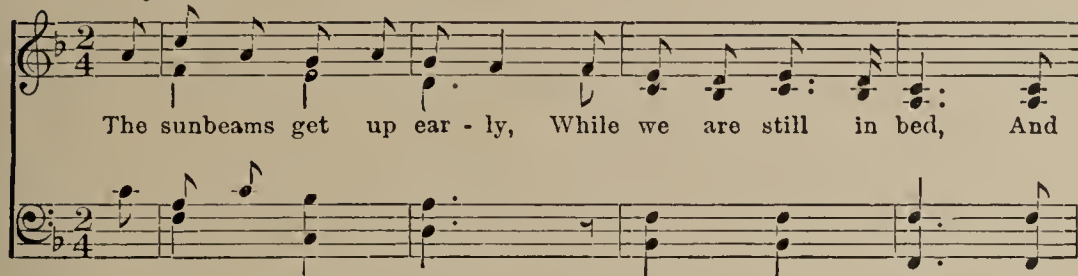




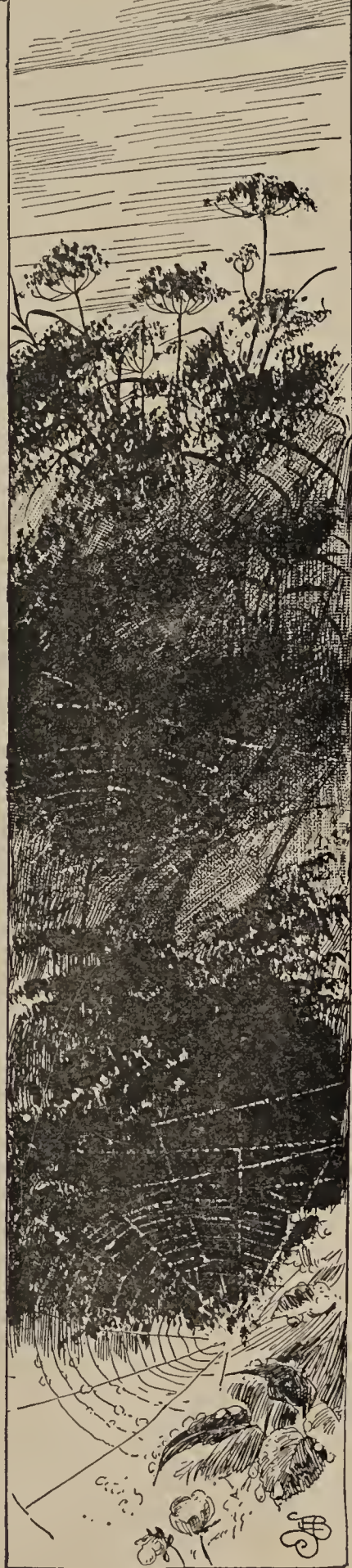
## THE SUNBEAMS.

ANNE MURRAY LARNED.  
*Allegretto*

MARY LARNED.



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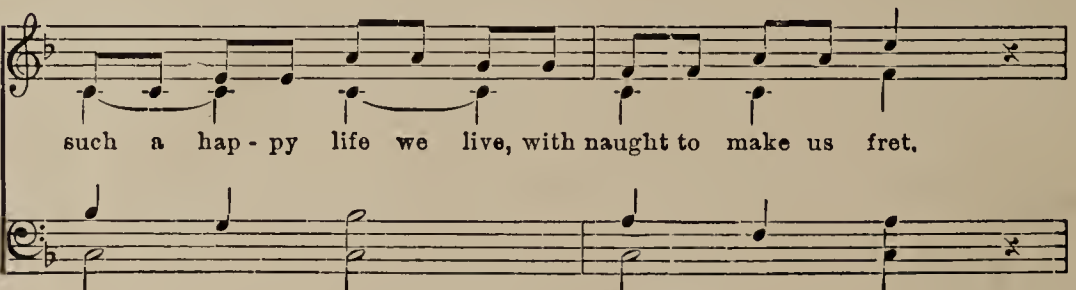
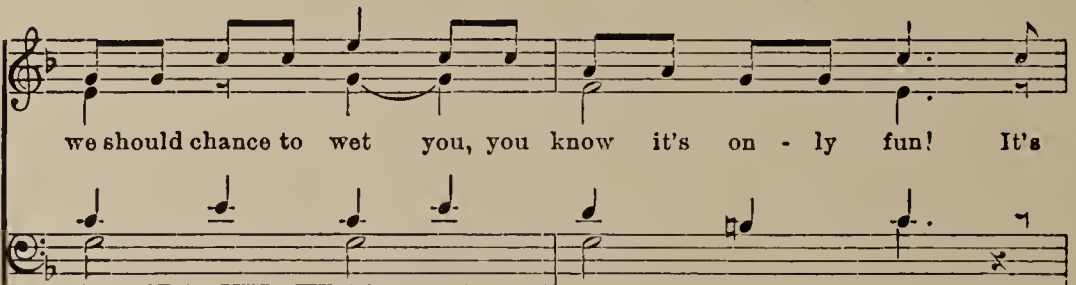
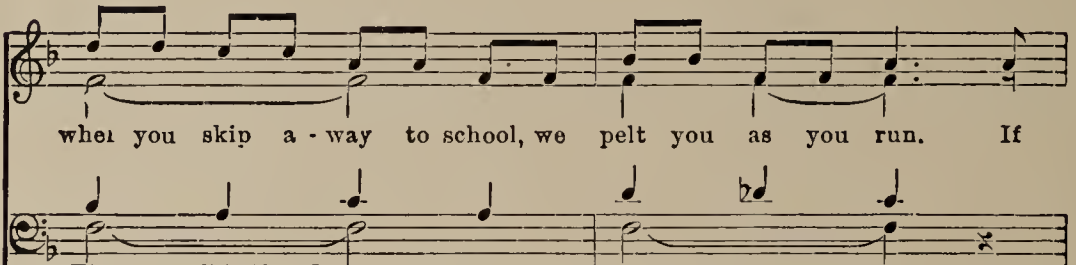
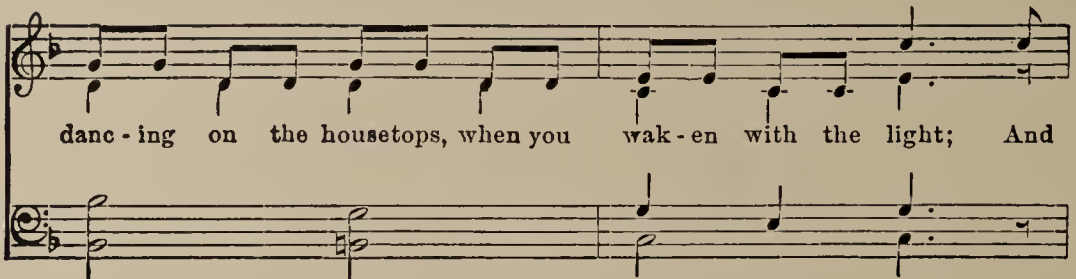
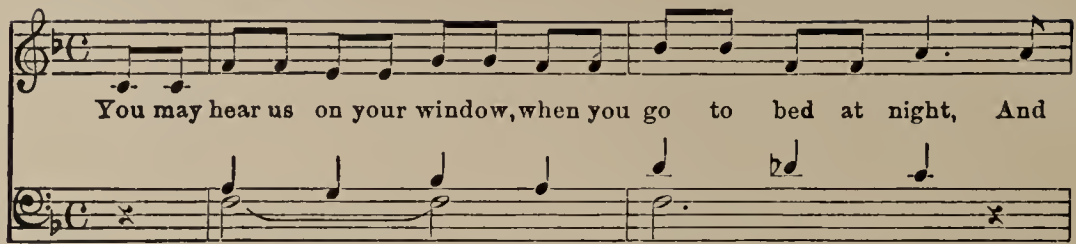




## THE RAINDROPS.

ANNE MURRAY LARNED.

MARY LARNED.



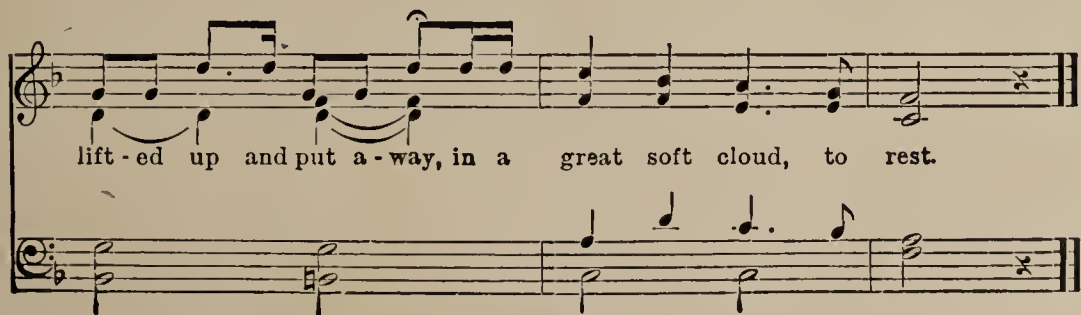
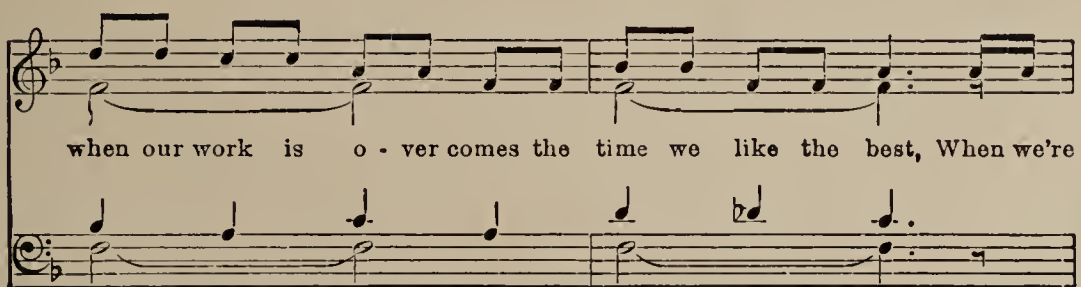
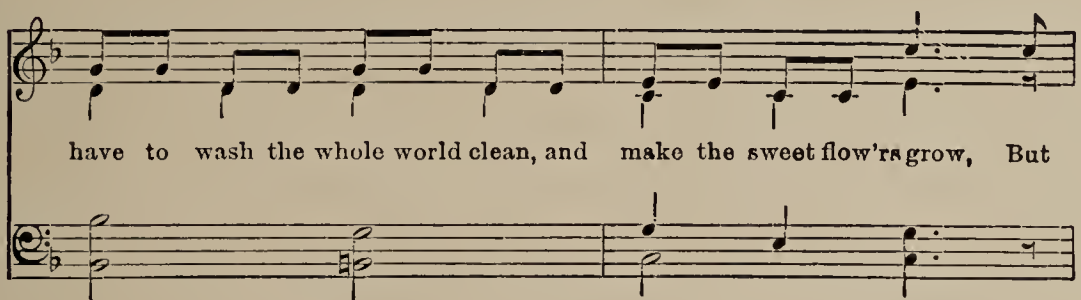
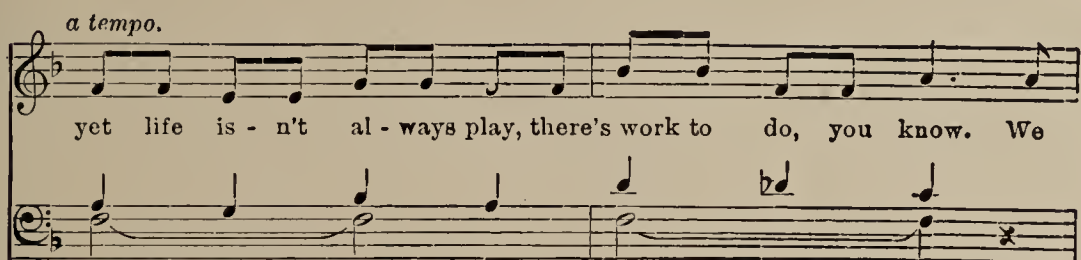
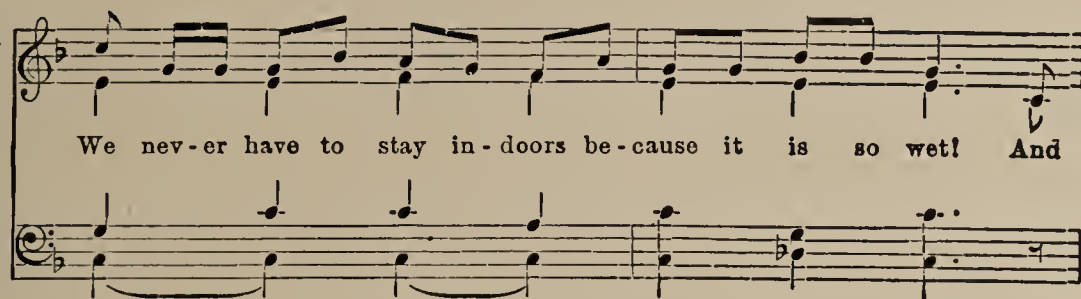
Rights reserved by Mary Larned.







THE RAINDROPS.

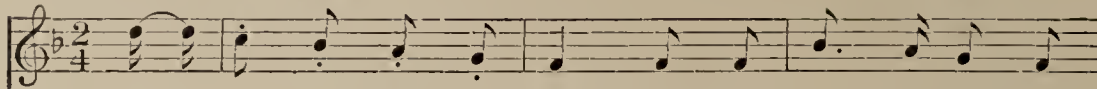




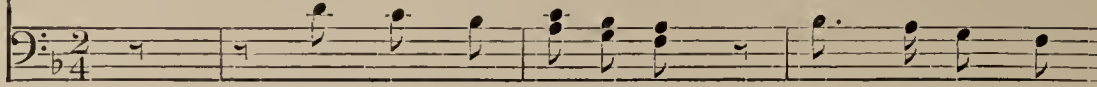
## QUEER PUSSIES.

ANNE MURRAY LARNED.

J. C. GEBAUER.



1. Did you ev - er hear of pus - sies Who nev - er, nev - er
2. They sit in rows on bush - es, In coats of fur (of
3. But if you go out walk - ing, And look for them some



scratch nor mew, Nor chase their tails, nor play with balls, As oth - er pus - sies do?  
soft gray fur); And though you lis - ten all day long, You'll nev - er hear them purr!  
warm spring day, Per - haps you'll see these pus - sies queer Who neither fight nor play.



16







## FISHES AT PLAY.

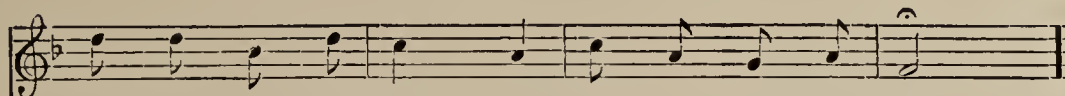
FINGER PLAY OR GAME.

EMILIE POULSSON.

MILDRED J. HILL.



1. In the rip - pling wa - ter, Clear and cool and bright,
2. Swim - ming through the rip - ples, Div - ing down be - low,
3. Now they chase each oth - er, Now they dash a - way,



Shi - ny lit - tle fish - es Frol - ic with de - light.  
Ris - ing now and sink - ing, — Oh! how fast they go!  
Thus the lit - tle fish - es In the wa - ter play.





# SPRINGTIME JOY

H. GRACE PARSONS. C. V. STEARNS.

1. Spring is here, O chil - dren dear! So we'll sing and sing,  
2. Do you see the great warm sun Shin - ing in the sky?

Clap our hands so joy - ful - ly, All to wel - come spring,  
And the white and flee - cy clouds That go sail - ing by?

Do you hear the pret - ty birds Sing - ing in the trees,  
Do you hear the A - pril rain Fall - ing all a - round?

18



# SPRINGTIME JOY.



3 Now the little lovely flowers  
 In the woods are seen,  
 Pink and white and blue and gold,  
 With their leaves of green.  
 Softly blows the good south wind,  
 See the flowers bow!  
 See the yellow butterflies  
 Dart among them now!

4 Oh! how many lovely things  
 On this earth of ours!  
 Birds and bees and butterflies,  
 Sunshine, rain and flowers!  
 So we'll clap our hands and sing,  
 Little children dear,  
 Thankful that our God above  
 Sends the springtime here.

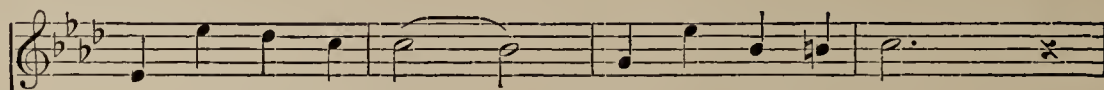




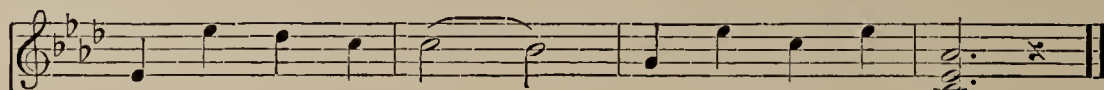
# THE FERNS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

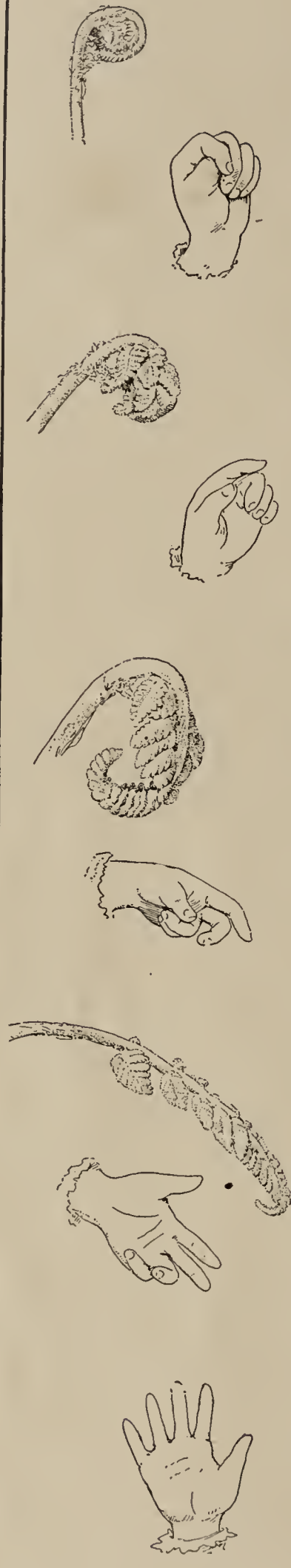
LOUISE C. SLOANE.



1. In the win - try woods, . . . Wrapp'd in fur - ry hoods,  
2. Then the coax - ing sun . . . . Wakes them one by one,



Sleep the pret - ty ferns . . . Till the spring re - turns.  
Till, un - curl'd and green, . . . All the ferns are seen.





# FLY, LITTLE BIRDS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

MRS. S. C. CORNWELL.

1. Fly, lit - tle birds, fly east and west.  
2. Fly, lit - tle birds, fly high and low,

Seek - ing a place to build your nest;  
Fly to the pret - ty place we show,

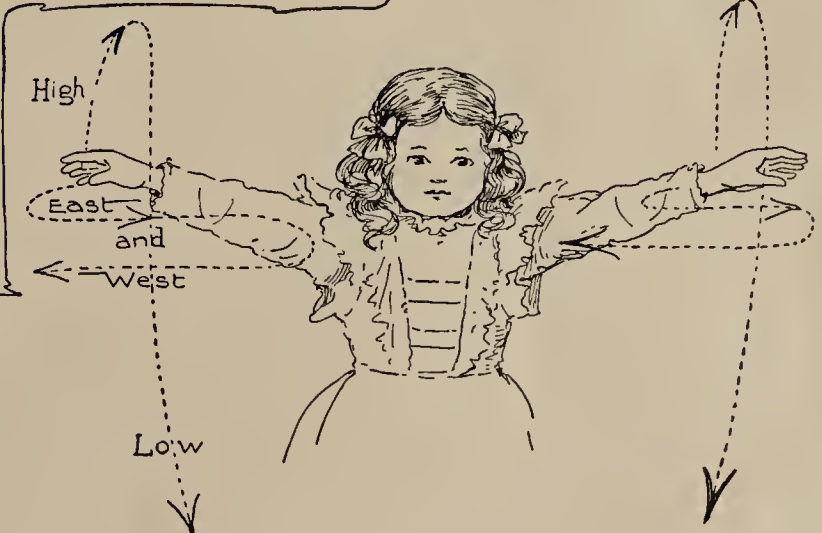
Tall trees are stand - ing side by side,  
Here in a niche of the gar - den wall;

Will you a - mong their branch - es hide?  
Does - n't this suit you best of all?

3 Fly, little birds, fly 'round and 'round,  
Fly to the bushes, trees and ground,  
Gathering tiny bits and shreds,  
Grasses, and lint, and straws, and threads.

4 Fly, little birds, fly through the air,  
Chirping and singing everywhere;  
Then, in the place that you like best,  
Busily weave your cosy nest.

21







## THE WIND FLOWER.

LUCY LARCOM.

C. C. ROESKE.

*mf* Wind-flow'r, wind-flow'r, why are you here? *f* This is the bois-t'rons

*mf* time of the year *p* Forblos-soms as fra-gile and ten-der as you

*cres.* *f* To be out on the road-sides, in Spring rai-ment new! *p* The snow-flakes yet

*cres.* *f* flut-ter a-broad in the air, *mf* And the sleet and the

*mf*

Words used by permission of HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.





# THE WIND FLOWER.

tem - pest are wea - ry to bear. Have you not come here, pale

*p* *cres.*

dar - ling, too soon? You would seem more at home with the blos - soms of June.

*f*

## SOPRANO SOLO.

*mf*

"Why have I come here?" the wind-flow'r said; "Why?" and she grace-ful-ly

*mf*

nod - ded her head As a breeze touched her pet-als: "Per-haps to show you





# THE WIND FLOWER.



That the strong may be some-times the del - i - cate, too.

*cres.*  
I am fed and re-freshed by these cold, rush-ing rains;  
*cres.*

The first melt-ing snow-drifts bro't life to my veins; The storm rocked my cra-dle with  
*f*

*ff* lul - la - bies mild; I am here with the wind, — be-cause I am his child."  
*rit.*  
*ff* *rit.*







## LILIES SWEET.

FLORENCE E. SCOTT.

Adapted from L. SPOHR.

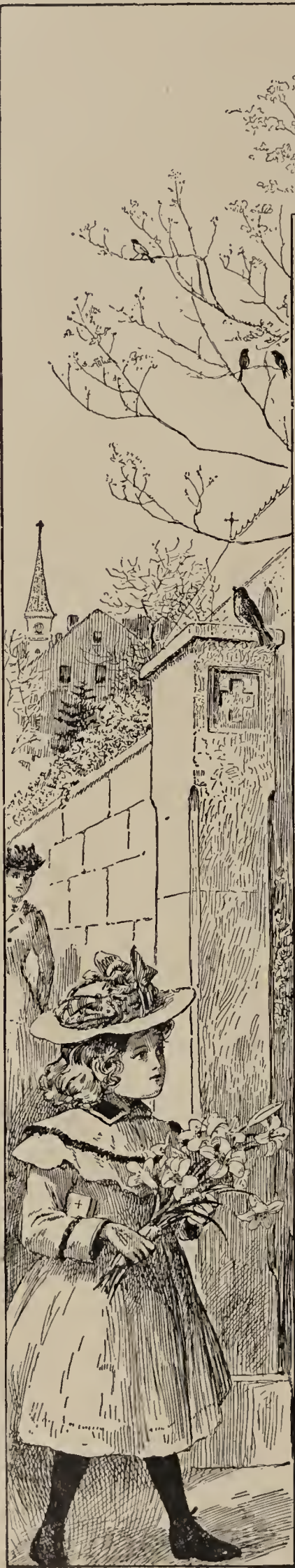
1. Li - lies' sweet in fra-grance swing; "God is pure," their  
2. Sun and rain and skies of blue Give the mes - sage

clear bells ring. Sing - ing birds in vale and wood  
"God is true." Chil - drens' voi - ces float a - bove

Ca - rol glad - ly "God is good, . . . "God is good."  
Sing - ing sweet - ly "God is love, . . . "God is love."







## EASTER MORNING.

EMILIE POULSSON.

J. H. CHAPEK.

*p Allegretto.*

The birds of spring In gladness sing, This hap - py Eas - ter morn - ing; The

flow - 'rets gay Bloom forth to day, The whole glad earth a - dorn - ing; And

we re - peat Their mes - sage sweet, With gladsome hearts and voi - ces; O'er

all the earth In ho - ly mirth, Tri - um - phant life re - joi - ces.

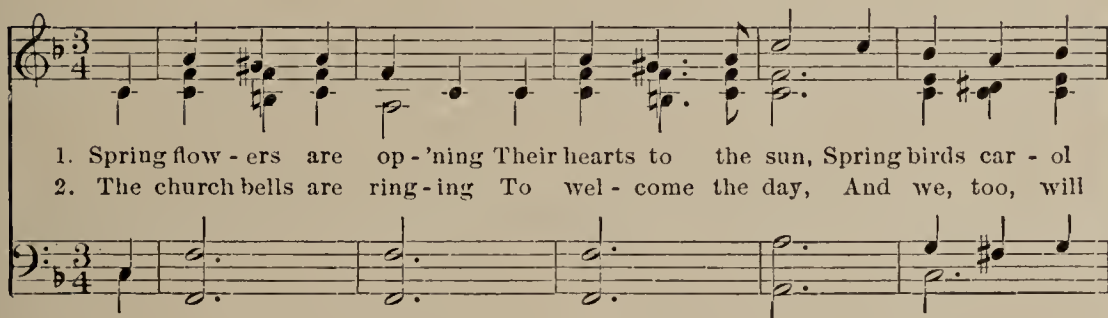


# EASTER MORNING.

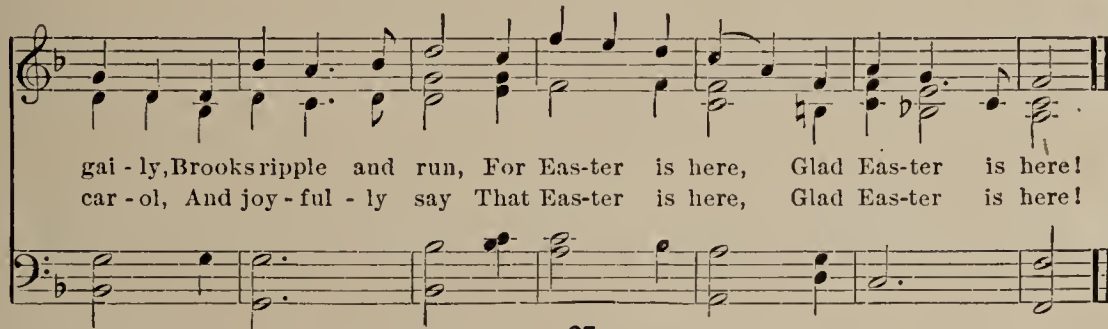


## GLAD EASTER IS HERE!

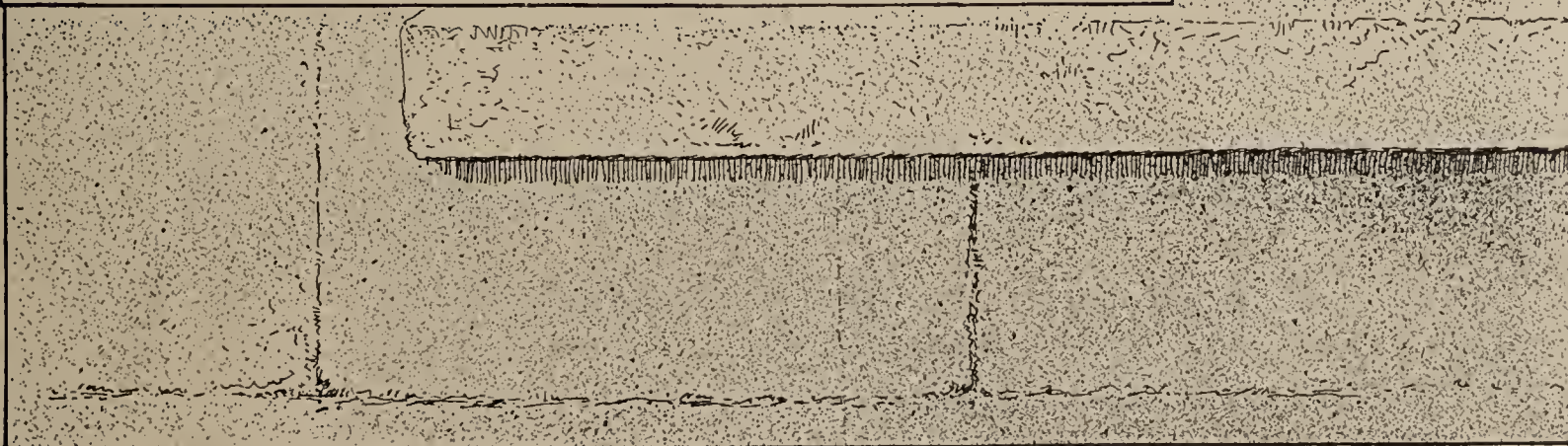
Words and Music by CARO A. DUGAN.



1. Spring flow - ers are op - 'ning Their hearts to the sun, Spring birds car - ol
2. The church bells are ring - ing To wel - come the day, And we, too, will



gai - ly, Brooks ripple and run, For Eas - ter is here, Glad Eas - ter is here!  
car - ol, And joy - ful - ly say That Eas - ter is here, Glad Eas - ter is here!







## EASTER SONG.

MAUD L. BETTS.

EMMA M. RICH.

1. The pret - ty flow'rs were sleep-ing With-in their snow-decked bed; . But  
 2. The bird - ies all had jour-neyed To South-ern lands a - way; . But  
 3. The flow'rs and bird - ies list - ened To Spring's sweet, gen - tle call; They

*mf*

Spring, fair Spring, has called them, And this is what she said: "Oh,  
 now the Spring has called them, And they have heard her say: "Oh,  
 come a - gain to greet us, With songs and smiles for all. And

chil - dren of the Spring, The Win - ter time has passed; A -  
 bird - ies who have flown, The Win - ter time has passed; Come  
 all things seem to say, "The Win - ter time has passed; Come,

*p* *mf* *f*

wake, lift up your heads, and smile, 'Tis East - er time at last."  
 back, and build your nests, and sing; 'Tis East - er time at last."  
 chil - dren, join with us and sing; 'Tis East - er time at last."

*ff*

Words from "Child Garden," by permission.





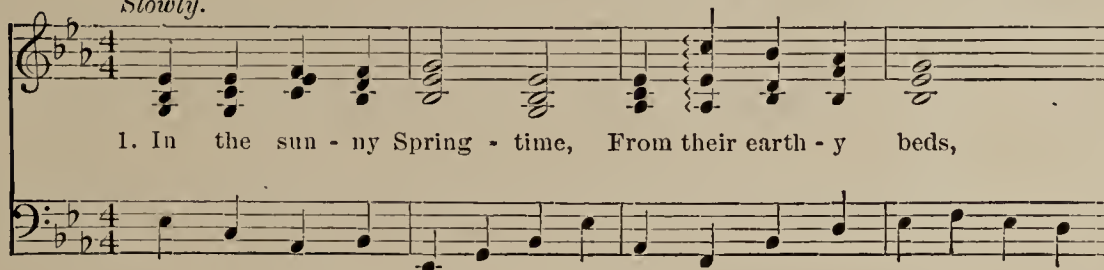


## AWAKE! AWAKE!

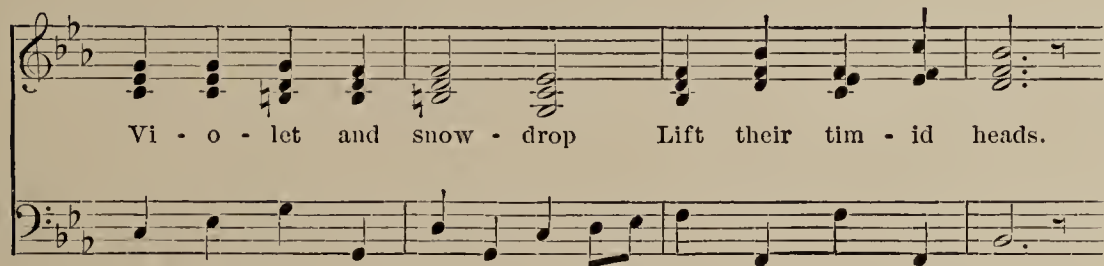
A SONG FOR EASTER DAY.

Words and Music by GRACE HOUSEMAN.

*Slowly.*



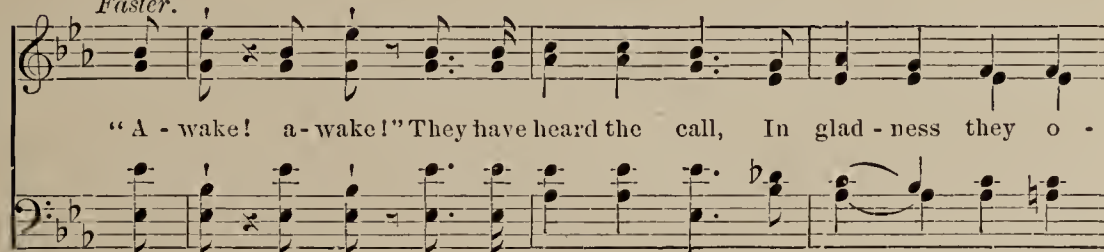
1. In the sun - ny Spring - time, From their earth - y beds,



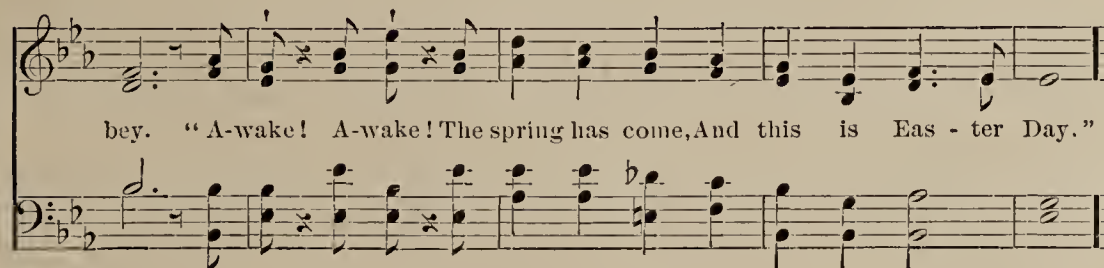
Vi - o - let and snow - drop Lift their tim - id heads.

CHORUS.

*Faster.*



"A - wake! a - wake!" They have heard the call, In glad - ness they o -

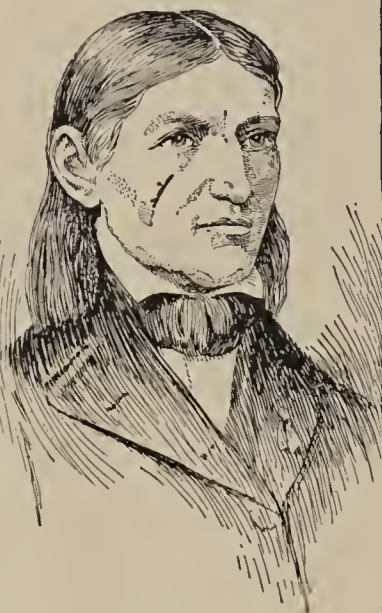
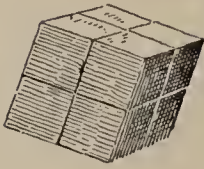
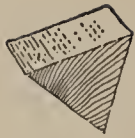
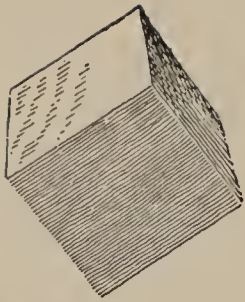
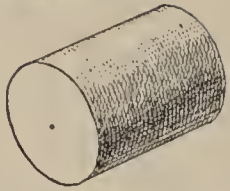


bey. "A - wake! A - wake! The spring has come, And this is Eas - ter Day."

2 From the cosy cradles  
Where they've slept and grown,  
Out into the sunshine  
Butterflies have flown.

3 Out of tiny houses  
Breaking through the shell,  
Little birds are coming,  
Nature's choir to swell.





FRIEDRICH FROEBEL  
BORN APRIL 21, 1782



## ON FROEBEL'S BIRTHDAY.

EMILIE POULSSON.  
*mf With spirit.*

T. H. G.

Joy - ous - ly we gath - er, A hap - py child - ish throng,

Now on Froe - bel's birth - day, To sing a grate - ful song.

Work and play en - joy-ing, His name we learn to prize; Froe-bel! friend of

child - hood, So lov - ing, kind, and wise, So lov - ing, kind, and wise.



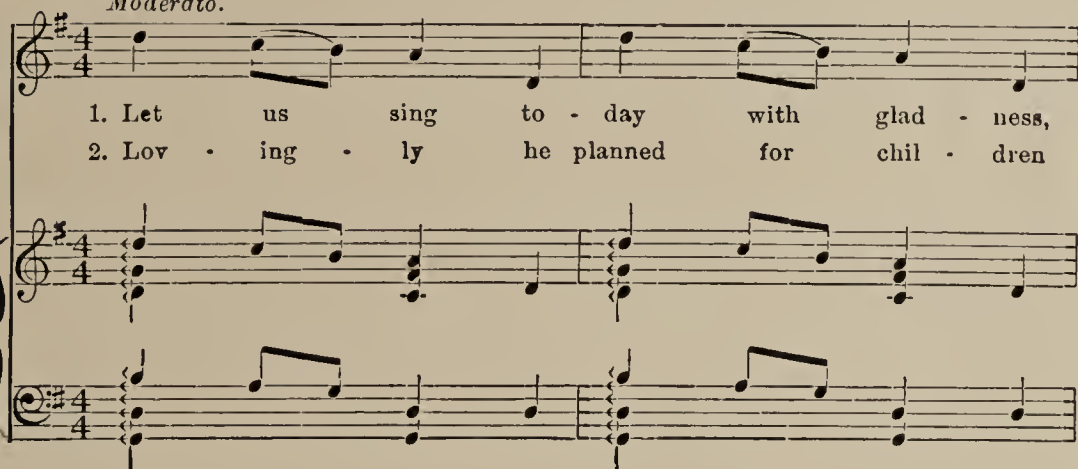


## FROEBEL'S BIRTHDAY.

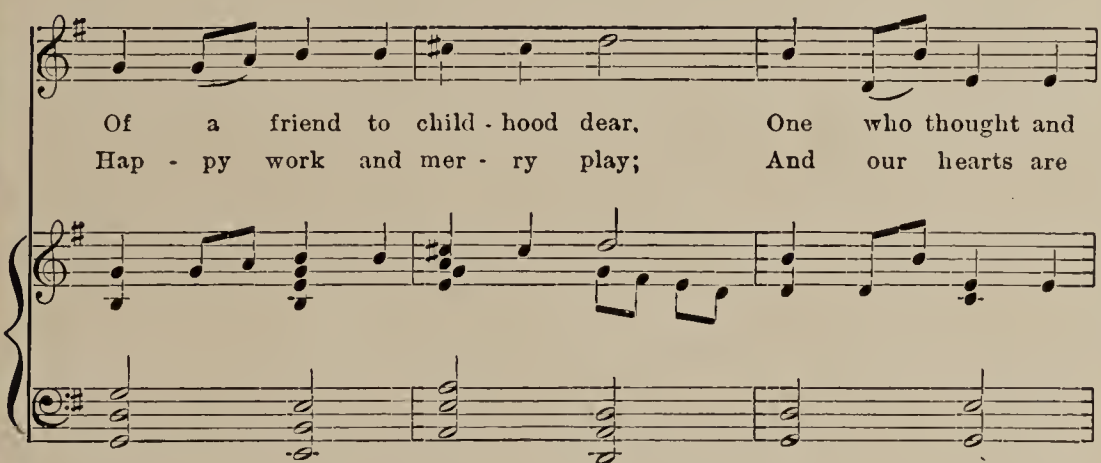
EMILIE POULSSON.

CLARE S. REED.

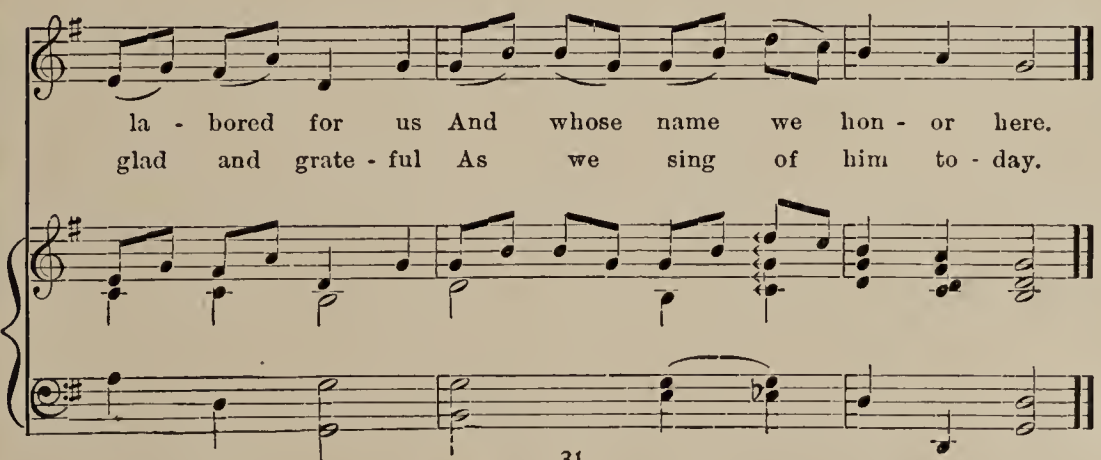
*Moderato.*



1. Let us sing to - day with glad - ness,  
2. Lov - ing - ly he planned for chil - dren



Of a friend to child - hood dear, One who thought and  
Hap - py work and mer - ry play; And our hearts are



la - bored for us And whose name we hon - or here.  
glad and grate - ful As we sing of him to - day.





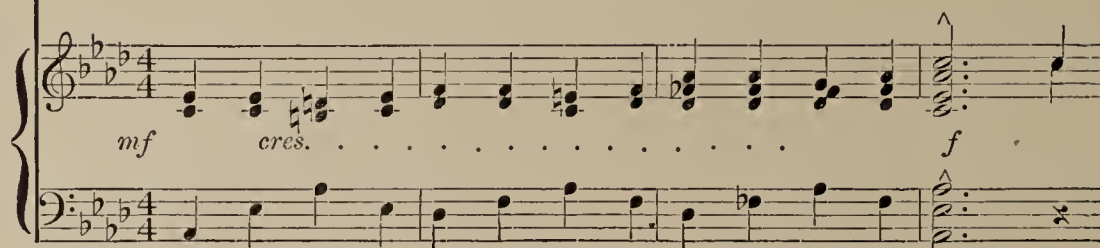
## THE BIRD-BAND.

Words and Music by HARRIET L. GROVE.

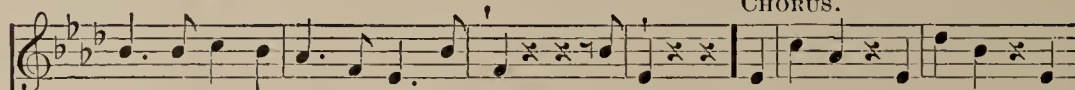
*Allegretto.*



1. Like a band in tree-tops play-ing, hear the feath-ered throng! With
2. Red-bird is the lead-er with his ring-ing notes so strong; The
3. Drum-mer-bird keeps mer-ry time, the leaf-y boughs a-mong; The
4. O-ri-ole and blue-bird nev-er war-ble one note wrong; The



CHORUS.



flutes and harps In flats and sharps, "Chee-chee!" "Chee-chee!" With "Chee-chee!" and "Pee-wee!" And  
sau-cy jay, In feathers gay, Pipes loud "Chee-chee!"  
cat-bird mocks The sparrow-flocks In soft "Wee-wee"  
sweet brown thrush, From tangled brush, Trills out "Chee-ree!"



"Chipper, twitter, chee-chee!" With billing and trill-ing, They car-ol the whole day long.





# THE BIRD'S NEST.

EMILIE POULSSON.

T. H. G.

*Con moto.*

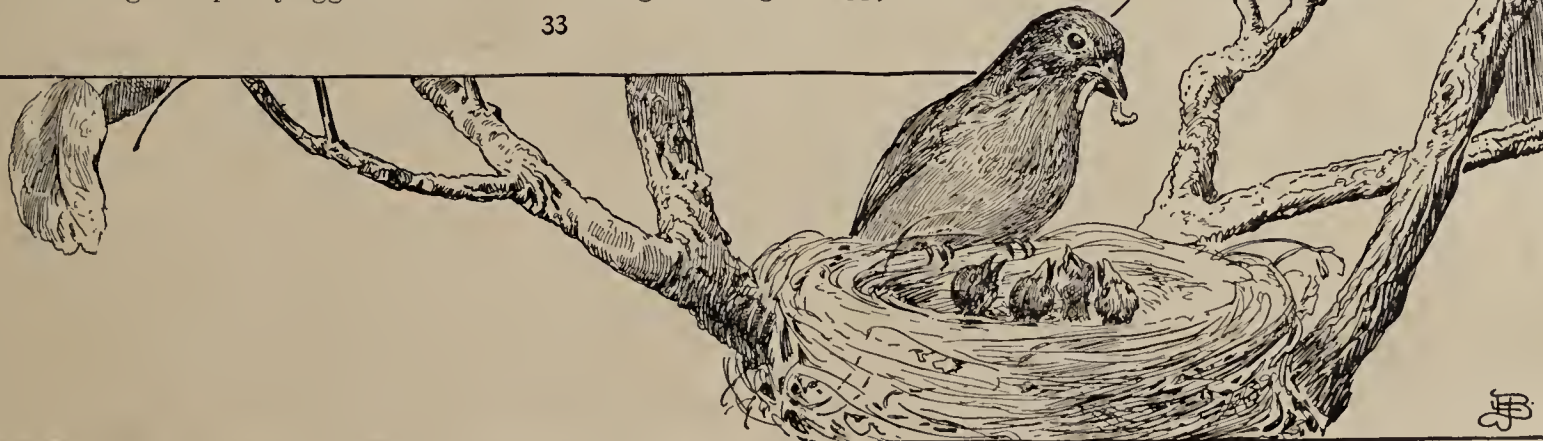
1 In the branch - es of a tree,

Birds are sing - ing cheer - i - ly, For their pret - ty

nest is made, Pearl - y eggs with - in it laid.

2 Mother bird with brooding wings,  
Warms the eggs, the precious things,  
Till the baby birds awake,  
Through the pearly egg shells break.

3 Then they call, "Peep, mother dear!"  
"Peep!" she answers, "mother's here!"  
While the father bird above  
Sings his song of happy love.







## THE CAPTIVE WILD BIRD.

From the French of LOUIS FORTOUL.  
Translated by LAURA E. POULSSON.

Musie by ALLYRE BUREAU.  
Harmonized by JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

*Quick movement.*  
CHILDREN.

1. Ah! now we've caught you safe at last, My pret - ty  
2. On cakes and sug - ar you shall feed, My pret - ty  
3. A gild - ed cage for you we'll buy, My pret - ty  
4. But you shall be our darl - ing pet, My pret - ty

bird; You can't es - cape! We have you fast, My pret - ty bird.  
bird; We'll give you all that you can need, My pret - ty bird.  
bird; All dan - ger you may then de - fy, My pret - ty bird.  
bird; Sweet words and ten - der looks you'll get, My pret - ty bird.

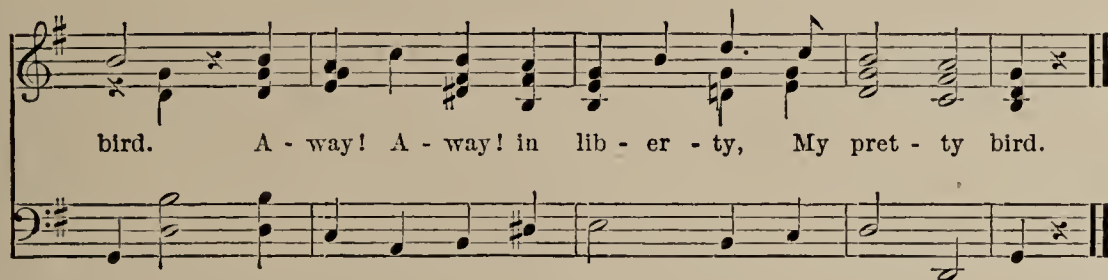
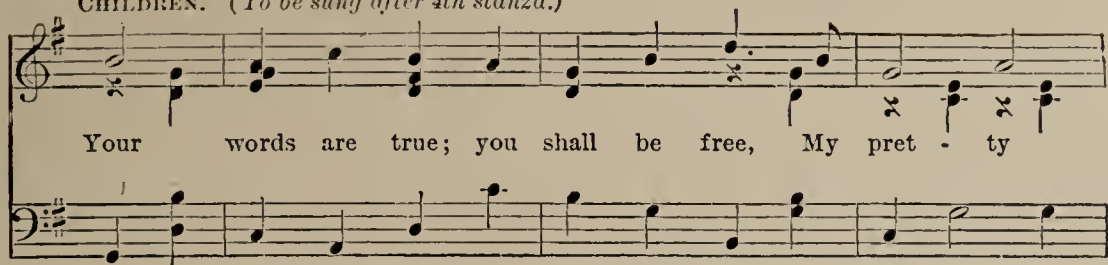
BIRD.  
Let me fly! Let me fly! O lit - tle chil - dren  
Bush and tree, grow - ing free, O lit - tle chil - dren  
Home is best! Home is best! O lit - tle chil - dren  
Set me free! Set me free! O lit - tle chil - dren

dear! Wings have I for the sky, See, they now beat with fear!  
dear! Yield for me boun-teous-ly, Best of food all the year.  
dear! Safe the nest I pos-sessed, Gild - ed cag - es are drear!  
dear! Un - to me death 'twill be To be held cap - tive here!



# THE CAPTIVE WILD BIRD

CHILDREN. (To be sung after 4th stanza.)



35







## GOOD MORNING, CANARY!

EMILIE POULSSON.

F. F. S.

1, Far, far to the south - ward The wild bird - ies fly, Our  
2. Though we are not bird - ies, With gay feath - er coats, And  
3. And with our good morn - ing Our thanks we will blend For

bleak land for - sak - ing When win - ter draws nigh, But pret - ty ca - na - ry Still  
nev - er could war - ble His mu - si - cal notes, Yet still to ca - na - ry (The  
all the sweet sing - ing Of this lit - tle friend. And bird - ie, dear bird - ie, We

cheer - i - ly sings As high in the win - dow His  
dear, . . . pret - ty thing,) A lov - ing good morn - ing We  
hope you will find Our hearts to be lov - ing, Our

lit - tle cage swings. Good morning, Ca - na - ry! Good morn - ing!  
chil - dren can sing. Good morning, Ca - na - ry! Good morn - ing!  
hands to be kind. Good morning, Ca - na - ry! Good morn - ing!

Words from "Little Men and Women," by kind permission of the publishers.





## THE PIGEONS' FLIGHT.\*

EMILIE POULSSON.

F. E. SAVILLE.

1. A - way fly the pig - eons So joy - ful and  
2. But back fly the pig - eons At set - ting of

free, A - far they will wan - der The great world to  
sun, Their home glad - ly seek - ing Ere day - light is

see. Fly a - way! fly a - way! far, far a - way!  
done. Home, lit - tle pig - eons, fly back to your home!

3 The dear downy pigeons!  
We close the door tight,  
That they may rest safely  
The long, sleepy night.  
Closed is the door; little pigeons, good night!

4 Oh, hark to the pigeons!  
Such cooing must mean  
They're telling each other  
Of all they have seen.  
Coo-oo-roo! Coo-roo coo! Coo-oo-roo coo!

\* This may be used as a song, a finger play, or a circle game, as desired.





## A SONG OF THE TREES.

ALVA DEANE.

MILDRED J. HILL.



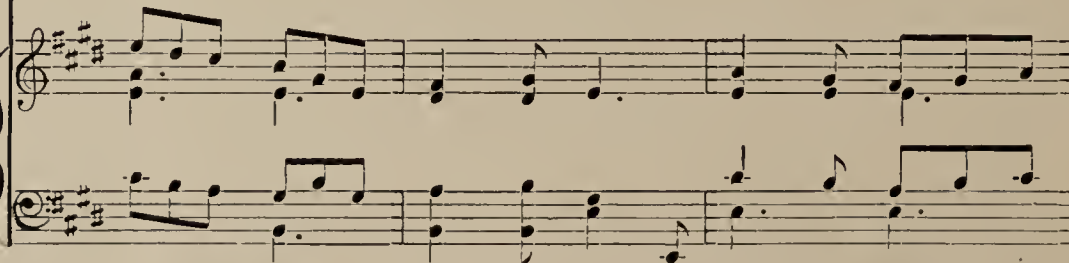
1. Sing a song of the mur - m'ring trees, That swing and sway in the
2. Sing a song of the trees that show Their gorgeous robes in the
3. Sing a song of the shiv - 'ring trees, When skies are gray and the
4. Sing a song of the trees in Spring, When earth is joy - ful - ly





sum - mer breeze, That bow their heads to the showers of rain And  
Au-tumn's glow, That shake their heads as they soft - ly sigh To  
riv - ers freeze, Whose limbs are bare to the winds that blow, Or  
blos - som - ing, When young leaves burst in - to tints of red Or



laugh when sunshine comes a - gain. Sing, oh! sing of the  
fall - ing leaves a sweet good - bye. Sing, oh! sing of the  
wrapped in down - y cloaks of snow. Sing, oh! sing of the  
bowers of mis - ty green o'er - head. Sing, oh! sing of the









### A SONG OF THE TREES.



mur - m'ring trees As they laugh, they laugh in the sum - mer breeze.  
trees that sigh, To the Au - tumn leaves, good - bye, good - bye.  
shiv - 'ring trees, When the winds, the winds of Win - ter freeze.  
trees in Spring, When the joy - ful earth is blos - som - ing.



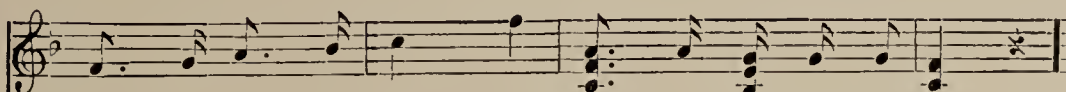
### LET US CHASE THE SQUIRREL.

Words and Music by ANNIE L. PRESTON.

*Lively.*



1. Let us chase the squir - rel, Up the hick - o - ry, down the hick - o - ry,  
2. If you want to catch me, Up the hick - o - ry, down the hick - o - ry,



Let us chase the squir - rel, Up the hick - o - ry tree.  
If you want to catch me, Learn to climb a tree.



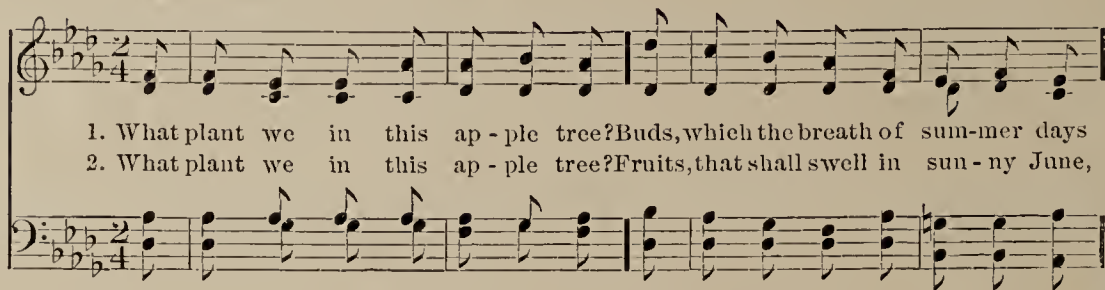




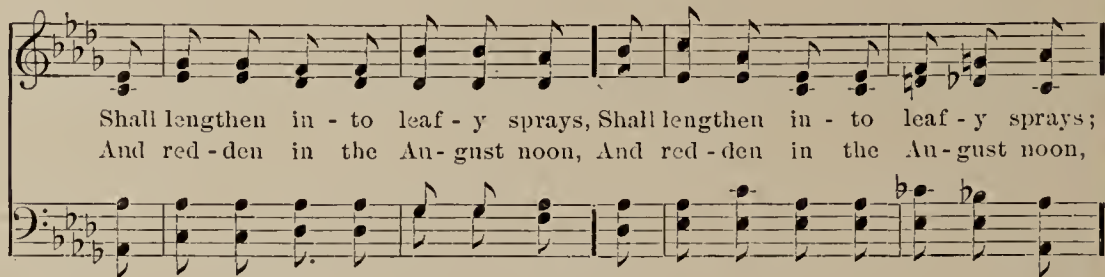
## THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

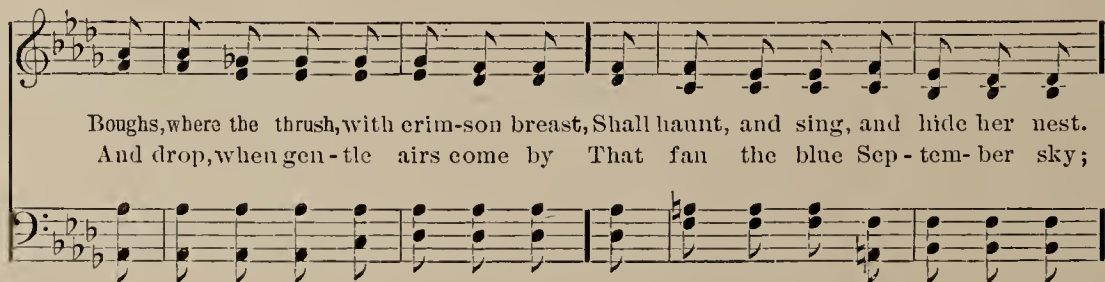
C. C. ROESKE



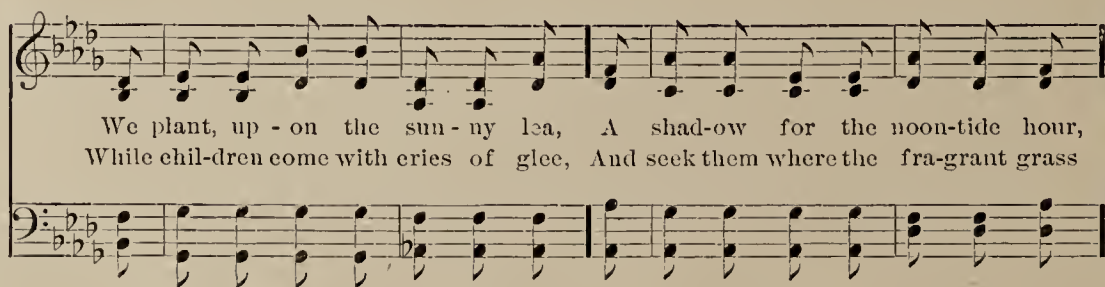
1. What plant we in this ap - ple tree? Buds, which the breath of sum - mer days  
2. What plant we in this ap - ple tree? Fruits, that shall swell in sun - ny June,



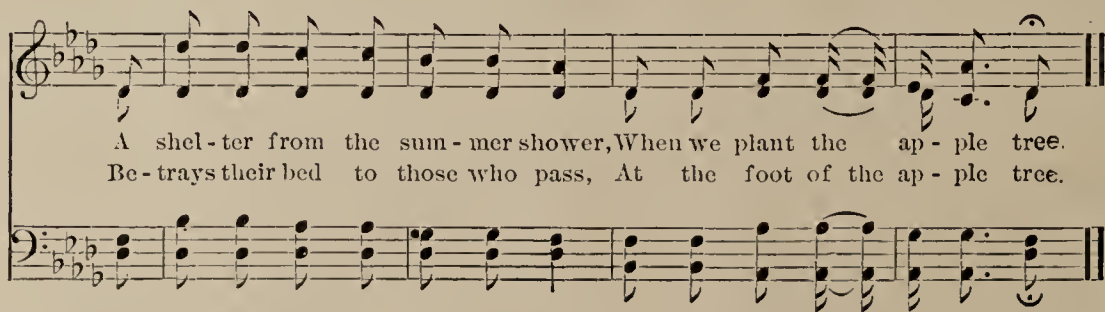
Shall lengthen in - to leaf - y sprays, Shall lengthen in - to leaf - y sprays;  
And red - den in the Au - gust noon, And red - den in the Au - gust noon,



Boughs, where the thrush, with crim - son breast, Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest.  
And drop, when gen - tle airs come by That fan the blue Sep - tem - ber sky;



We plant, up - on the sun - ny lea, A shad - ow for the noon - tide hour,  
While chil - dren come with cries of glee, And seek them where the fra - grant grass



A shel - ter from the sum - mer shower, When we plant the ap - ple tree.  
Be - trays their bed to those who pass, At the foot of the ap - ple tree.

Words used by permission of D. APPLETON & Co., owners of the copyright, and publishers of BRYANT'S Complete Works.



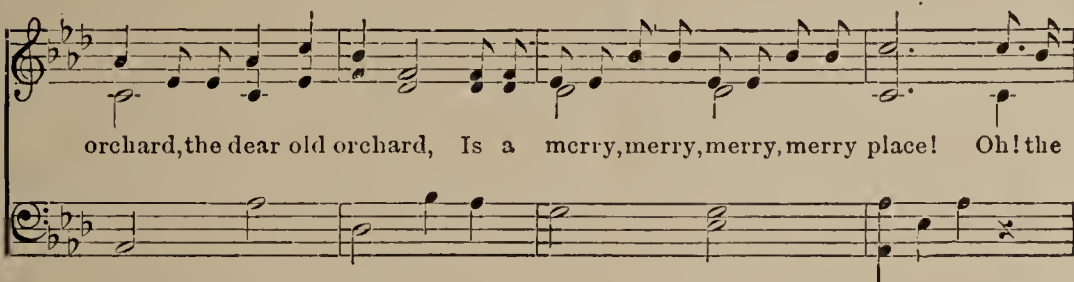
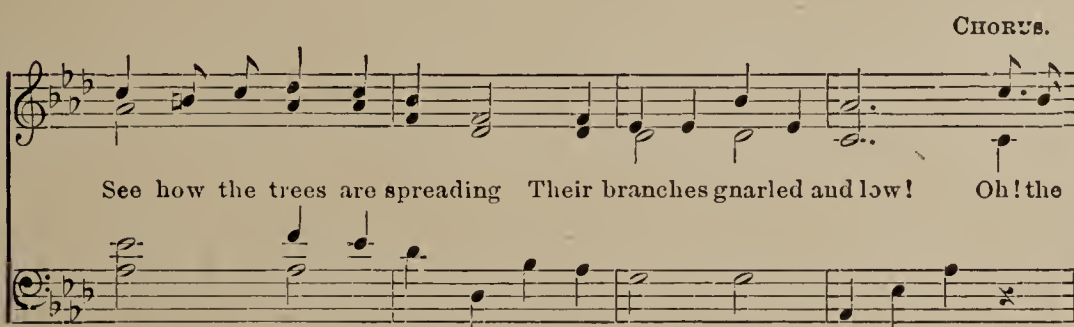
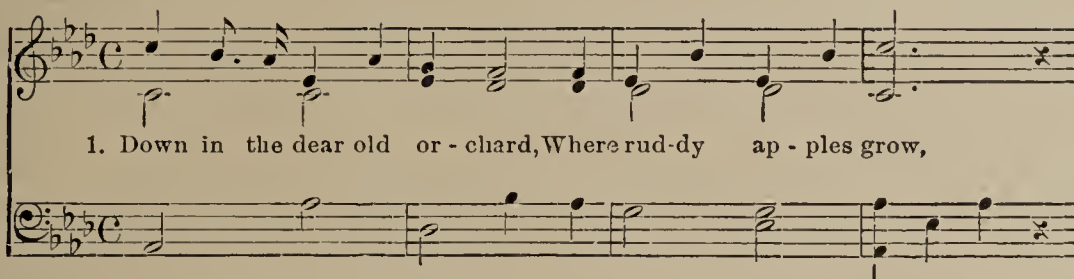




## THE ORCHARD.

EMILIE POULSSON.

HARRIET S. JENES.



2 Here in the early springtime  
The buzzing, humming bees  
Fly for a feast of honey,  
When blossoms deck the trees.—CHO.

3 Robins are hither flying  
In haste to build a nest;  
Safe in the leafy branches  
Their little home shall rest.—CHO.

4 Often the children gather  
To swing and frolic here,—  
No place is like the orchard,  
So pleasant and so dear!—CHO.

5 Down in the dear old orchard,  
Some golden Autumn day,  
Gather the ripe red apples  
With song and laughter gay.—CHO.





# OUR FIR-TREE.

FANNY L. JOHNSON.  
*Gaily.*

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

1. A-way to the for-est and search for a tree,—A fir-tree both graceful and  
2. How glad-ly we'll plant it and watch for its growth! Our tho'ts will fly on to the

small. . . Then out with the shov-els and work with a will, But be  
day . . . When this, our own fir-tree, is state-ly and tall, And the

care-ful of root, branch and all! . . . Now home-ward we'll has-ten and  
birds on its dark branch-es sway. . . Then chil-dren will fill up their

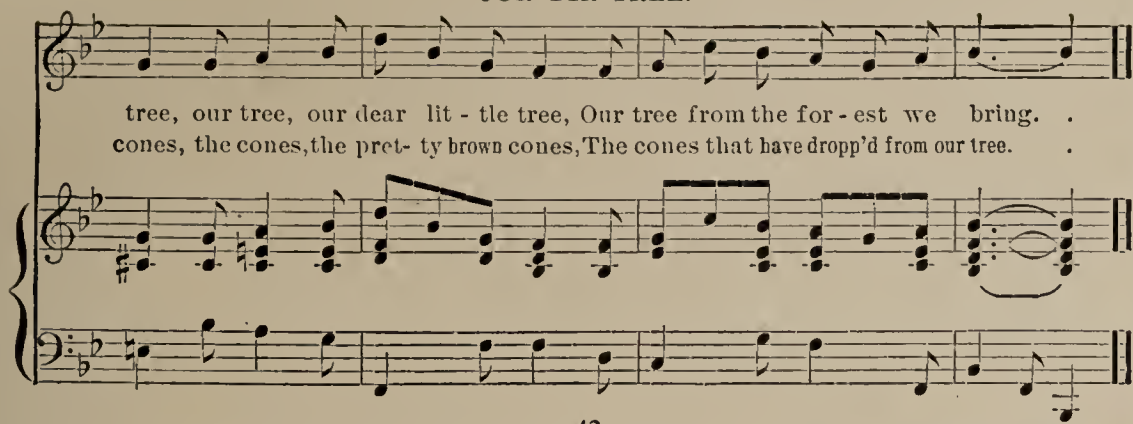
joy-ful-ly sing While our dear lit-tle tree from the for-est we bring, While our  
bas-kets in glee, With the pret-ty brown cones that have dropp'd from our tree, With the





OUR FIR-TREE.

tree, our tree, our dear lit - tle tree, Our tree from the for - est we bring. .  
cones, the cones, the pret - ty brown cones, The cones that have dropp'd from our tree. .



The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, with lyrics written below it. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a simple bass line.

43

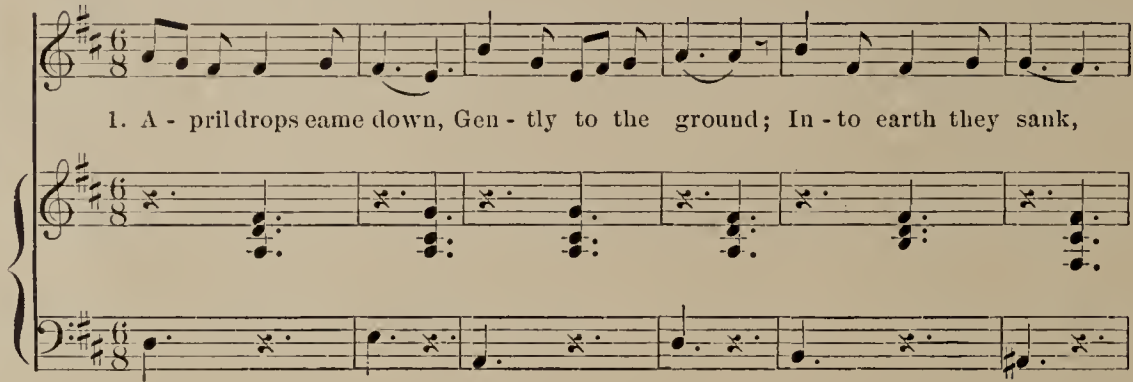




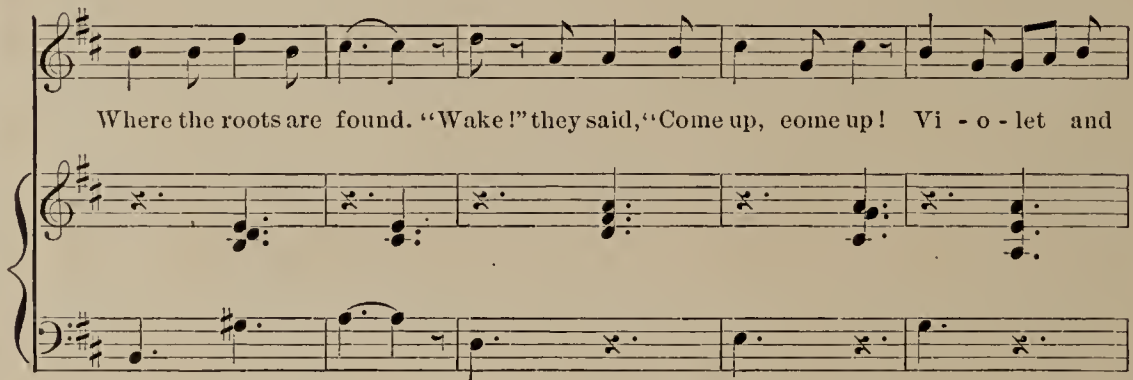
## MAY SONG.

LAURA FROST ARMITAGE.

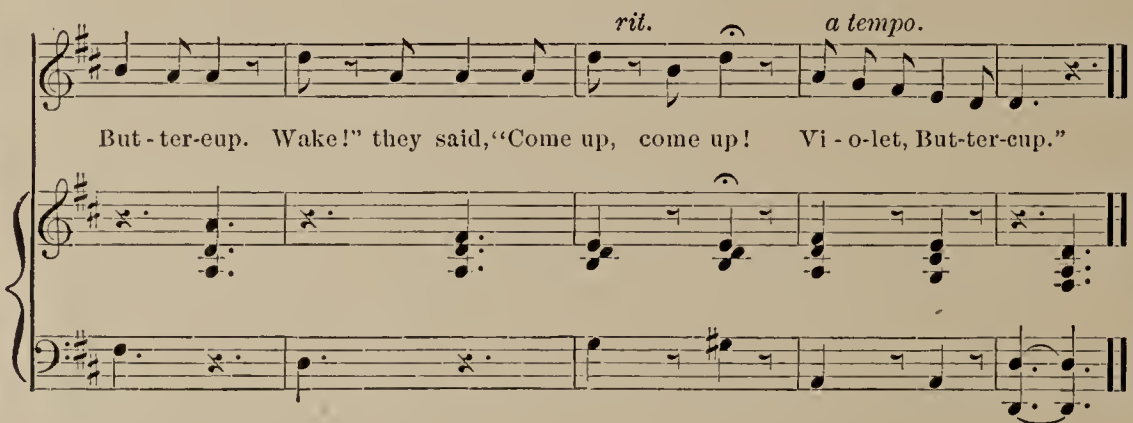
JULIA H. STRONG.



1. A - pril drops came down, Gen - tly to the ground; In - to earth they sank,



Where the roots are found. "Wake!" they said, "Come up, come up! Vi - o - let and

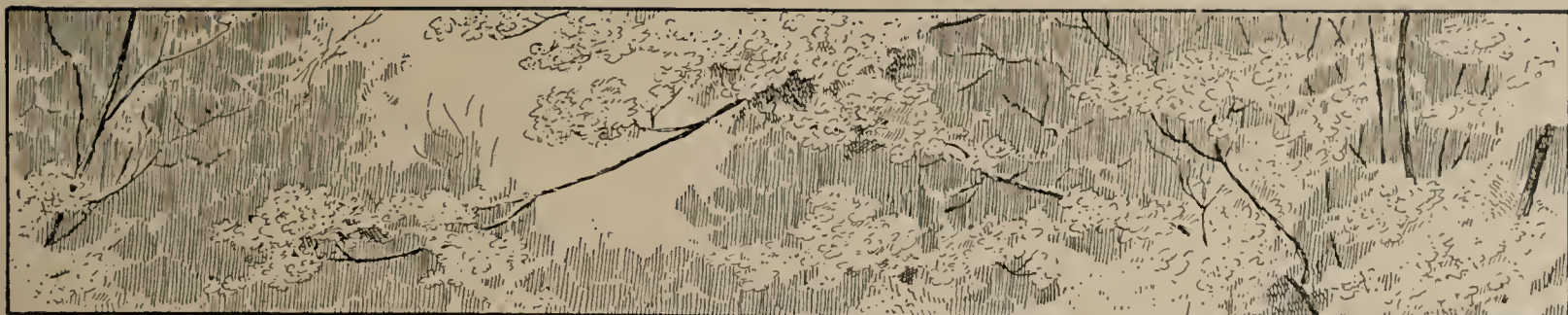


But - ter-eup. Wake!" they said, "Come up, come up! Vi - o - let, But - ter-eup."

2 Then the little plants  
Started on their way,  
Reaching up and down,  
Growing every day.  
"Yes!" they said, "We'll soon be up!"  
Violet and Buttercup.  
"Yes!" they said, "We'll soon be up!"  
Violet, Buttercup.

3 Now the merry May  
Once again is here;  
In the woods and fields  
Lovely flowers appear.  
See! the darlings all are up!  
Violet and Buttercup.  
See! the darlings all are up!  
Violet, Buttercup.





## A MAY DAY INVITATION.

FANNY L. JOHNSON.  
*Allegretto.*

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

1. 'Tis May Day! 'tis May Day! let's  
2. The ma - ples are clad in the  
3. The vi - o - lets wait for us  
4. 'Tis May Day! 'tis May Day! let's

up and a - way, The sun now so bright-ly is glow - ing; The  
brightest of hues, "Come out to the woods!" they are call - ing; The  
down by the brook, Where through the cold days they've been sleep - ing; The  
up and a - way, Through for - est and field gai - ly stray - ing; Then

mead - ows are gay with the fresh spring-ing grass, And flow - ers like  
cher - ry trees, la - den with blos - oms, all say: "Come soon or our  
wind-flow - ers lift up their small, grace-ful heads; Yes! ev - 'ry-where  
homeward re - turn, with our hands full of flow'rs, And hearts full of

gold - en stars grow - ing; And flow - ers like gold-en stars grow - - ing.  
flow'rs will be fall - ing; Come soon or our flow'rs will be fall - - ing!"  
flow-ers are peep - ing; Yes! ev - 'ry-where flowers are peep - - ing.  
joy, from our May - ing; And hearts full of joy, from our May - - ing.







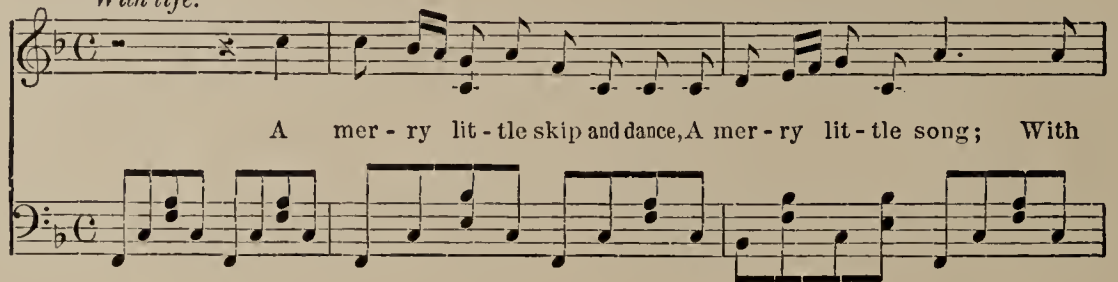
## AROUND THE MAYPOLE.

SONG AND DANCE.

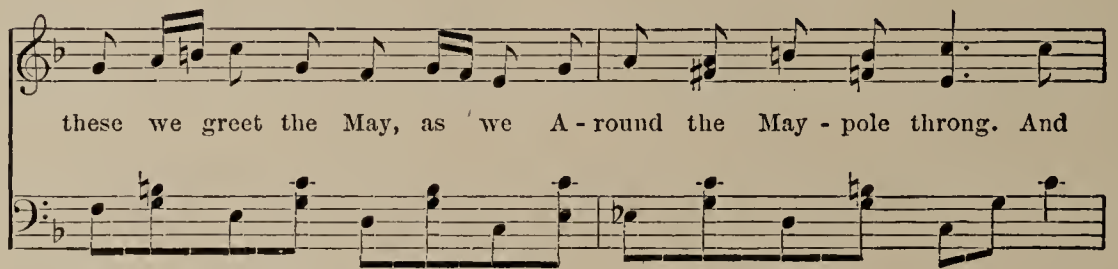
EMILIE POULSSON.

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

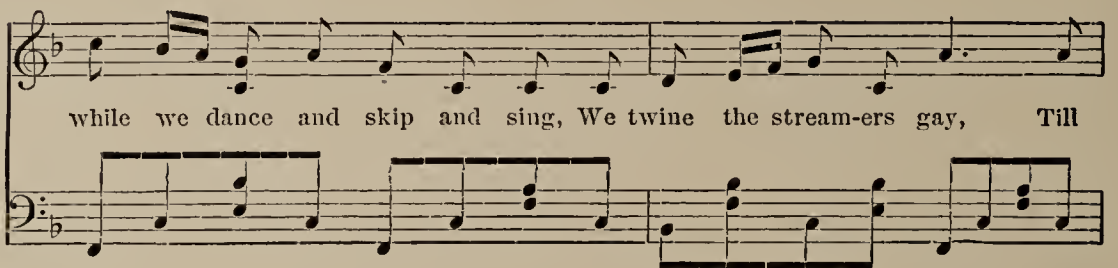
*With life.*



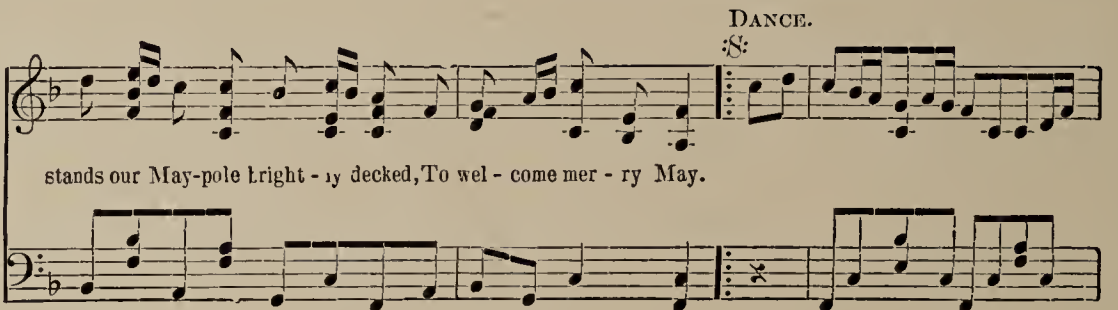
A mer - ry lit - tle skip and dance, A mer - ry lit - tle song; With



these we greet the May, as 'we A - round the May - pole throng. And



while we dance and skip and sing, We twine the stream-ers gay, Till



DANCE.

stands our May-pole bright - ly decked, To wel - come mer - ry May.



FINE.





AROUND THE MAYPOLE.



47







## MEMORIAL DAY.

A SONG FOR OLDER CHILDREN.

MAUD LINDSAY

ALICE HOWARD STETSON.

Sing soft - ly, sing sweet - ly, But join in the song In

praise of our he - roes, So val - iant and strong. And bring fair - est

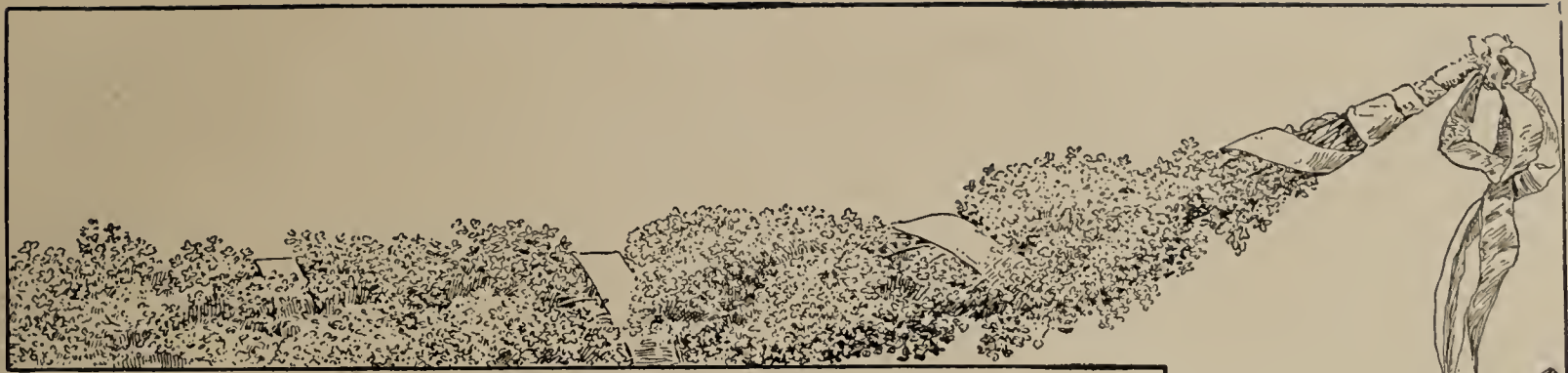
flow - ers To gar - land each grave; Bring mem - o - ry's trib - ute To

hon - or the brave. Their ban - ner they fol - lowed A - mid shot and

*risoluto.*

48





# MEMORIAL DAY.

shell; They faced the foe no - bly And fought the fight well.

*cres. poco rit.*

Then bring fair - est flow - ers, To gar - land each

*a tempo.*

grave; Bring mem - o - ry's trib - ute To hon - or the brave.

Sing soft - ly, sing sweet - ly To hon - or the brave!

*pp ff poco a poco rit.*





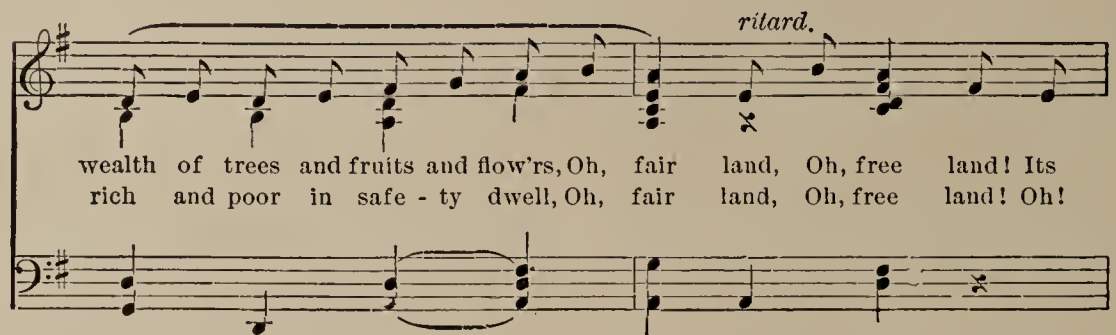
## OUR LAND.

LAURA F. ARMITAGE.

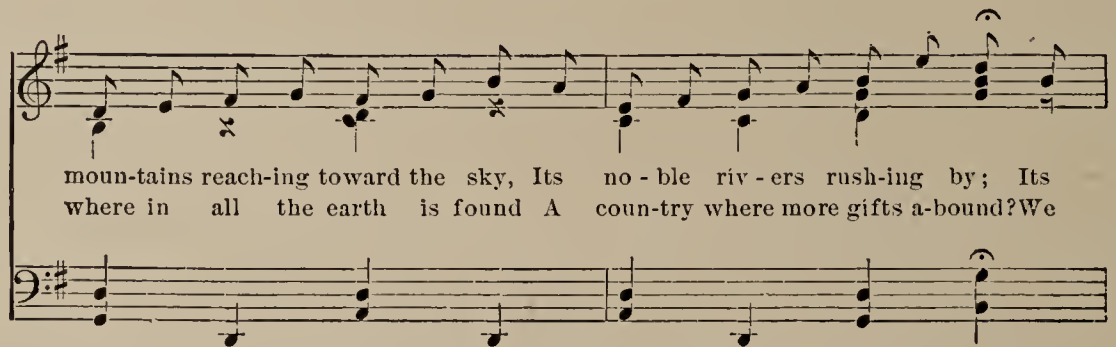
CLARE S. REED.



1. We love this bless-ed land of ours, Oh, fair land, Oh, free land! Its  
2. Its sons and daughters love it well, Oh, fair land, Oh, free land! Here



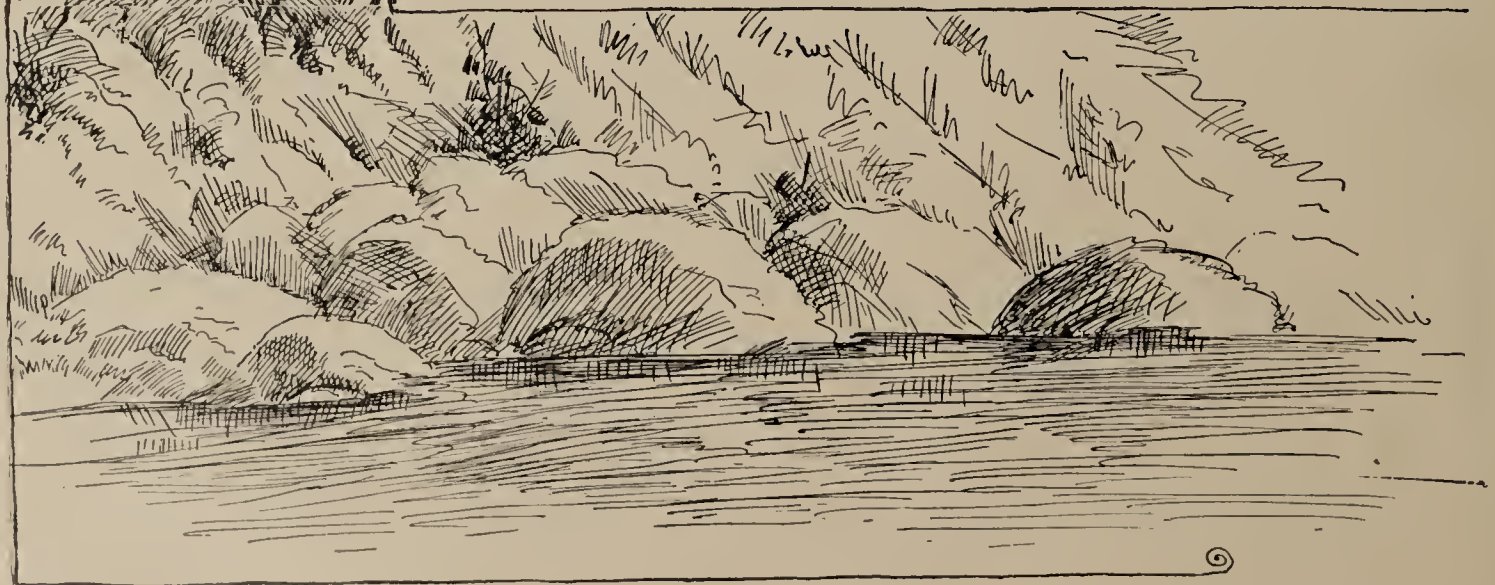
*ritard.*  
wealth of trees and fruits and flow'rs, Oh, fair land, Oh, free land! Its  
rich and poor in safe - ty dwell, Oh, fair land, Oh, free land! Oh!



moun-tains reach-ing toward the sky, Its no - ble riv - ers rush-ing by; Its  
where in all the earth is found A coun-try where more gifts a-bound? We



*lento.*  
fields that clad in ver - dure lie, Oh, fair land, Oh, free land!  
chil - dren love its praise to sound. Oh, fair land, Oh, free land!





## SOLDIERS TRUE.

EMILIE POULSSON.

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

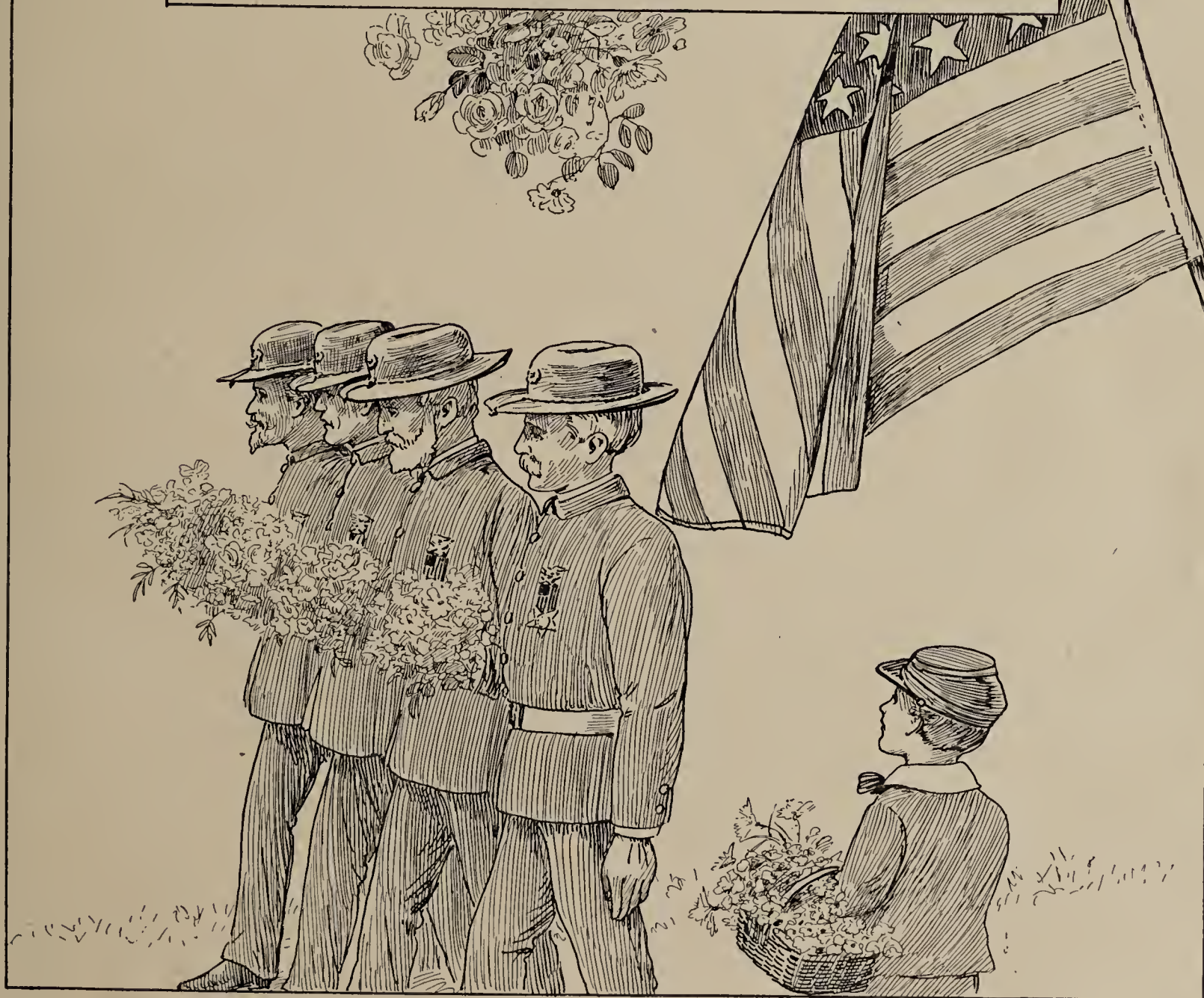
*March time.*

1. Sol-diers true! Hon - or due With grate-ful hearts we pay;  
2. Sol-diers brave! Proud we wave Our flags with cheer on cheer;

Flow - ers bring, Prais - es sing On each Me - mo - rial Day.  
Young and old Ev - er hold Our coun-try's he - roes dear.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in 4/4 time. It features two systems of staves. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system contains the next two lines. The melody is simple and march-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

51

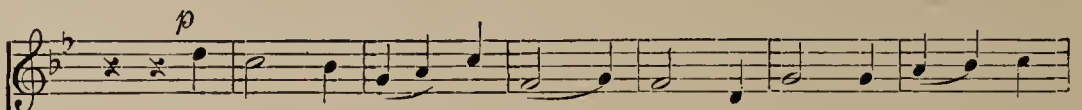






EMILIE POULSSON.

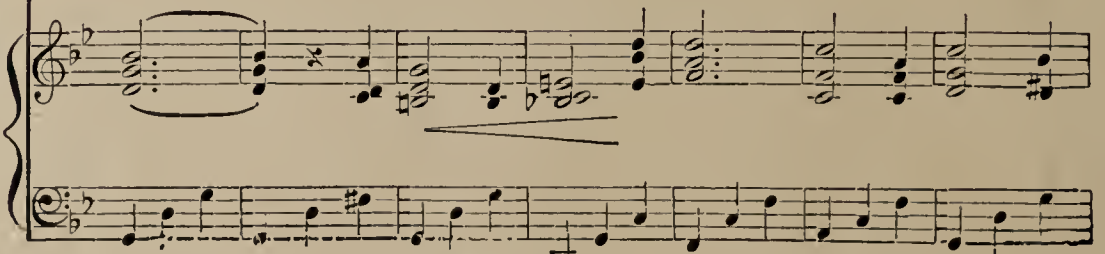
J. H. CHAPEK.



1. We know a love - ly gar - den, Where pinks and li - lies  
2. We work with - in the gar - den, And pull the crowd - ing



grow; . . . And ros - es, too, and pan - sies, Their brill - iant,  
weeds; . . . And in the Au - tumn gath - er The pre - cious







# THE GARDEN.

*p*

col - ors show . . . . . And as we give them wa - ter, Each  
rip - ened seeds . . . . . Pray come and see the gar - den; The

*p*

*f*

flow - 'ret lifts its head; . . . . . And all the plants, to  
gate we o - pen wide, . . . . . And you may choose a

thank us, Their droop - ing leaves out - spread . . . . .  
flow - er From all that grow in - side . . . . .

*mf*

*mf*







## SUNRISE.

CHARLOTTE LAY DEWEY.

MILDRED J. HILL.

*Cheerily.*

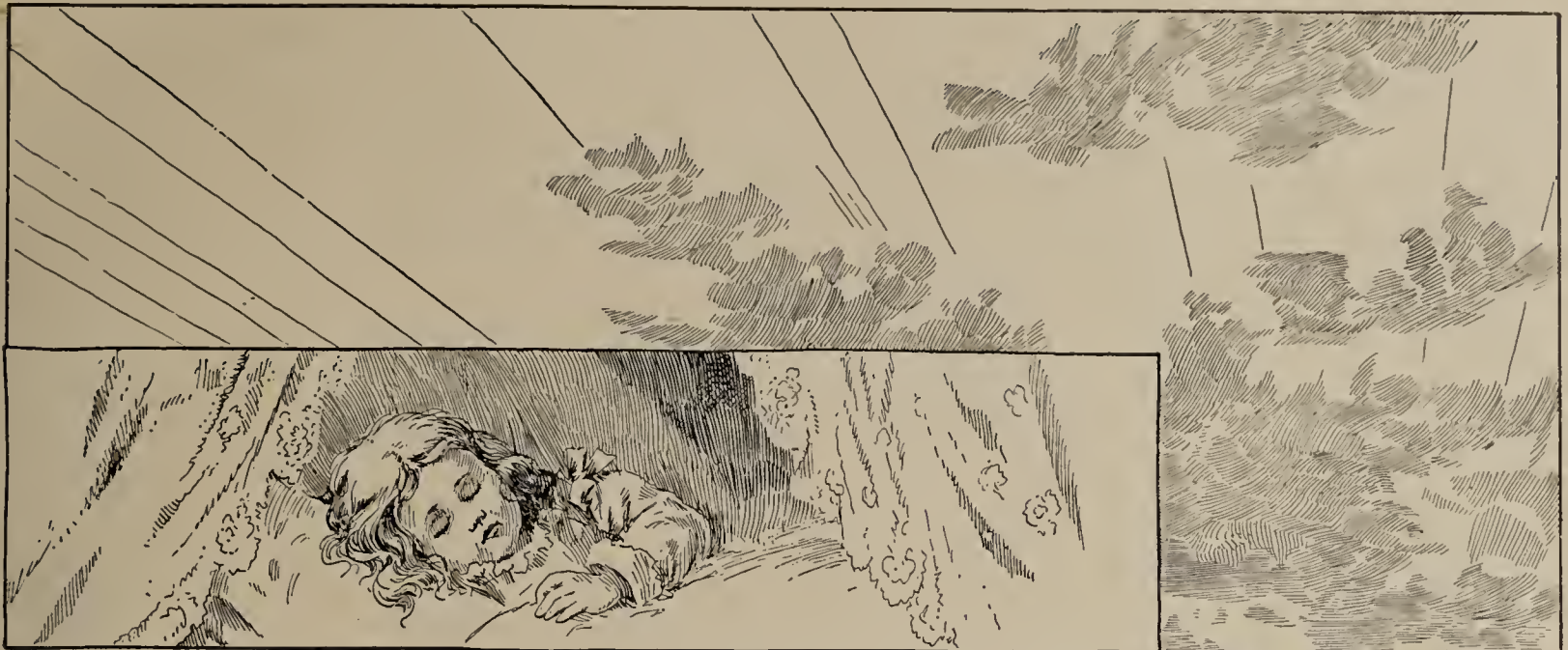
Oh! love - ly ball of gold - en light! We thank you for the

sun - shine bright. We thank you for the warm, soft rays, That

give us hap - py, sun - ny days. Oh! love - ly ball of

gold - en light! We thank you for the sun - shine bright.





## SUNSET.

CHARLOTTE LAY DEWEY.

MILDRED J. HILL.

*Not too fast.*

Oh! love-ly ball of gold-en light! We sing to you a sweet good-night, Soft

ro - sy clouds are in the west, And lit - tle chil - dren go to rest. Oh!

*slower.*  
love - ly ball of gold - en light! We sing to you good-night, good-night.  
*rit.*







## SONG FOR THE PRISM.

CATHERINE R. WATKINS.

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

*Allegro.*  
*With much life and rhythm.*

1. Come,  
2. We  
    , And

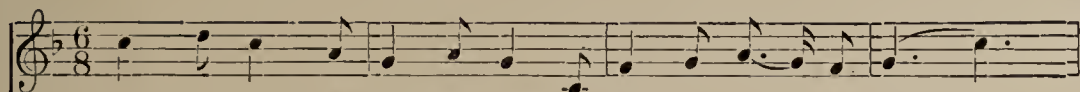
mer - ry lit - tle sunbeam, And join us in our play; Come,  
love to try to catch you, Our pret - ty fai - ry guest, In  
when the fall - ing raindrops Meet sunbeams up on high, Then

shine now through our prism, Then dance in col - ors gay. Oh!  
all the rain - bow col - ors, You now are gai - ly drest, But  
comes the love - ly rain - bow, And arch - es all the sky. So

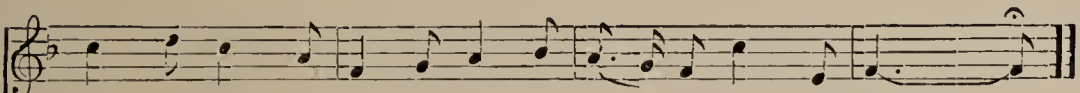
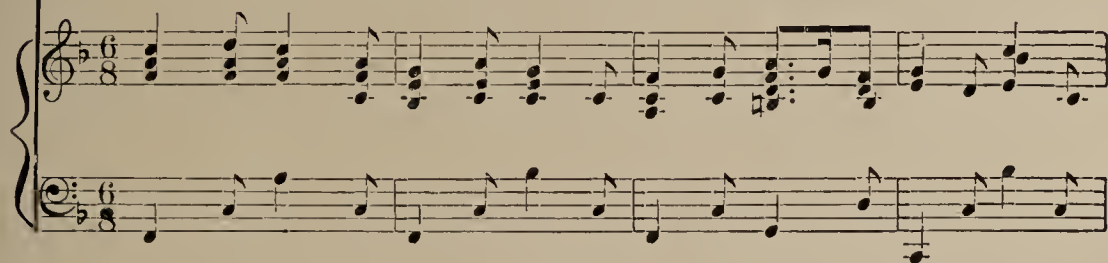




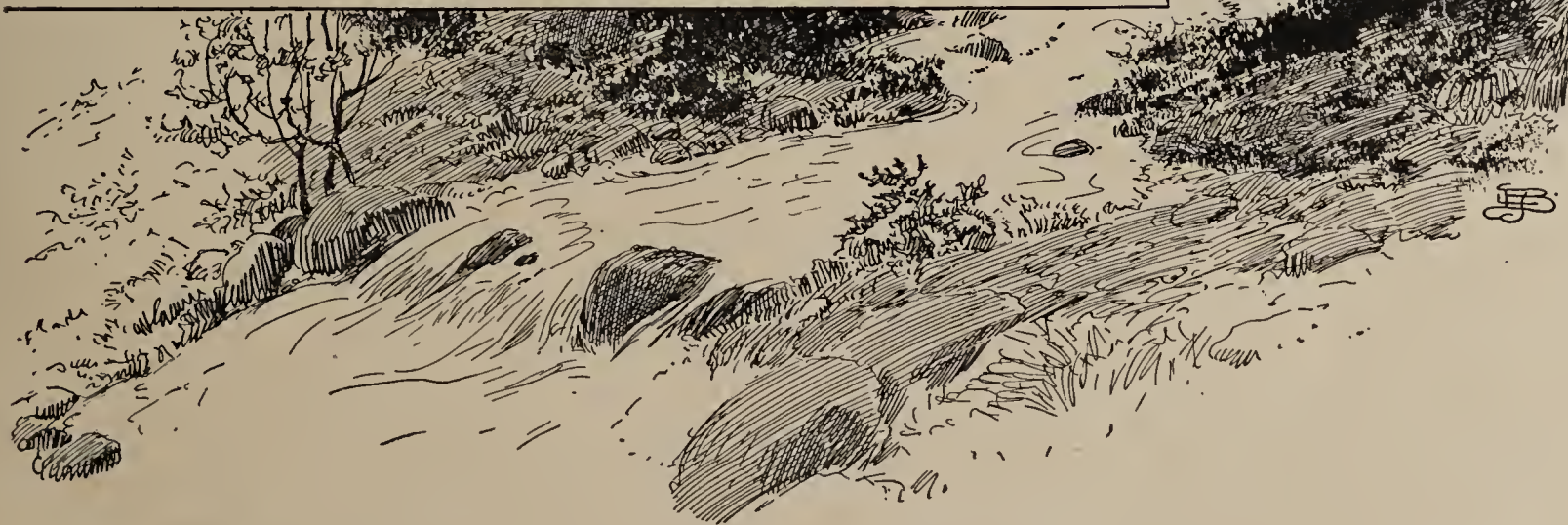
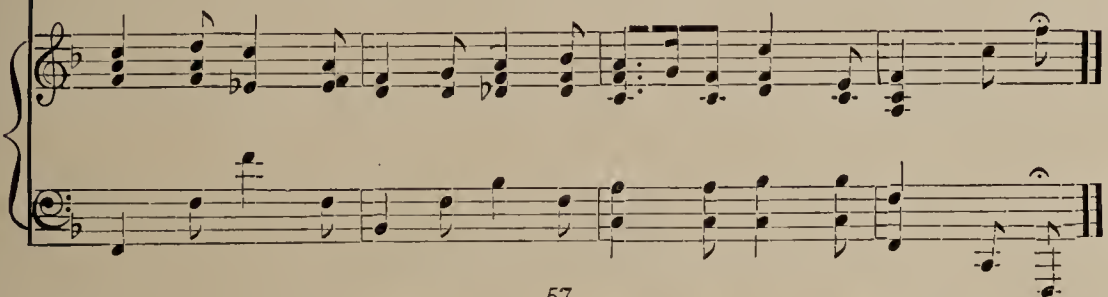
# SONG FOR THE PRISM.




light - ly, light - ly, brightly, brightly, Dance on wall and floor . .  
light - ly, light - ly, brightly, brightly, Swift you dance a - way . .  
light - ly, light - ly, brightly, brightly, Shin - ing high or low . .



Light - ly, light - ly, brightly, brightly, Till our play is o'er . . . .  
Nev - er can our fin - gers hold you, Lit - tle sun - beam gay . . . .  
You are wel - come, dane-ing sunbeams, Ev' - ry where you go . . . .





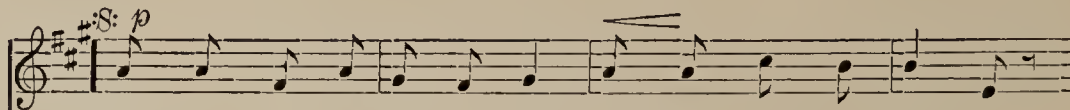


## BIRDS' JOY.

EMILIE POULSSON.

J. H. CHAPEK.

*Allegro.*



1. Birds are flit - ting here and there, Threads and grass - es bring - ing,  
2. Moth - er bird up - on the nest Some - thing pre - cious cov - ers;



Soon up - on the elm - tree bough See! their nest is swing - ing.  
Fa - ther bird with cheer - y song Ev - er near her hov - ers.



3 Glad are they in eggs and nest,  
Glad in sun and shower;  
Songs of joy they warble forth,  
Happy every hour.

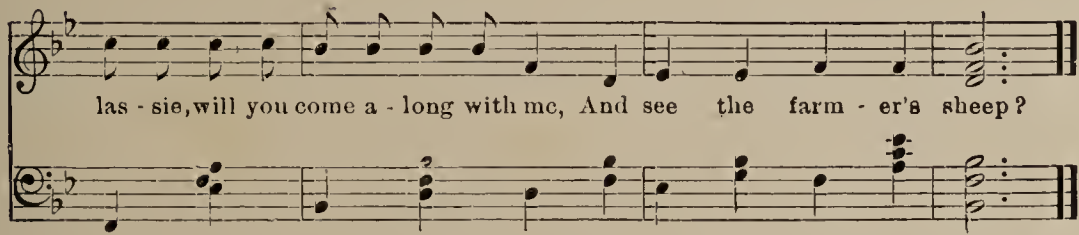
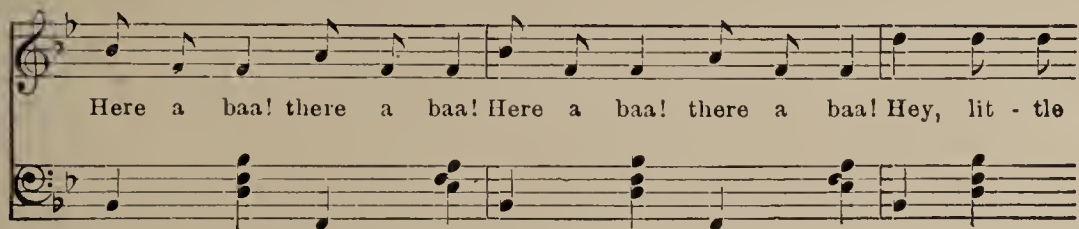
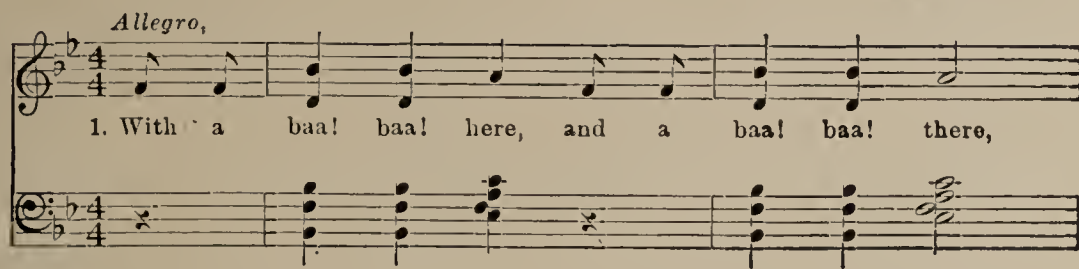
4 But the greatest joy will come  
With the summer weather,  
When they see their baby birds  
Nestling close together.



# BARNYARD SONG.

OLD ENGLISH.

Arr. by FANNIE JACOBS.



2. With a moo! moo! here, etc.,—cows.
3. With a grunt! grunt! here, etc.,—pigs.
4. With a bow! wow! here, etc.,—dogs.
5. With a cluck! cluck! here, etc.,—hens.
6. With a peep! peep! here, etc.,—chicks.
7. With a quack! quack! here, etc.,—ducks.
8. With a meow! meow! here, etc.,—cats.





# THE BROOKLET'S SONG.

EMILIE POULSSON.

MILDRED J. HILL.



1. Through fair grass - y mead - ows, The  
 2. To birds fly - ing o - ver, It

brook flows a - long, And sings as it  
 coax - ing - ly sings : "Come, wash in my

trav - els Full ma - ny a song. To  
 rip - ples The dust from your wings!" To





# THE BROOKLET'S SONG.

flow - - ers and grass - es, That  
chil - - dren it mur - murs; "Come

grow . . . on its brink, The brook - let is  
sail your boats here; My wa - ters are

sing - ing: "O pret - ty ones, drink!"  
shal - low,— So play with - out fear!"









# FOURTH OF JULY. \*

1. On Fourth of Ju - ly the flags will wave, And rockets will burst on high, For  
2. The chil-dren wake up in the ear - ly morn, When cannons are booming loud, They

years a - go we fought the foe Till they turned their backs to fly.  
take their crackers and light their punk, And smoke goes up in a eloud.

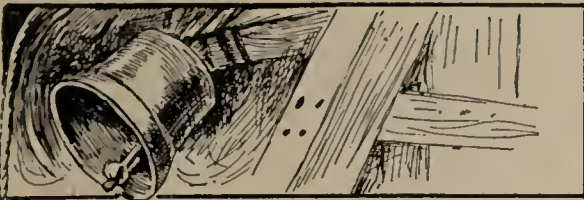
Siss! boom! Hur - rah for the Fourth, The glo - ri - ous Fourth of Ju - ly;

Off with tor-pe-does, and crackers, and guns, And colored balloons in the sky.

\* The words and music of this song were composed by a class of twelve year old children in the Elementary School ( University of Chicago ) and under the direction of Mrs. May Root Kern.

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## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

EMILIE POULSSON.

Tune, "Yankee Doodle."



1. One hun-dred years a - go and more, By brav - est proc - la - ma - tion, The  
2. Ju - ly the Fourth, in Sev - 'nty - Six, The bells in ev - 'ry stee - ple Rang



peo - ple of A - mer - i - ca De - clared them - selves a na - tion.  
out the news: "This land is free And ruled by its own peo - ple!"



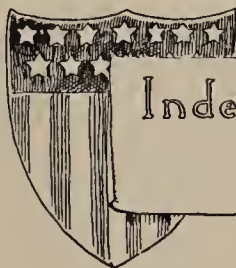
So our na - tion's birth - day came, (Sing in rous - ing eho - rus!)  
There - fore let us, on this day, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion;



Thus the strug - gle was be - gun That won our free - dom for us.  
In - de - pen - dence Day, Hur - rah! The Birth - day of the Na - tion!



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Independence Hall  
Philadelphia





# BIRDS IN AUTUMN.

EMILIE POULSSON. J. H. CHAPEK.

*f* *Moderato.* *p*

1. Fly a-way! Fly a-way! Lit-tle bird-ies, you must go;  
2. Come a-gain! Come a-gain! When the gold-en warmth of Spring

*f* *p*

Soon the frost-y winds will blow, Soon will come the ice and snow,  
Wakes the trees to blos-som-ing, Hith-er fly, on swift-est wing,

Fly a-way! Fly a-way!  
Come a-gain! Come a-gain!

*f* *p* *ff*

"Birds in Autumn" may be used as a circle game by letting the children who have been chosen for birds fly as far away from the circle as possible — returning when called by the "Come again" of the second verse.

Used by arrangement with the Kindergarten Literature Co.

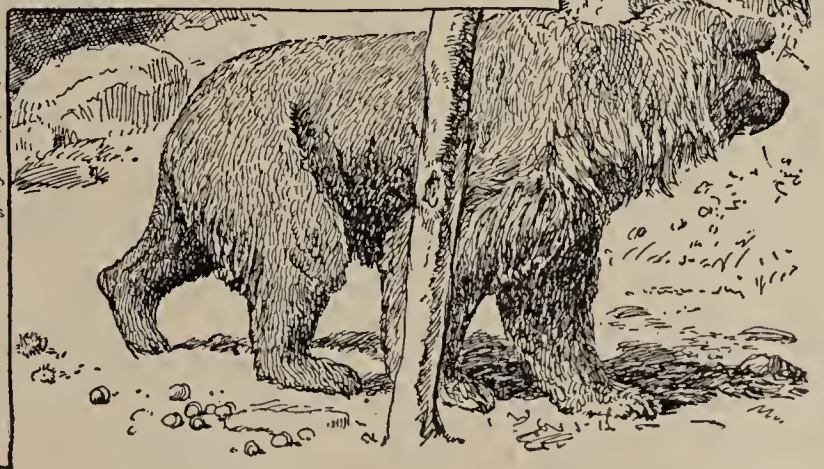
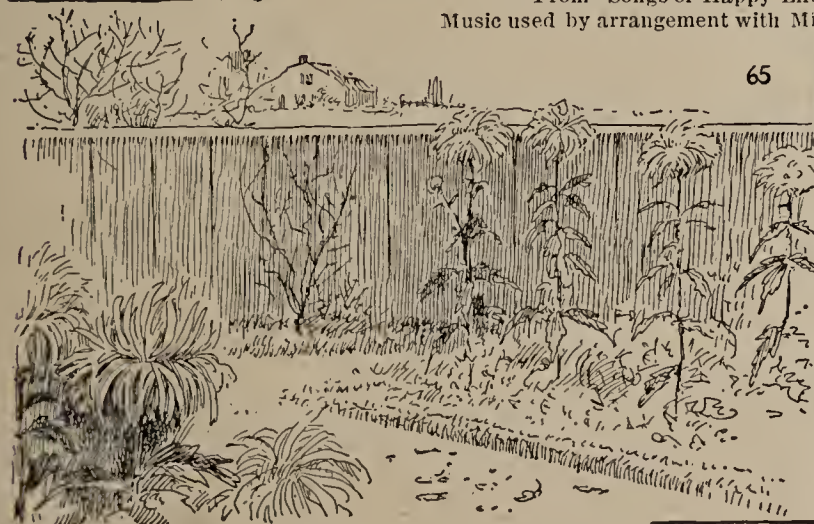
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# AUTUMN SONG.

EMILIE POULSSON.

EMORY P. RUSSELL.



1. The song - birds are fly - ing, And south - ward are hie - ing, No  
2. The in - sects are hid - ing, The far - mer pro - vid - ing The

more their glad car - ols we hear; The gar - dens are lone - ly, Chrys-  
lamb - kins a shel - ter from cold; And af - ter Oc - to - ber The

an - the - mums on - ly Dare now let their beauty ap - pear,  
woods will look so - ber Without all their crimson and gold.

3 The loud winds are calling,  
The ripe nuts are falling,  
The squirrel now gathers his store;  
The bears, homeward creeping,  
Will soon all be sleeping  
So snugly, till winter is o'er.

4 Jack Frost will soon cover  
The little brooks over;  
The snow-clouds are up in the sky  
All ready for snowing;  
Dear Autumn is going!  
We bid her a loving "good bye."

From "Songs of Happy Life," SILVER, BURDETT & Co.  
Music used by arrangement with Miss S. J. EDDY, owner of the copyright.





## THE CRADLE NEST.

Words and Music by MABELLE M. WINSLOW.

*Allegretto.*

Here is a pret-ty cra-dle nest; The birdies, where are they? .

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time, starting with a half rest followed by a melody. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Each lit-tle bird has spread its wings, And flown so far a-way. . .

The second system of music continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

Will they not come back a-gain To us, and sing their song? . .

The third system of music continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

They'll be back when spring-time comes, And that will not be long. . .

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. It includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The piano part features a consistent eighth-note accompaniment.





## IN AUTUMN.

R. J. WESTON.

MILDRED J. HILL.

*Vigorously.*

1. The North Wind came a - long one day, So strong and full of fun; He  
2. They ran in crowds, they ran a - lone, They hid be - hind the trees, Till

called the leaves down from the trees, And said, "Run, chil - dren, run!" They  
North Wind, laughing found them there, And called, "No stop - ping, please." But

came in red and yel - low dressed, In shad - ed green and brown, And  
when he saw them tir - ed out, All cud - dled in a heap, He

all the short No - vem - ber day He chased them round the town.  
soft - ly said, "Good-night, my dears! Now let us go to sleep!"





# THE SONG OF THE WIND.

KATE L. BROWN.  
*Andante.*

ARTHUR F. BURNETT.

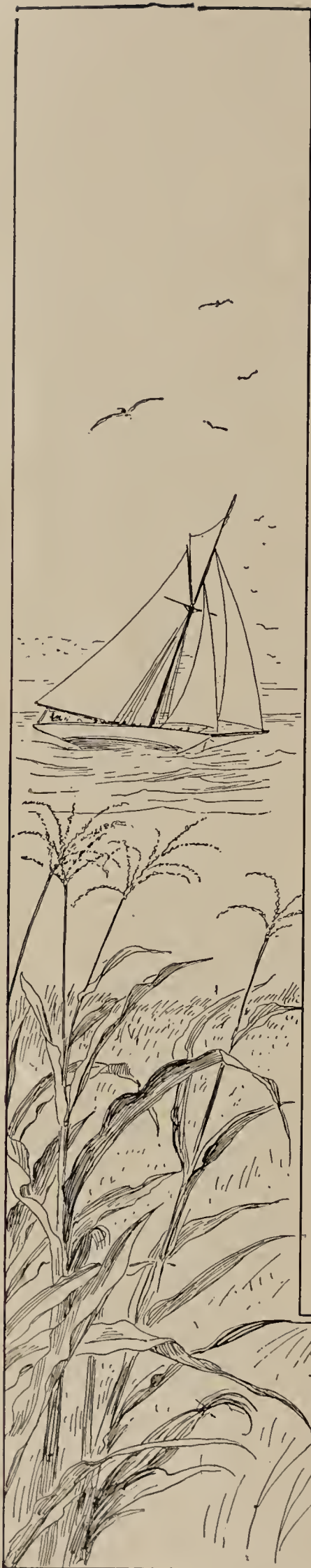
1. The

*rit. e cres. ff*

wind came forth one autumn morn And stirred the rippling sea; . . . It

said, "I greet the fields of corn That wait - ing lie for me; I

go to touch the ripened fruit, The gold-en grain to bless, . . . I





# THE SONG OF THE WIND.

hov - er o'er the gold-en rod With many a fond ca - ress, . . With

## REFRAIN.

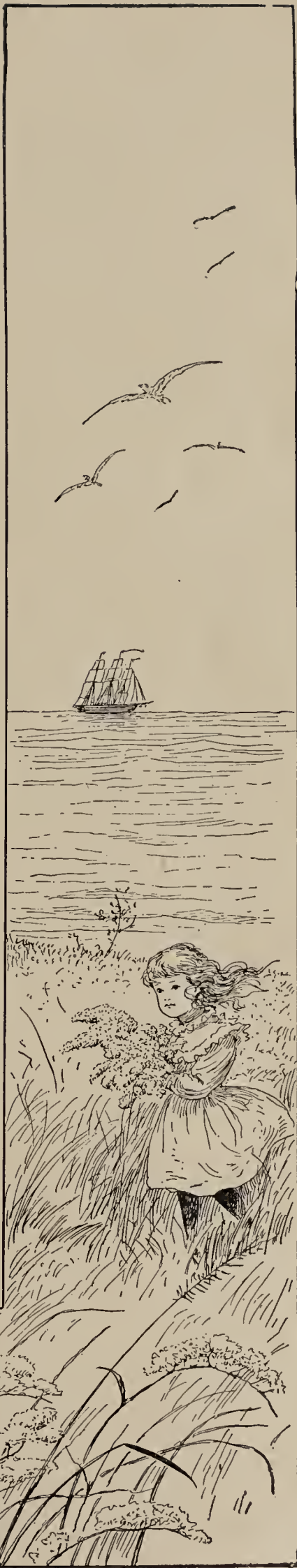
many a fond ca - ress." The wind came forth one autumn day, It

swept o'er land and sea; Now soft, now loud, it sang its lay, This

*rit.*  
fair wind, strong and free.

*rit.* *f* *a tempo.*

From "Harvest Festival," 1893, By kind permission of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, owners of the copyright.



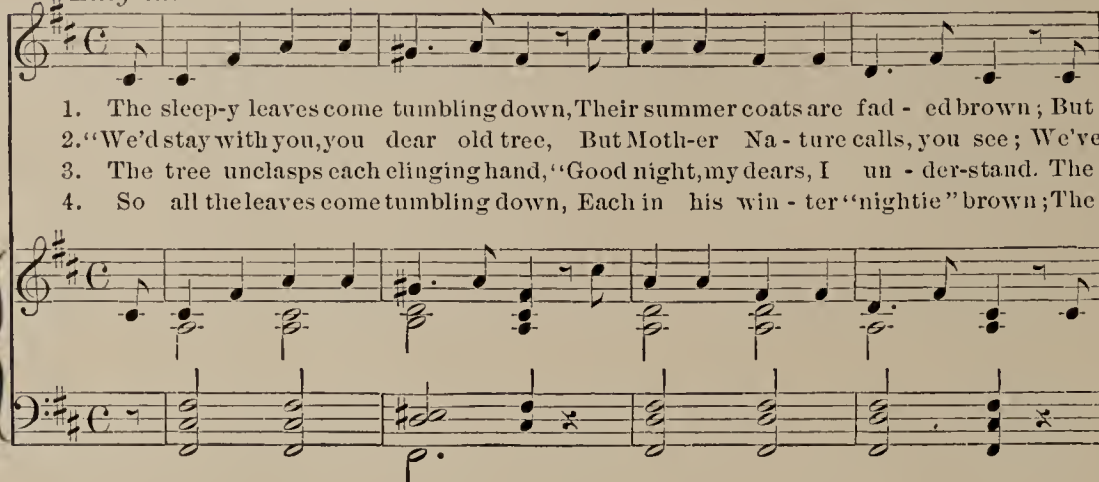


# THE SLEEPY LEAVES.

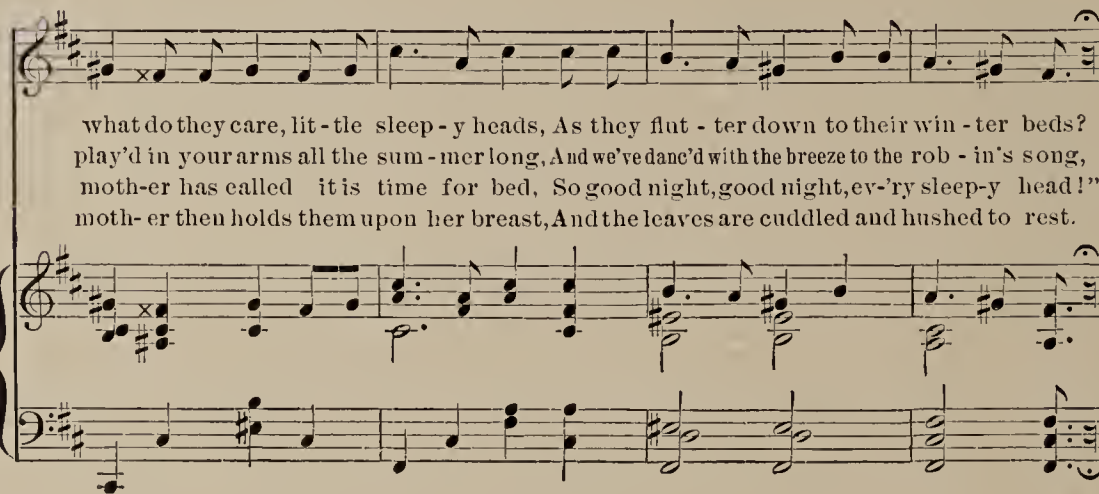
KATE WHITING PATCH.

CLARE S. REED.

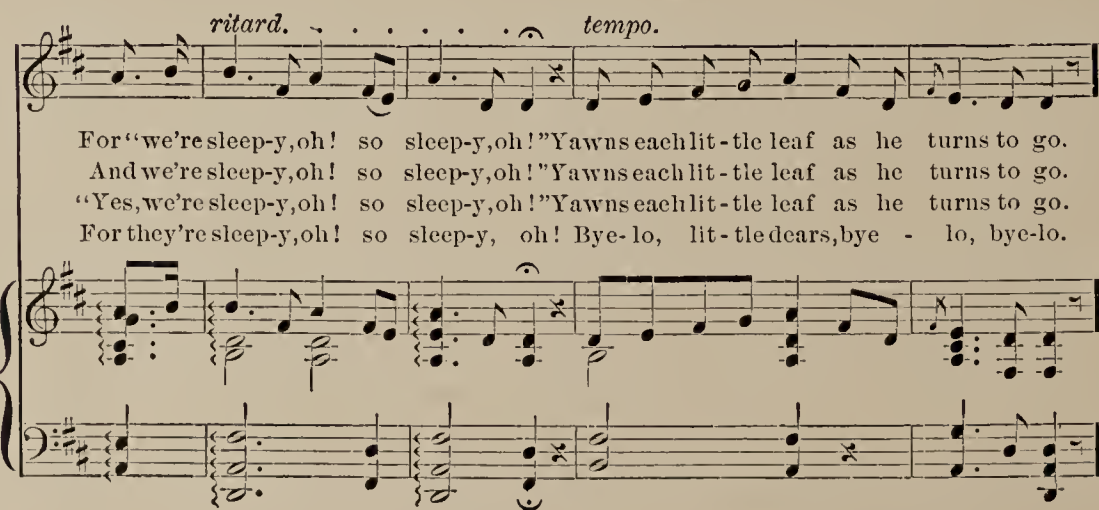
*Allegretto.*



1. The sleep-y leaves come tumbling down, Their summer coats are fad - ed brown; But  
2. "We'd stay with you, you dear old tree, But Moth-er Na - ture calls, you see; We've  
3. The tree unclasps each clinging hand, "Good night, my dears, I un - der-stand. The  
4. So all the leaves come tumbling down, Each in his win - ter "nightie" brown; The



what do they care, lit - tle sleep - y heads, As they flut - ter down to their win - ter beds?  
play'd in your arms all the sum - mer long, And we've danc'd with the breeze to the rob - in's song,  
moth-er has called it is time for bed, So good night, good night, ev - ry sleep-y head!"  
moth-er then holds them upon her breast, And the leaves are cuddled and hushed to rest.



*ritard.* . . . . . *tempo.*  
For "we're sleep-y, oh! so sleep-y, oh!" Yawn each lit - tle leaf as he turns to go.  
And we're sleep-y, oh! so sleep-y, oh!" Yawn each lit - tle leaf as he turns to go.  
"Yes, we're sleep-y, oh! so sleep-y, oh!" Yawn each lit - tle leaf as he turns to go.  
For they're sleep-y, oh! so sleep-y, oh! Bye-lo, lit - tle dears, bye - lo, bye-lo.



# LEAVES, FLOWERS, AND FRUITS.

A FINGER PLAY.

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

Old English Melody.

Harmonized by JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

*Allegretto.*

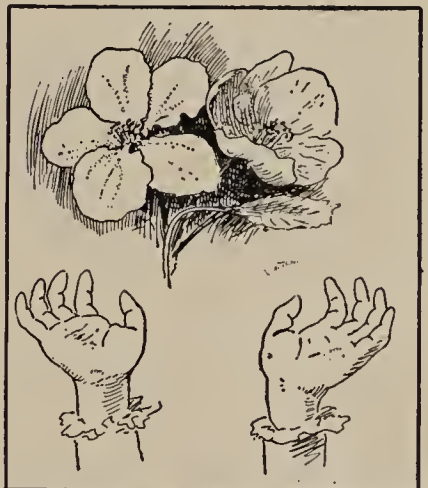
1. Oh! here are the lit - tle leaves that grow Up - on the great tall trees, And  
3. Oh! here are the sweet and dain - ty flow'rs To which the green buds grow, The

dance so mer - ri - ly all day With ev - 'ry pass - ing breeze.  
fra - grant blos - soms, ro - sy pink Or fair and white as snow.

2. Oh! here are the pret - ty buds of green, All close - ly shut are they; But  
4. Oh! here are the jui - cy fruits at last, All ripe up - on the trees; They're

on the trees they grow and grow, Then o - pen wide some day.  
read - y for the chil - dren now, Who'll have a taste of these?

With the first stanza, the children move their fingers rapidly to represent the fluttering leaves; with the second, they bring the five fingers together, the tips touching, each hand representing a bud; with the third, they let the buds gradually open to flowers, spreading out the fingers for petals; and with the fourth stanza, they double up their fists for fruits.



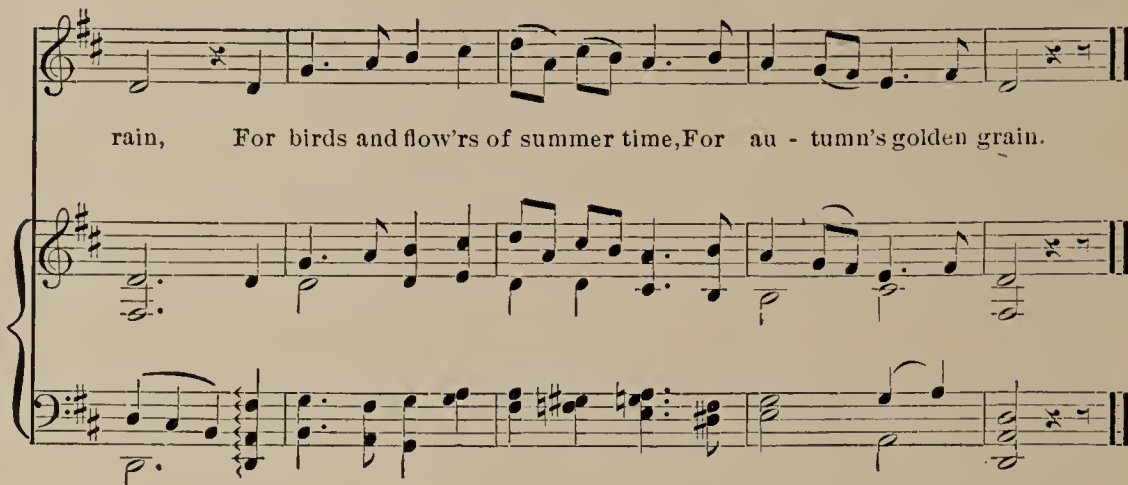


# A SONG OF THANKS.

MARY G. TRASK.

FRANK E. SAVILLE.

*Cheerfully.*



2 For nuts and rosy apples,  
For all things that we need —  
For father and for mother dear,  
We give Him thanks indeed.

3 For frost and snow we thank Him,  
That come in winter wild;  
But most of all for Christmas Day,  
And for the dear Christ-Child.

In the kindergarten where this simple little song originated, only the first two stanzas were taught at Thanksgiving time, and the third stanza, adding the Christmas thought, was reserved until December.





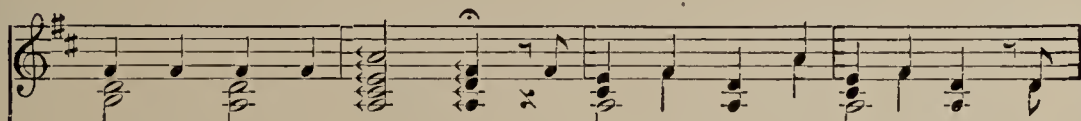
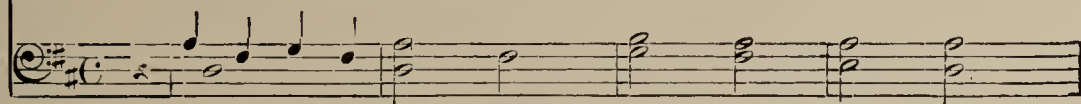
## A MORNING THANKSGIVING.

MARY J. GARLAND.

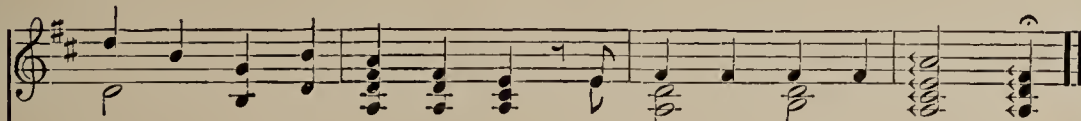
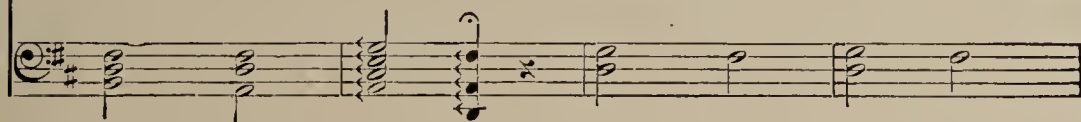
CLARE S. REED.



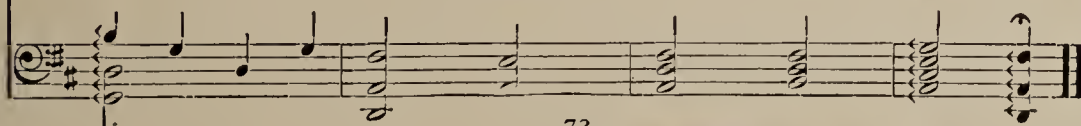
For this new morning with its light, For rest and shel-ter of the night, We



thank the Heaven-ly Fa - ther, For health and food, for love and friends, For



ev - 'ry thing His good - ness sends, We thank the Heavenly Fa - ther.



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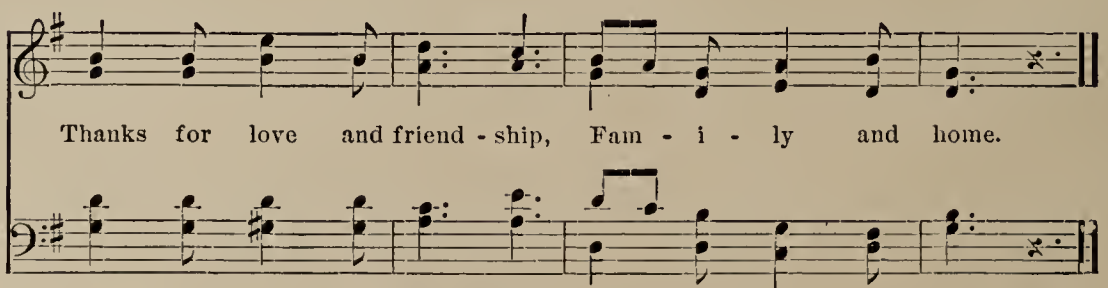
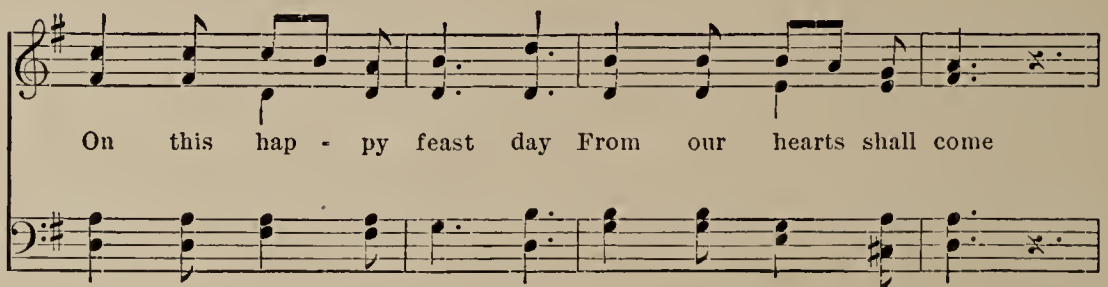
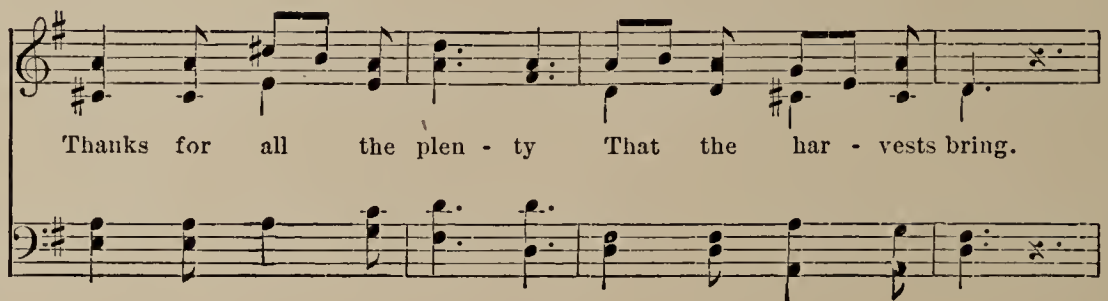




# ON THIS HAPPY FEAST-DAY.

EMILIE POULSSON.

JULIA H. STRONG.



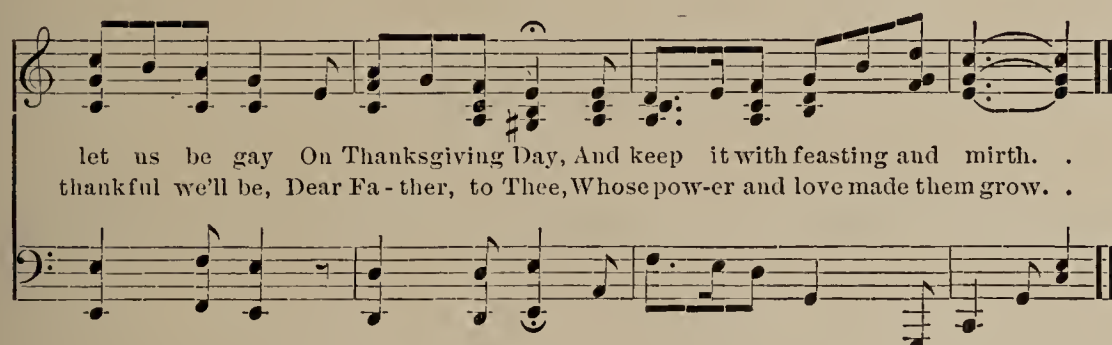
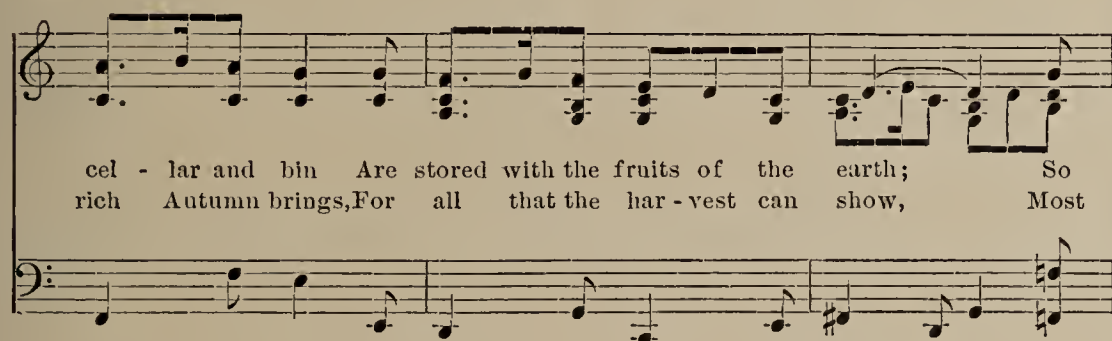
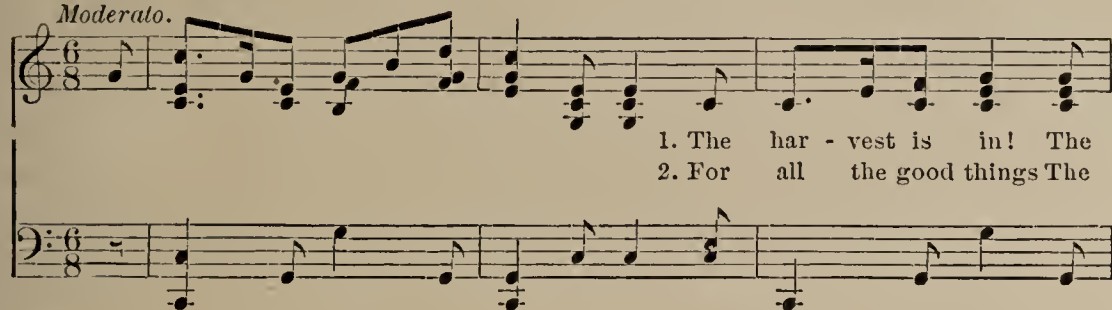


## THANKSGIVING FOR HARVEST.

Words by EMILIE POULSSON.

Music by JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

*Moderato.*







## WE THANK THEE.

EDITH H. KINNEY.

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

We thank Thee, Fa - ther, for the love That, all the sea - sons thro', Gave

sun and rain to bud and grain That for the har - vest grew. We

thank Thee for the love that brings, Safe on their home-ward way, Our

loved ones dear from far and near, To keep Thanks-giv - ing Day



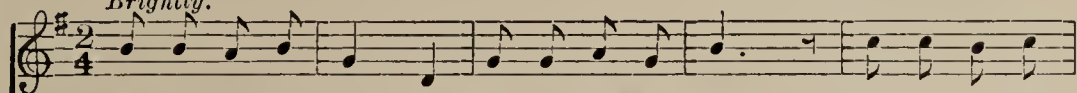


## THANKSGIVING DAY.

LAURA FROST ARMITAGE.

MILDRED J. HILL.

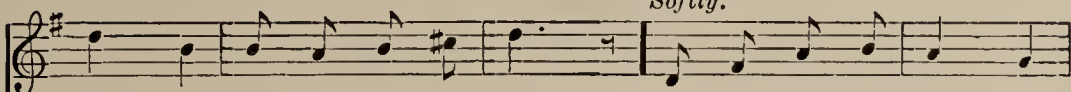
*Brightly.*



1. In the chill No - vem - ber, Like a sunbeam bright, Comes the glad Thanks-
2. Now at home's dear fire - side, Many a lov - ing band Meets in joy to -
3. And tho' we, re - joic - ing, Taste Thanksgiving's cheer, 'Tis the hap - py



CHORUS.  
*Softly.*



- giv - ing, Full of joy's own light. Let us thank the Fa - ther  
- geth - er, In this hap - py land.  
home - love Makes the time so dear.



For the gifts He sends; For our lov - ing pa - rents, Happy home and friends.







## WINTER.

Words and Music by Two Children.

*p*

1. Jack Frost went o - ver the hills one night, When  
2. The trees are all cov - ered with erys - tals bright, That

all the ground with snow was white; He paint - ed the win-dows with  
spar-kle like dia - monds in the sunlight; The lakes and the streams are all

pic - tures gay, For the chil - dren to see at the  
fro - zen clear, And the chil - dren are all shout - ing,

CHORUS.

dawn of day. Win - ter is here With games of cheer, There's  
"Win - ter is here."

coast - ing and skat - ing And mer - ry bells ring - ing.



## FALLING SNOW.

EMILIE POULSSON.

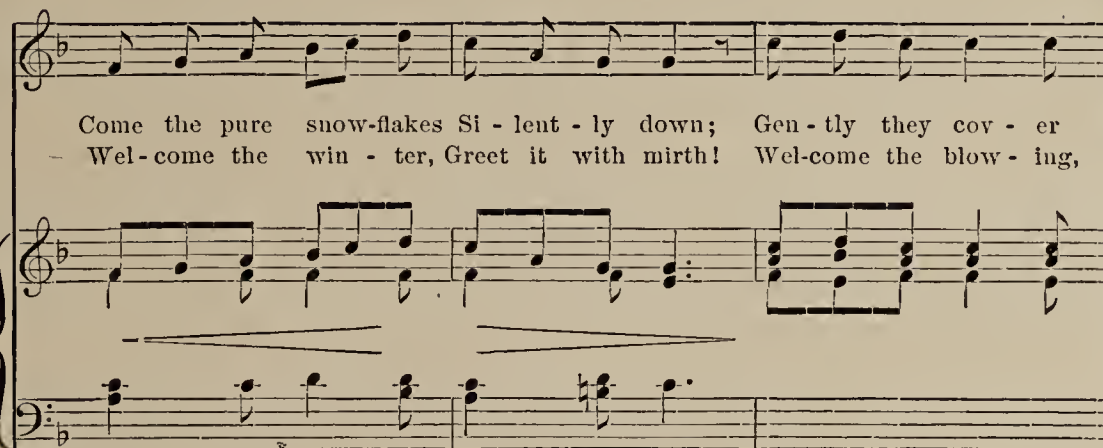
MILDRED J. HILL.

*Very lightly and fast.*



1. Fall - ing so light - ly, Drift - ing so white - ly,  
2. Sing out to - geth - er In the white weath - er!

*p*



Come the pure snow-flakes Si - lent - ly down; Gen - tly they cov - er  
Wel - come the win - ter, Greet it with mirth! Wel - come the blow - ing,



Ev - 'ry - thing o - ver, — This, with a man - tle; That, with a crown.  
Wel - come the snow - ing, Deck - ing with beau - ty All the bare earth.

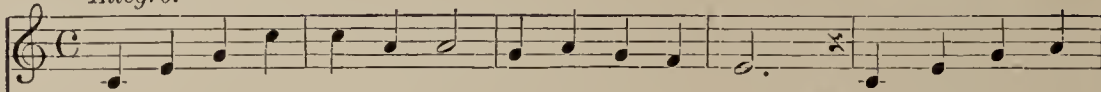


# BABY'S CALENDAR.

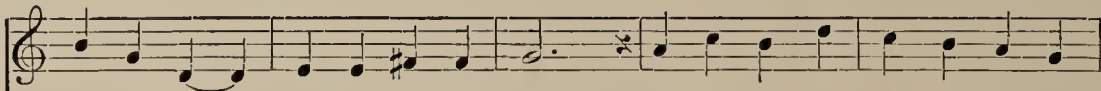
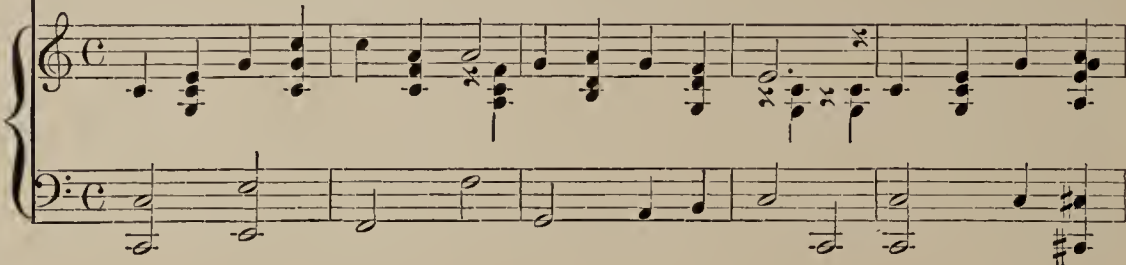
ANNE C. STEELE.

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

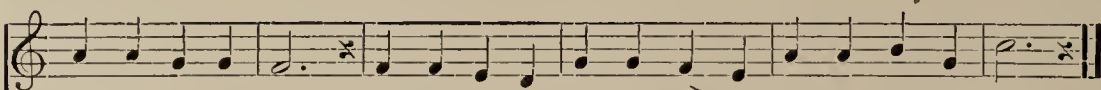
*Allegro.*



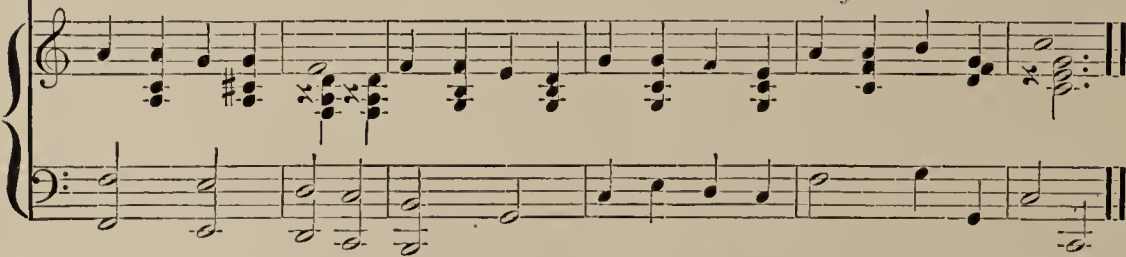
1. When I see my bid-dy hen with her down-y chicks, When through fen-ces  
2. When I see our mool-ly cow standing in the pool, When my broth-er



I can watch lambkins at their tricks, When I find some dan-de-li-ons,  
stays with me and does not go to school, When the frogs and crick-ets give their

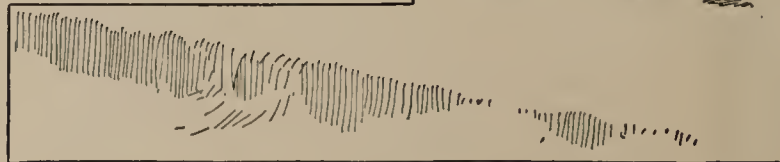
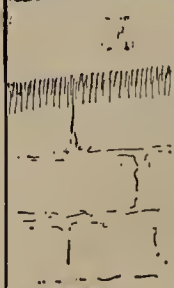
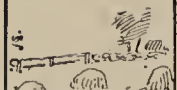


hear the rob-ins sing, When I love the sunlight warm, then I know it's Spring.  
ev'n-ing con-cert queer, When I love the sha-dy wood, I know that Summer's here.



3 When we watch the children roll in the fragrant hay,  
When the trees paint all their leaves in colors rich and gay,  
When the purple grapes are ripe and mother gives me some,  
When I take my ride at noon, I know that Autumn's come.

4 When I'm bundled to the eyes for a tiny walk,  
When I watch their frosty breath while the teamsters talk,  
When the children 'round the fire hear story, song, and rhyme,  
When I see the white snow fall, I know it's Winter time.



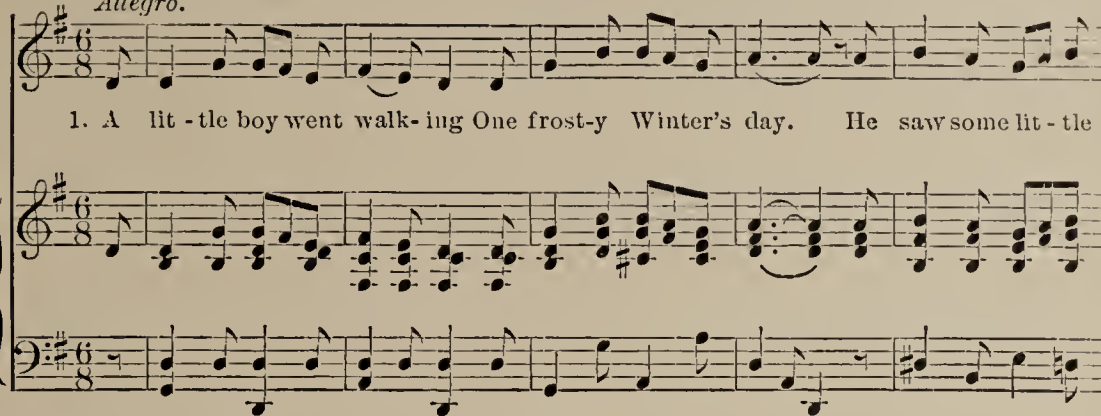


# A LITTLE BOY'S WALK IN WINTER.

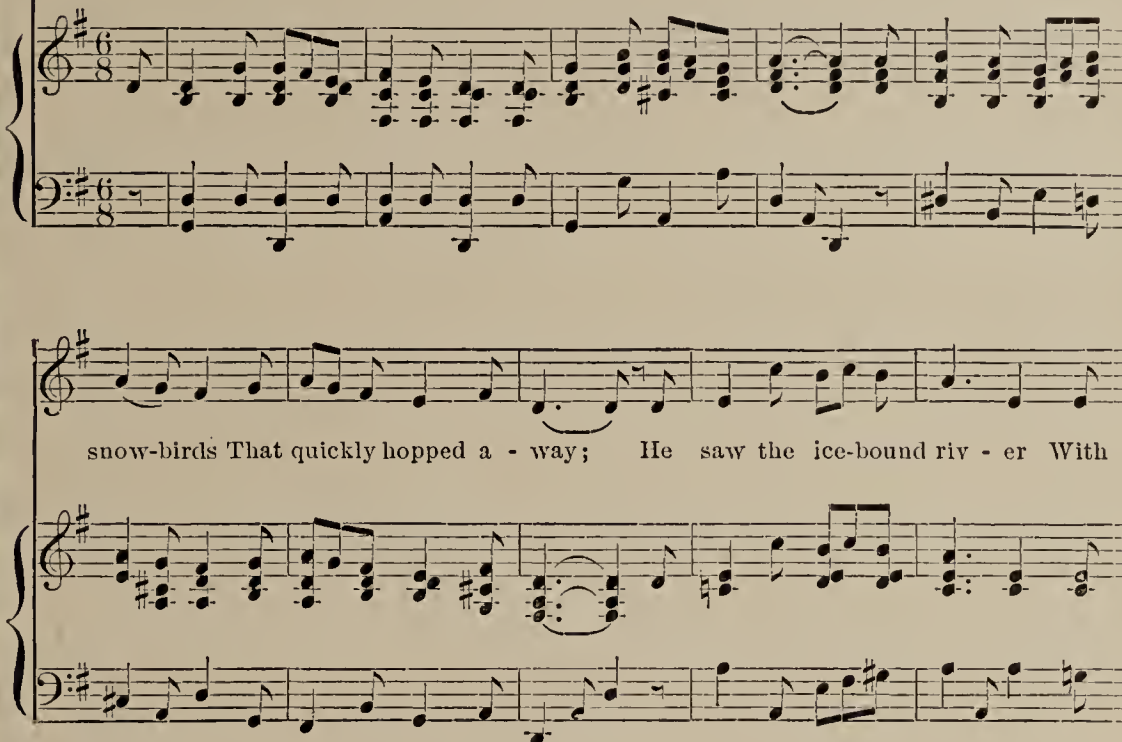
L. KATHERINE WOODS.

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

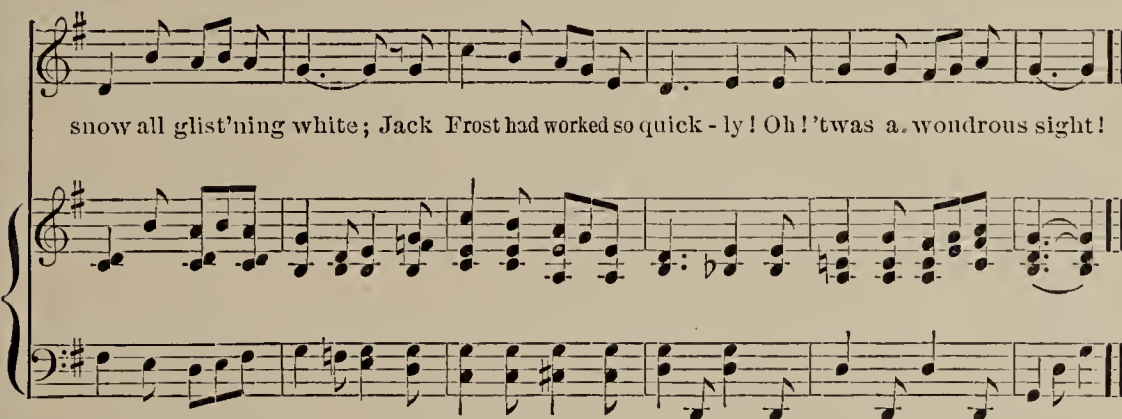
*Allegro.*



1. A lit - tle boy went walk - ing One frost-y Winter's day. He saw some lit - tle



snow-birds That quickly hopped a - way; He saw the ice-bound riv - er With

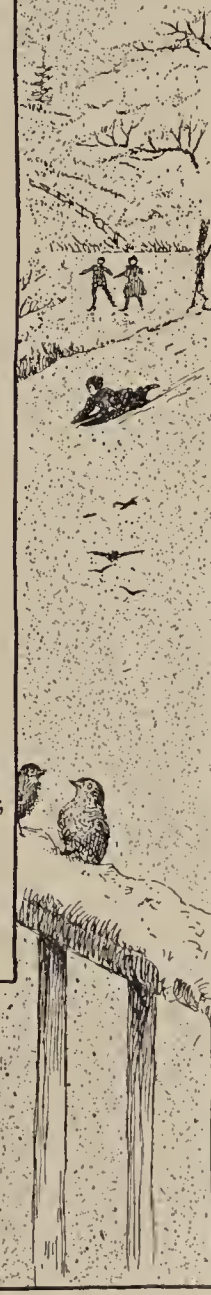


snow all glist'ning white; Jack Frost had worked so quick - ly! Oh! 'twas a wondrous sight!

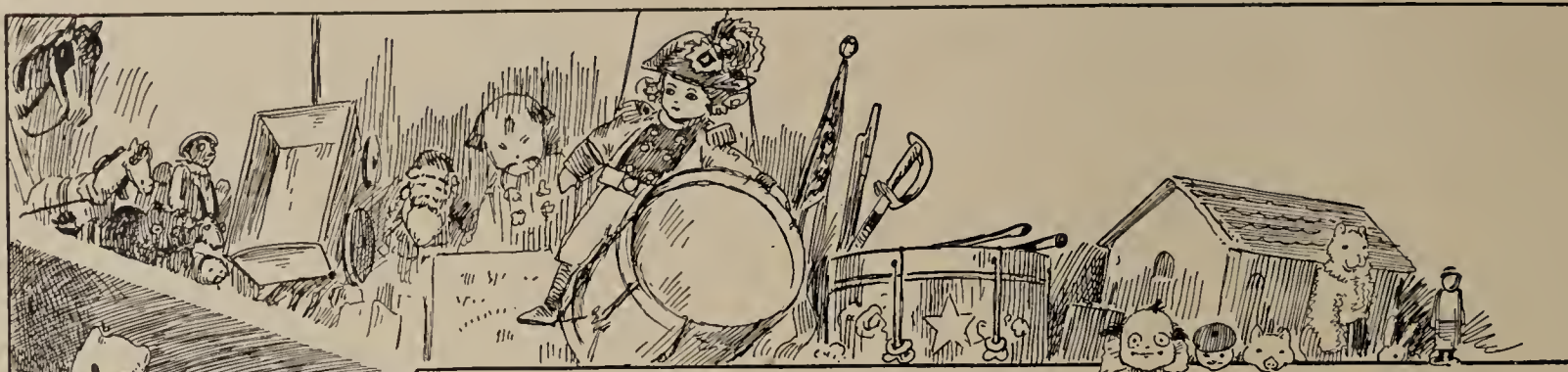
81

2 He watched the merry skaters  
All passing to and fro;  
And other children coasting  
Upon the crusty snow.  
He saw the trees now sparkling  
As if with diamonds bright;  
And icicles were hanging  
From every roof in sight.

3 He saw the silvery pictures  
Jack Frost puts everywhere;  
And heard the merry sleigh-bells  
That jingled through the air.  
He saw the gray clouds gathering;  
And, as the snow-flakes fell,  
He said: "I must find mother,—  
I have so much to tell!"





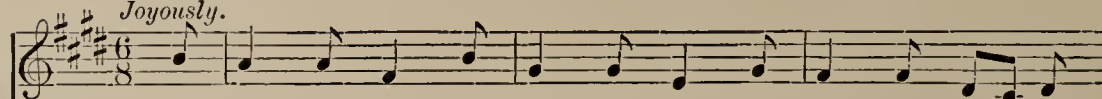


## THE TOYMAN'S SHOP.

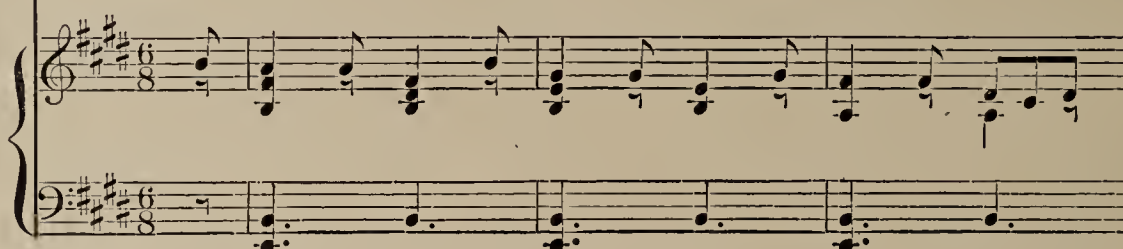
EMILIE POULSSON.

MILDRED J. HILL.

*Joyously.*



1. Oh, who will take a walk with me The toy - man's won-drous  
2. Such dolls and hors - es great and small! Such drums, and ev - 'ry



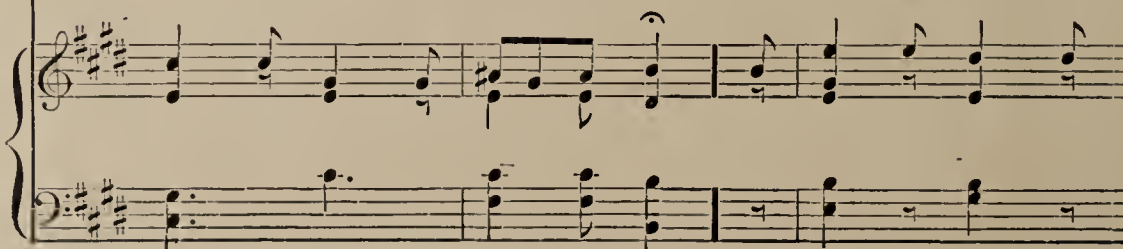
shop to see? So ma - ny, ma - ny pret - ty toys lie  
sort of ball! Such games and dish - es, carts, and boats! Pi -



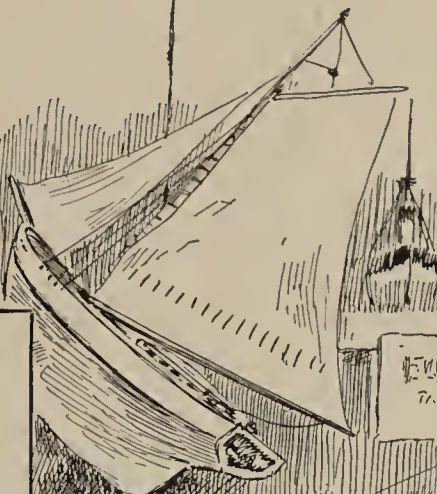
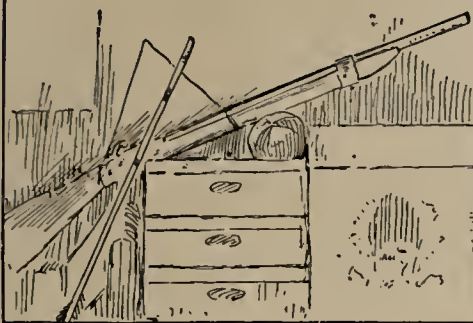
*In rollicking style.*



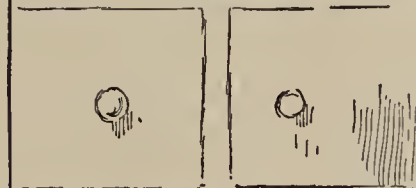
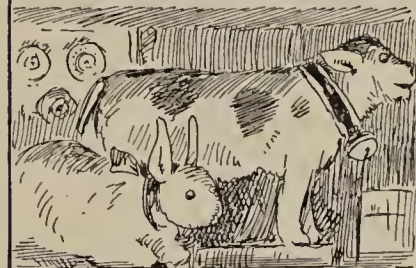
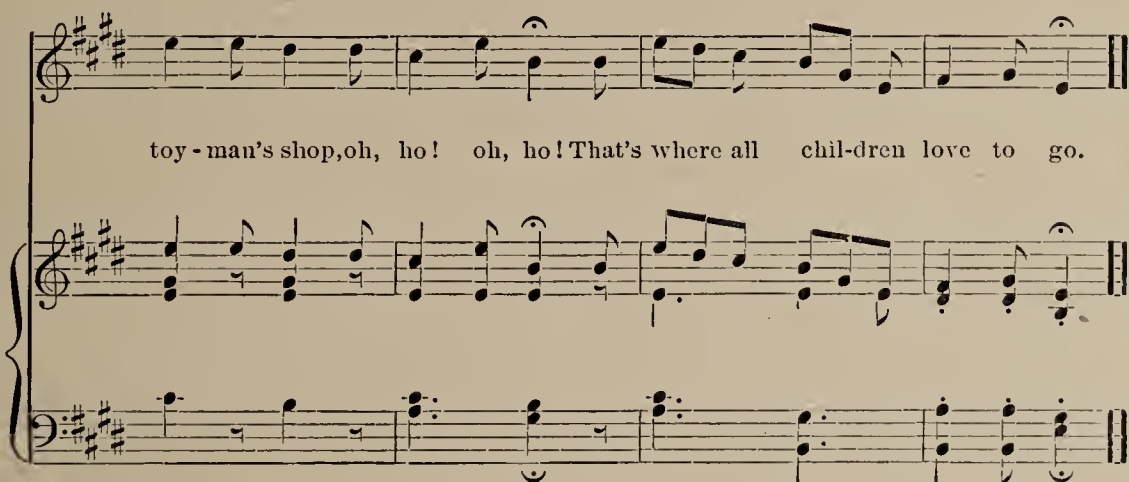
has for lit - tle girls and boys. The toy - man's shop, oh,  
an - os, too, with tink - ling notes! The toy - man's shop, oh,





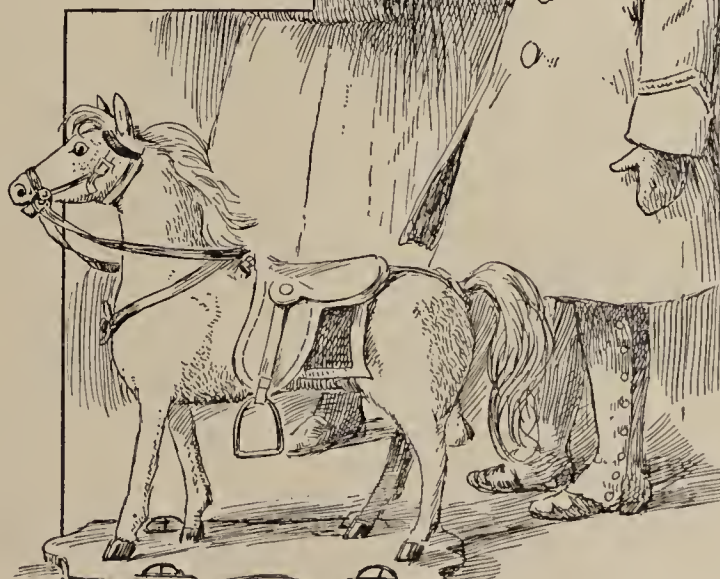


# THE TOYMAN'S SHOP.

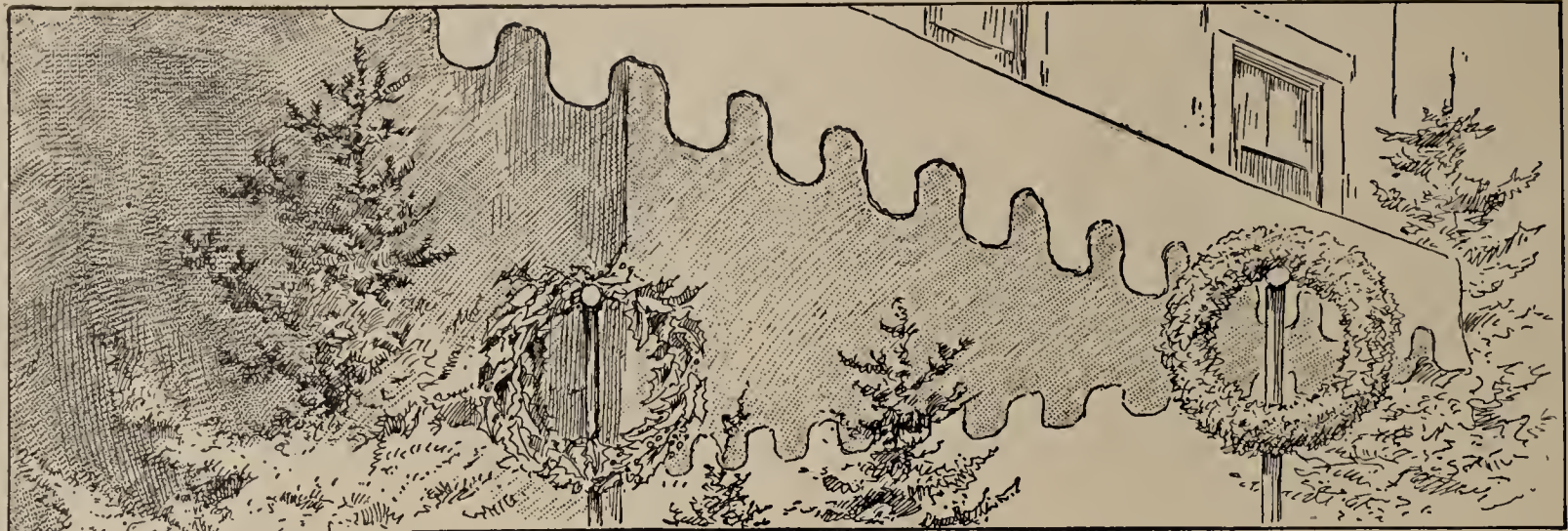


3 We'll play that Santa Claus is here,  
And says to us: "Now, children dear,  
Just look around on every shelf  
And choose a toy to please yourself."  
The toyman's shop, oh, ho! oh, ho!  
That's where the children love to go.

4 And when each little girl and boy  
Has chosen out a pretty toy,  
We'll take the toys and haste away,  
And with them have a merry play.  
The toyman's shop, oh, oh! oh, ho!  
That's where the children love to go.



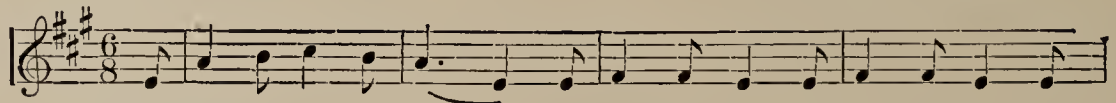




## THE TOYMAN.

EDITH E. LEE.

French Nursery Song.



*Toyman sings:*

"Oh, who will buy my toys? I've dolls and drums and trum-pets gay; Oh,

*Child answers:*

"Oh, I will buy a { doll, A doll so fine, so fine and gay; } Oh,  
trum-pet, A trum-pet fine, a trum-pet gay; }



who will buy my toys, Come, now, what do you say? . . Come, now, what do you say?"

I will buy a { doll, } And quickly run a - way, . . And quickly run a - way."

The names of other toys may be sung instead of dolls and drums and trumpets.

Several children or even half of all in the kindergarten may take the part of the toyman instead of one child taking it alone. The rest of the children may be buyers, all those who wish to buy dolls going forward in one group, then those who wish to buy trumpets, then those who wish to buy drums, and so on till all have had a chance to buy the toyman's wares.

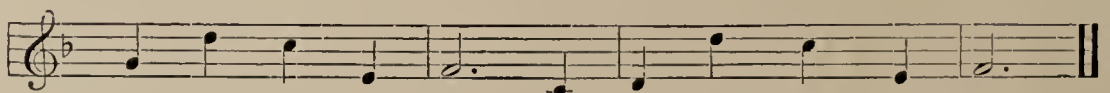
## MERRY CHRISTMAS.



1. A mer - ry Christ - mas to our friends, The  
2. Glad Christ - mas day is here a - gain, When



friends we love so well; Greet all the hap - py Christ-mas day, And  
all our hearts are glad; On such a joy - ful day as this No



ring the great church bell, And ring the great church bell.  
one ought to be sad, No one ought to be sad.



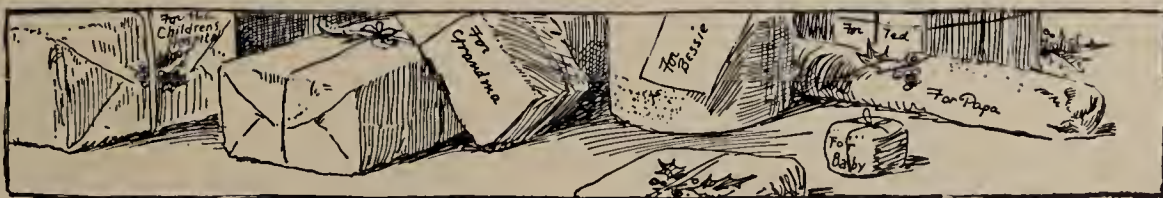
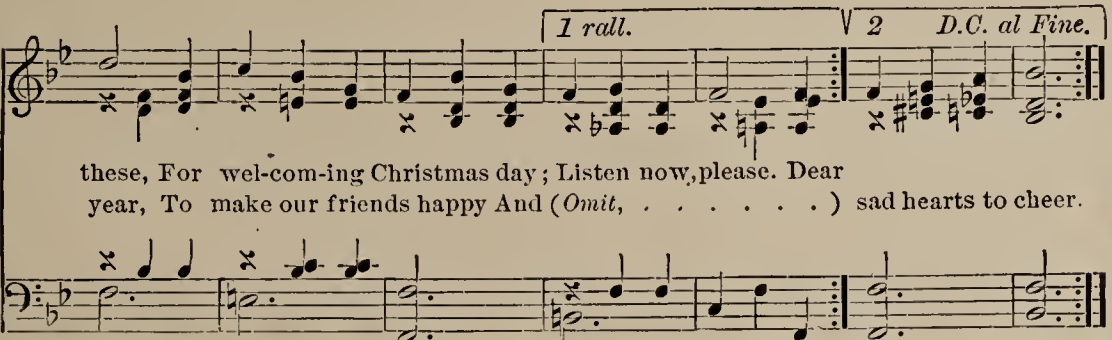
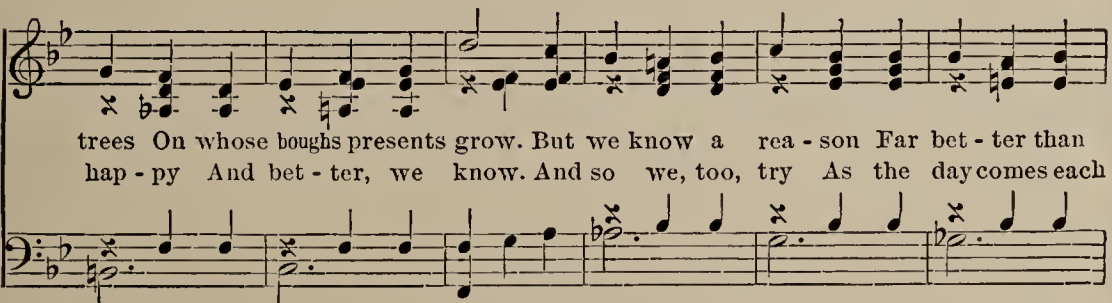
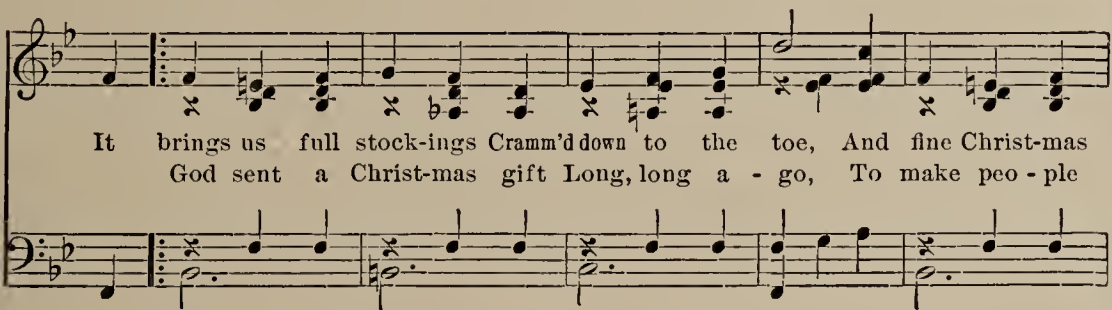
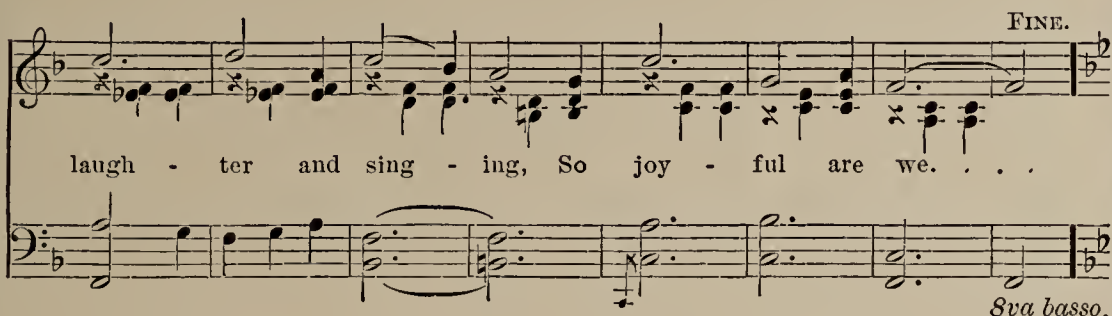
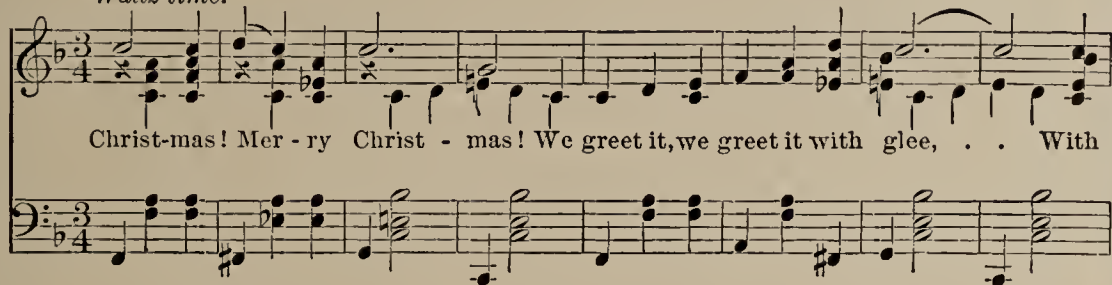


# CHRISTMAS, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

NINA MOORE TIFFANY.

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

*Waltz time.*







## LITTLE CHILD'S GIFT CAROL.

EMILIE POULSSON.  
*Allegretto.*

J. H. CHAPEK.  
*mf*

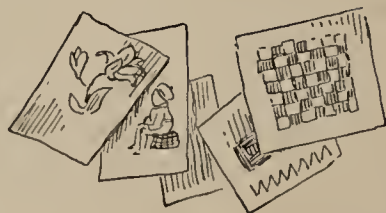
"Hap-py. hâp - py

Christ-mas!" Let our voi - ces chime, Long a - go was Je - sus born

At this blessed time, "Happy, hap-py Christmas!" Therefore do we

sing, As our lit - tle gifts of love To our friends we bring.

Used by arrangement with the Kindergarten Literature Co.





# THE HAPPIEST DAY.

R. J. WESTON.

MILDRED J. HILL.

1. Of all the days of glad - ness, We lit - tle chil - dren say That  
2. And yet it is not on - ly Be - cause of gift and toy, That

none is half so hap - py As mer - ry Christmas day. With  
Christ - mas time is hap - py; For sweet - er is the joy That

stock - ings in the morn - ing, And Christ - mas trees at night, And  
ev - 'ry one is lov - ing And kind to all the rest, Re -

all the glad sur - pris - es, The se - crets brought to light  
mem - ber - ing the Christ Child, The lit - tle Christ - mas guest.

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# CHRISTMAS! GLAD CHRISTMAS!

R. J. WESTON.

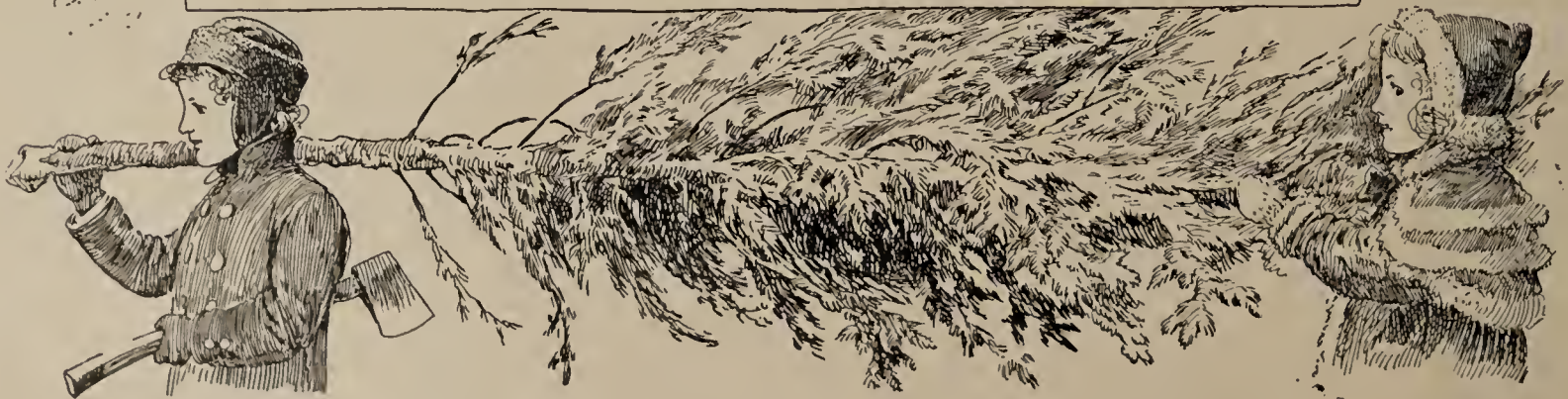
HELEN B. KENDALL.

1. Christ-mas! glad Christ - mas! to all . Mer - ry Christ - mas!  
 2. Grow - ing in wis - dom and grow - ing in stat - ure,  
 3. Sing "Mer - ry Christ - mas!" to fa - ther and mo - ther;

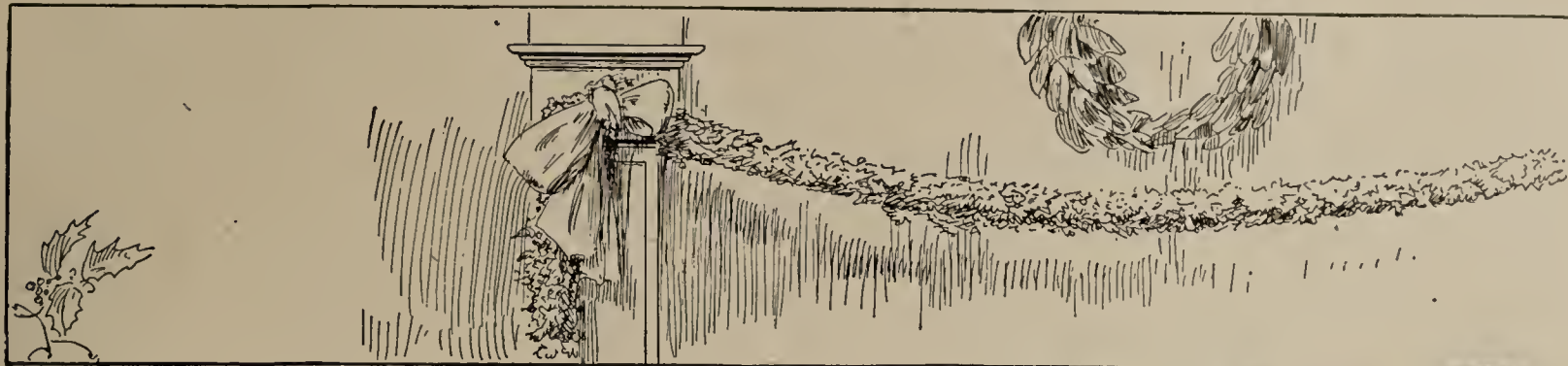
Sing till the ech - oes shall an - swer a - gain!  
 Try - ing our pa - rents each day to o - bey,  
 Sing "Mer - ry Christ - mas!" to play - mates so dear.

This is the birth - day of Je - sus the Ho - ly,  
 We, lit - tle chil - dren, may be like the Christ - Child,  
 Warm hearts and help - ful hands and lips that speak gen - tly,

Je - sus who came to bring good - will to men.  
 Lov - ing and giv - ing and bless - ing al - way.  
 Bring mer - ry Christ - mas and hap - py New Year.







## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

HELEN EKIN STARRETT.

MRS. CROSBY ADAMS.

1. The snowflakes are fall - ing, The frost's in the air, But  
2. The joy - bells are ring - ing, For Christ - mas is near, To

Christ - mas is com - ing, And what do we care! Old  
ev - 'ry - one bring - ing, Its joy and its cheer. Kind

San - ta Claus knock - ing Per - haps we may hear; Hang  
Fa - ther in heav - en, Oh! hear while we pray, And

up ev - 'ry stock - ing, Each child he holds dear.  
give to all peo - ple A glad Christ - mas day.

Used by arrangement with the owner of the copyright, Mrs. Crosby Adams, 40 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., from whom the carol may be obtained in leaflet form.







# CAROL, CAROL, CHILDREN!

*Allegretto.*  
*S: Joyously.*

Words and Music by VIRGINIA E. GRAEFF.

1. Ca - rol, ca - rol, children! We'll be glad al-way, Ca - rol, ca - rol, chil - dren! For  
2. Ca - rol, ca - rol, children! We'll be glad al-way, Ca - rol, ca - rol, chil - dren! For

*mf*

*ritard.* FINE. *Andante.*

this is Christmas day. "Peace on earth, good will to men," That  
this is Christmas day. What mean those words the an - gels sang, Of

was the an - gels' song, . . . . "Peace on earth, good  
peace on earth to men, . . . . They tell us that all

*p*

*ritard,* D.S.

will to men," The ech - o lin - gers long. . . .  
strife shall cease, And love shall reign a - gain. . . .





## CHRISTMAS.

KATE WHITING PATCH.

CLARE SAWYER REED.

1. Long years a - go in Beth - le - hem, The gen - tle moth - er mild Held  
2. Ah, let the love which made that day So won-drous sweet and pure,

close a - gainst her hap - py breast The lit - tle Christ-mas child; From  
Glad - den and bless this Christ-mas tide, A - like for rich and poor. Then

heav'n the an - gels lean - ing sang Good will and peace on earth! And  
may we hear the an - gel song, Which He, the un - de - filed, Heard

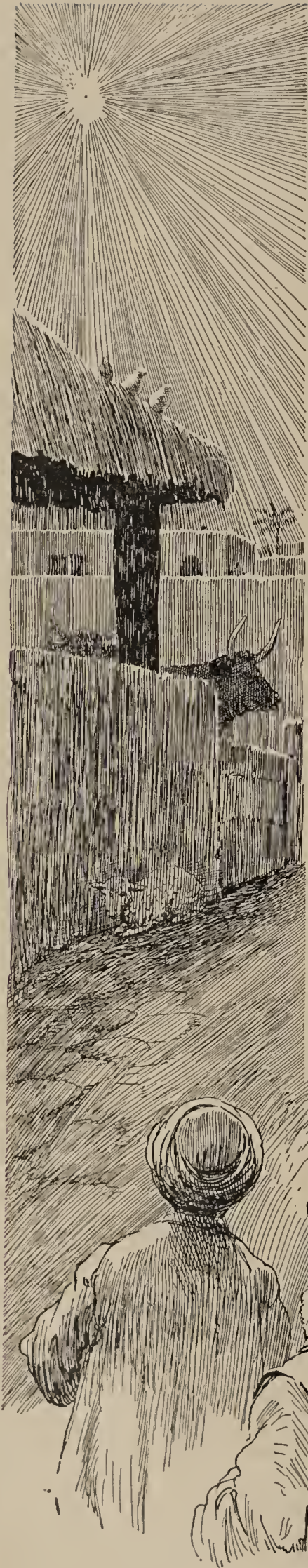
king and shep - herd, side by side, Hail'd the dear Christ-child's birth.  
for His first sweet cra - dle song, The lit - tle Christ - mas child.



AFTER  
P. A. J. DAGHAN-BOUVERET.



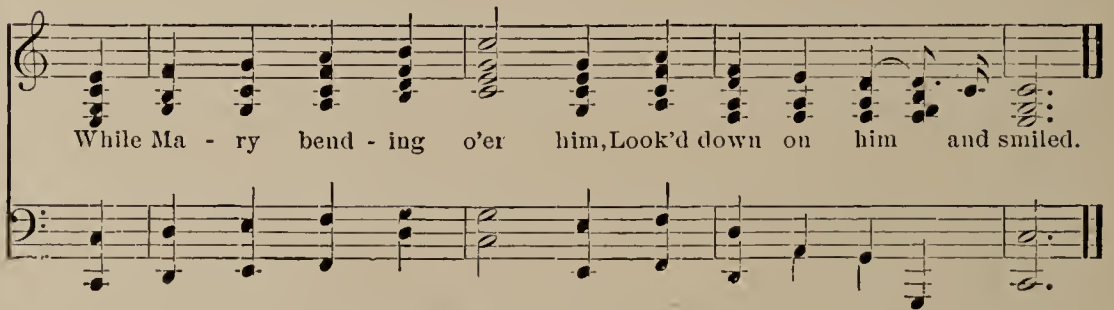
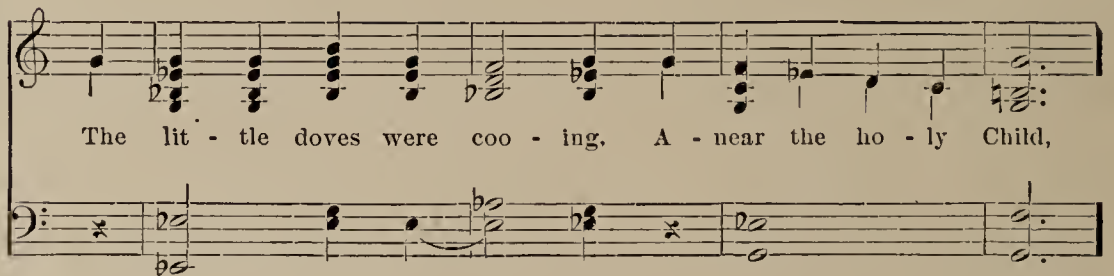
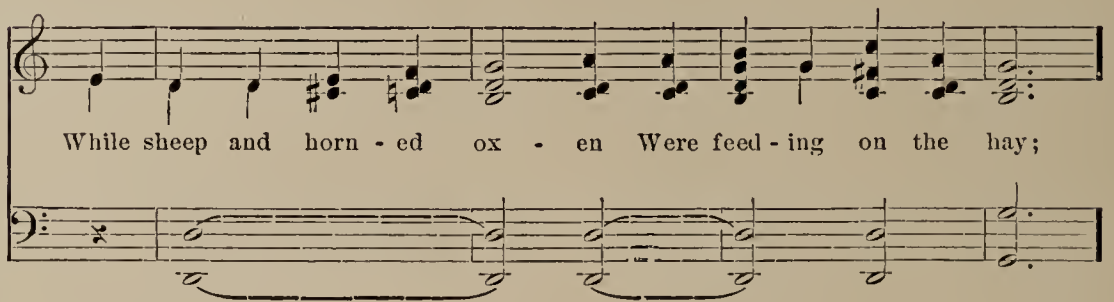
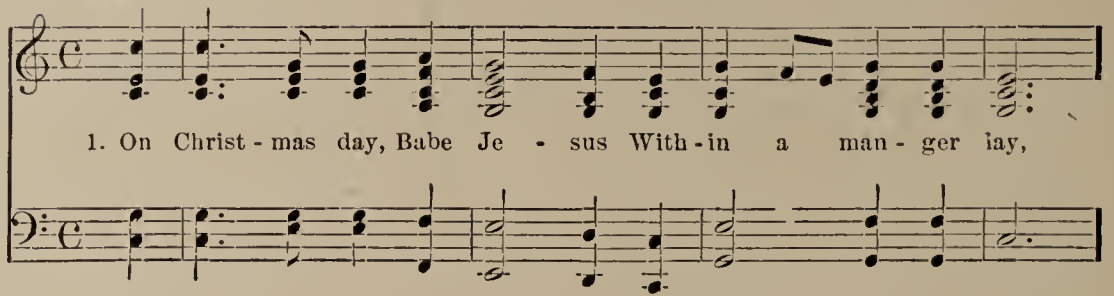




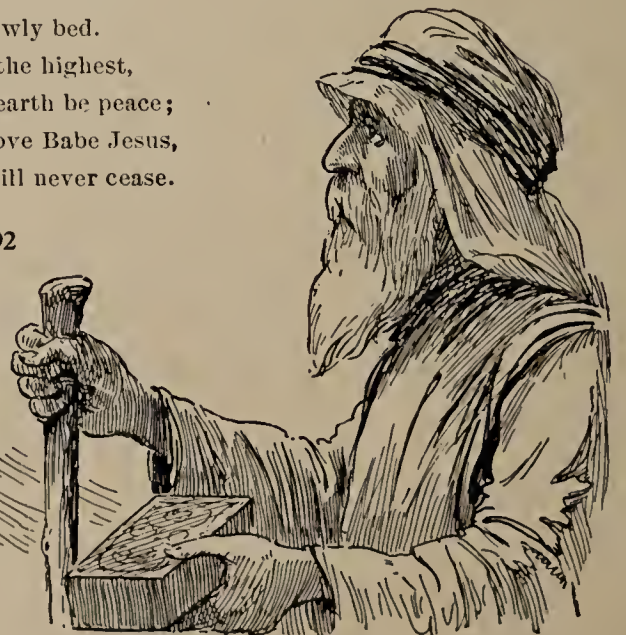
## A CHRISTMAS PICTURE.

R. J. WESTON.  
*Moderato.*

MARGARET BRADFORD MORTON.



2 The star that led the Wise Men,  
Was shiaing overhead,  
The angels' chorus echoed  
Above his lowly bed.  
Now glory in the highest,  
And on the earth be peace;  
And may we love Babe Jesus,  
May good-will never cease.





## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

MARGARET BRADFORD MORTON.

1. Once a lit - tle ba - by lay Cra - dled on the fra - grant hay,  
2. By the shin - ing vi - sion taught, Shepherds for the Christ-child sought,

Long a - go on Christ - mas; Stranger bed a babe ne'er found,  
Long a - go on Christ - mas; Guid - ed in a star - lit way,

Won - d'ring cat - tle stood a - round, Long a - go on  
Wise men came their gifts to pay, Long a - go on

Christ - mas, Long a - go on Christ - mas.  
Christ - mas, Long a - go on Christ - mas.

3 And today the whole glad earth  
Praises God for that Child's birth,  
Long ago on Christmas.  
For the Life, the Truth, the Way  
Came to bless the earth that day,  
Long ago on Christmas.





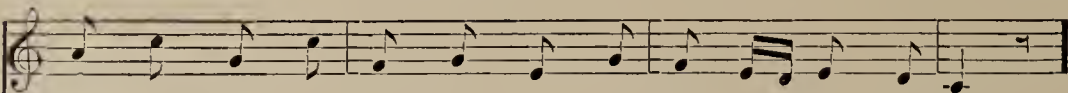
# YES, COME! DEAR, DEAR CHRISTMAS.

From the Swedish of Z. TOPPELIUS.  
EMILIE POULSSON.

MILDRED J. HILL.



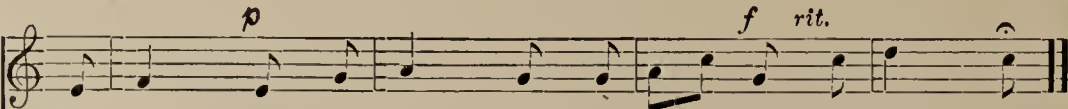
1. All frost - y cold stands Christ - mas, At Win - ter's snow - y gate ; "Good
2. "My bas - kets are so heav - y, With gifts for young and old. Dear
3. "I bring," says dear old Christ - mas, "The fir tree and the pine ; I
4. "I bring in joy - ous ech - oes, A song from heav'n a - bove, Good



peo - ple, may I not come in? The year is grow - ing late."  
chil - dren, quick - ly let me in, I shiv - er with the cold."  
bring the light - ed can - dles too, A - mong their boughs to shine."  
peo - ple, in your hearts make room, For peace, good-will and love."



## REFRAIN.



"Yes, come! dear, dear Christ - mas! Yes, come! dear, dear Christ - mas!"







## WHILE STARS OF CHRISTMAS SHINE.

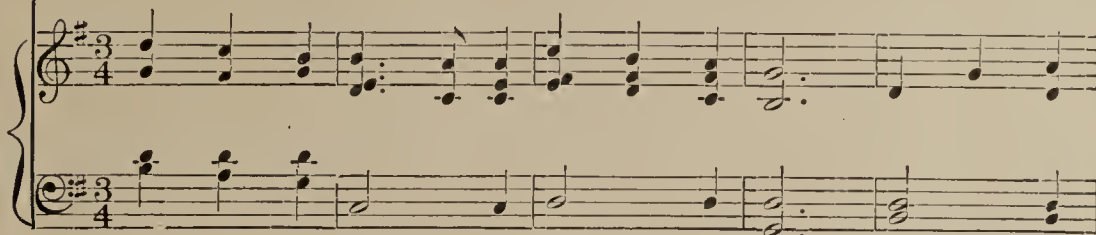
EMILIE POULSSON.

MILDRED J. HILL.

*Not too slow.*

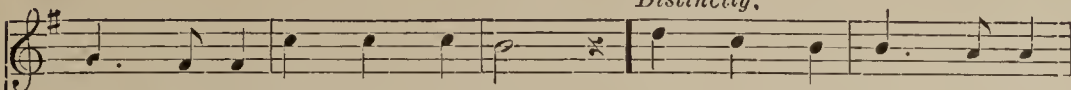


1. While stars of Christ-mas shine, Light-ing the skies, Let on - ly  
2. While bells of Christ-mas ring, Joy - ous and clear, Speak on - ly  
3. Give on - ly lov - ing gifts, And in love take. Glad - den the

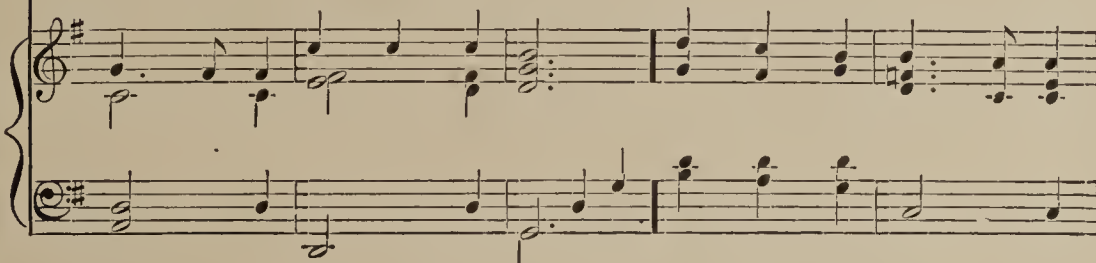


CHORUS.

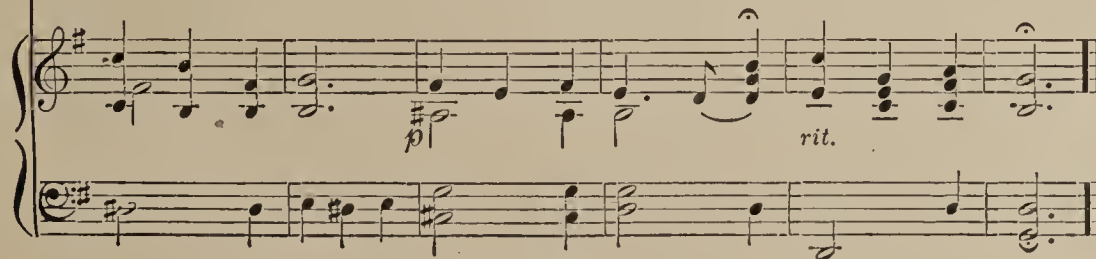
*Distinctly.*



lov - ing looks Beam from our eyes. For at this bless - ed time,  
hap - py words, All love and cheer.  
poor and sad, For love's dear sake.



Long, long a - go, Christ Je - sus came, who lived God's love to show.





# GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON

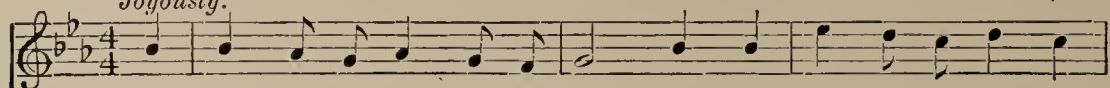
## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS SONG.

EMILIE POULSSON.

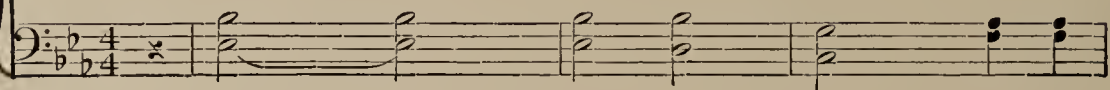
(FOR OLDER CHILDREN.)

MILDRED J. HILL.

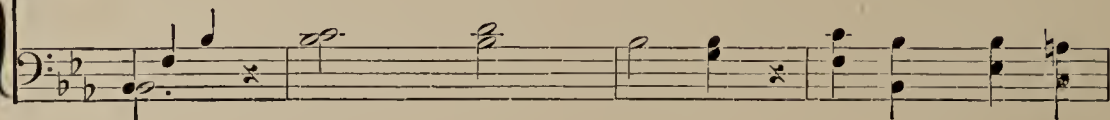
*Joyously.*



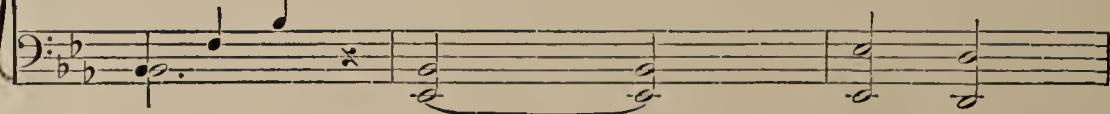
What song shall we sing up - on Christ - mas, The glad-dest of all glad



days, When hearts are so full of re-joic - ing, Of love and of thank-ful



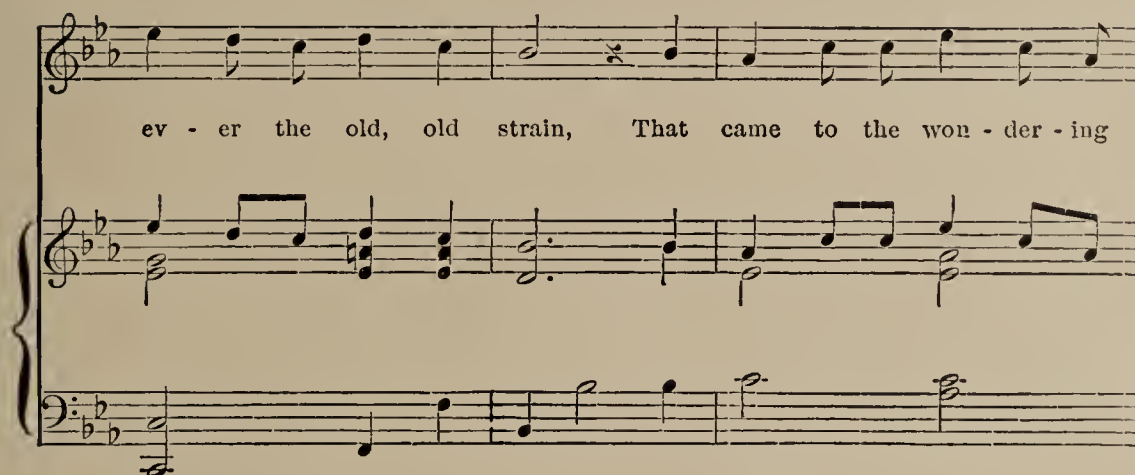
praise? Oh, sure - ly the best song for Christ - mas Is



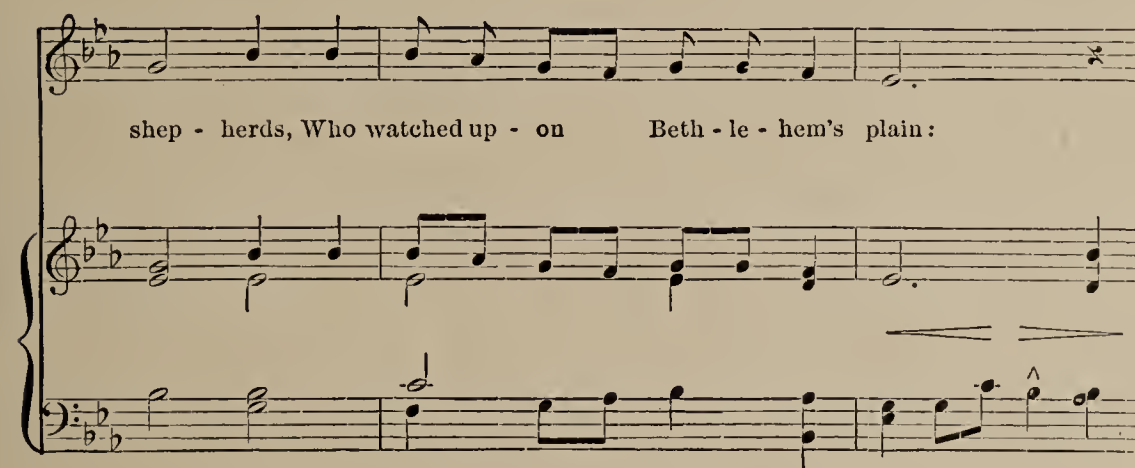


# EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

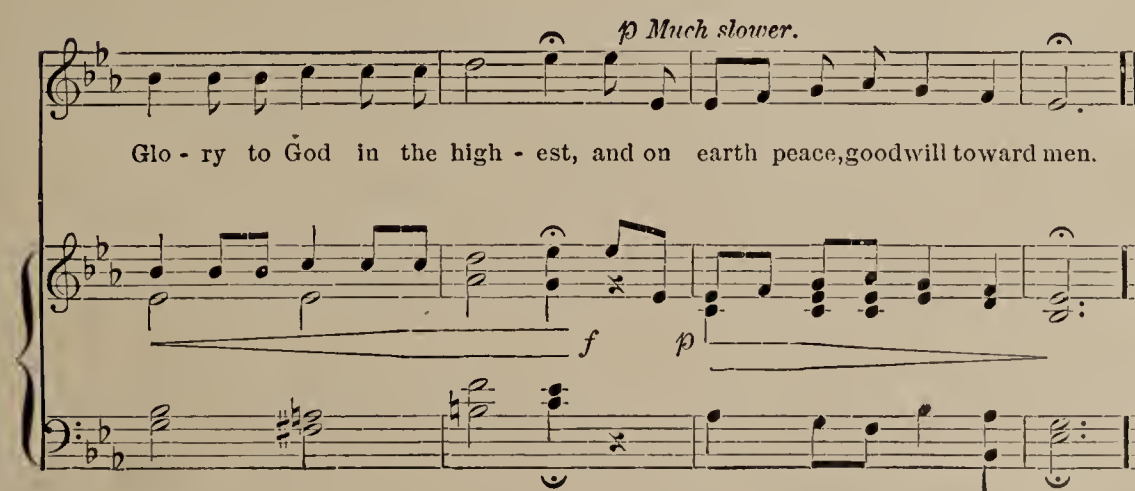
## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS SONG.



ev - er the old, old strain, That came to the won - der - ing



shep - herds, Who watched up - on Beth - le - hem's plain:



*p Much slower.*  
Glo - ry to God in the high - est, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.

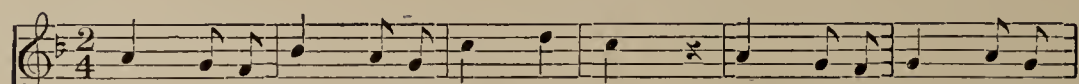




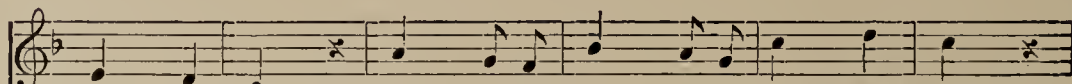


## DOLL SONG.

Words and Music by HARRIET L. GROVE.



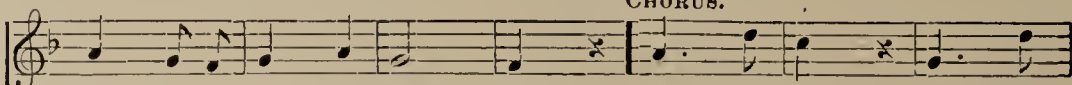
1. This is the dol - ly that I love best; This is the way that she  
2. *Real* ba-bies sometimes will fret and frown; *Real* babies fuss when you  
3. Sing - ing so soft - ly I lay her here; Speak ve-ry gent - ly; she'll



likes to rest, Here in my arms in her white gown dressed,  
lay them down; *Mine* nev-er does; she's the best in town,—  
wake, I fear! I must be work - ing, but I'll be near,



### CHORUS.

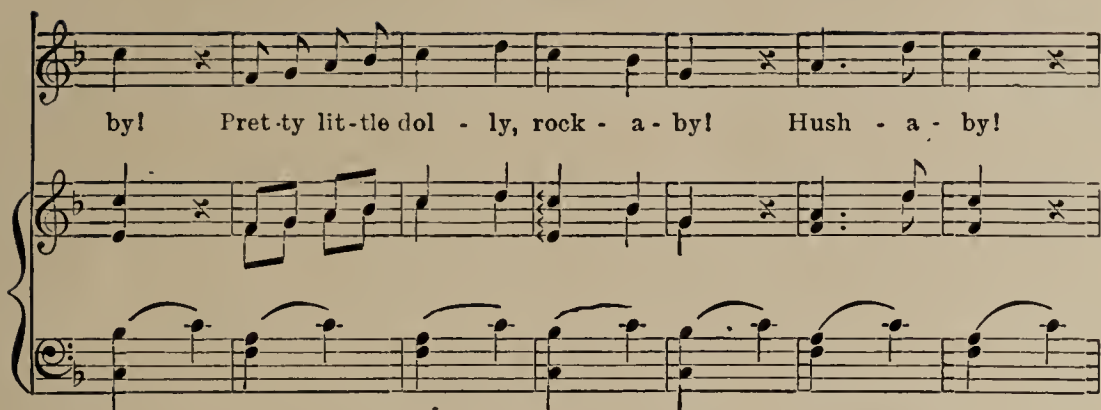


Dear lit-tle dol - ly ba - by! Hush - a - bye! Hush - a -  
Dear lit-tle dol - ly ba - by!  
Dear lit-tle dol - ly ba - by!





DOLL SONG.





# BABY'S COTTON GOWN.

EMILIE POULSSON.

JULIA H. STRONG.



1. Sing ho! for the plant-er who plant-ed the  
2. Sing ho! the good spin-ner, whose bus-y wheel  
3. Sing ho! for the mer-chant who sold the new

cot-ton, Sing ho! for the sun-ny fields where it did grow. Sing ho! for the  
turn-ing Then spun out the cot-ton to thread strong and thin. Sing ho! for the  
cot-ton To ma-ny a moth-er in cit-y and town. Sing ho! for the

work-ers who gath-ered the treas-ure From all the big buds as they burst with its snow.  
weav-er who wove them to- geth-er With-in his great loom—oh! the clat-ter and din.  
moth-er and ba-by to- geth-er, For ba-by is dressed in a new cot-ton gown.

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# BABY'S BREAD.

EMILIE POULSSON.

JULIA H. STRONG.



MOTHER 1. Help, Neigh-bors, help! For our bread, good Neigh-bors,  
2. Drive, Plow-man, drive! Keep the plow-share stead-y,  
3. Speed, Far-mer, speed! Sow the wheat and tend it,  
4. Grind, Mil-ler, grind! By the mill-stream's pow-er,  
5. Haste, Ba-ker, haste! Here's the flour,— take it,



Please to lend your la-bors— Help, Neigh-bors, help!  
Make the wheat-field read-y— Drive, Plow-man, drive!  
To the Mil-ler send it— Speed, Far-mer, speed!  
Grind the wheat to flour,— Grind, Mil-ler, grind!  
Sift and mix and bake it,— Haste, Ba-ker, haste!



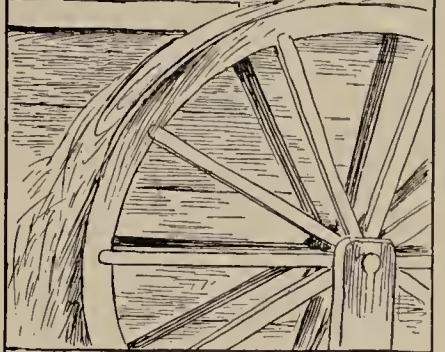
NEIGHBORS. 6. See, Moth-er, see! . . . By our la-bors grant-ed,  
MOTHER. 7. Thanks, Neighbors, thanks! . . . Ba-by, too, un-know-ing,



Here's the bread you want-ed— See, Moth-er, see!  
Ma-ny thanks is ow-ing— Thanks, Neigh-bors, thanks!



NOTE. A long chain of activities is given in this game, but the representations should be developed gradually with the children in correspondence with the unfolding of the ideas. A group of children may be chosen for the Mothers, or all in the circle may take that part, except those chosen for Plowman, Farmer, Miller, and Baker. No further suggestion is needed for the game.

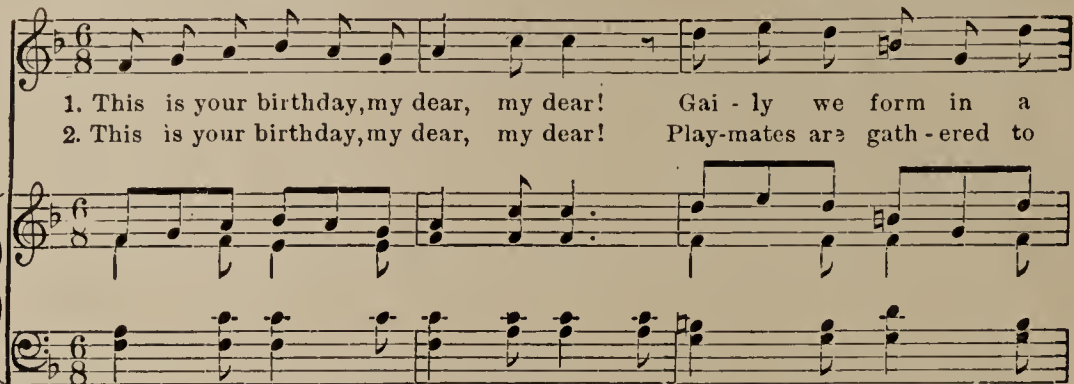




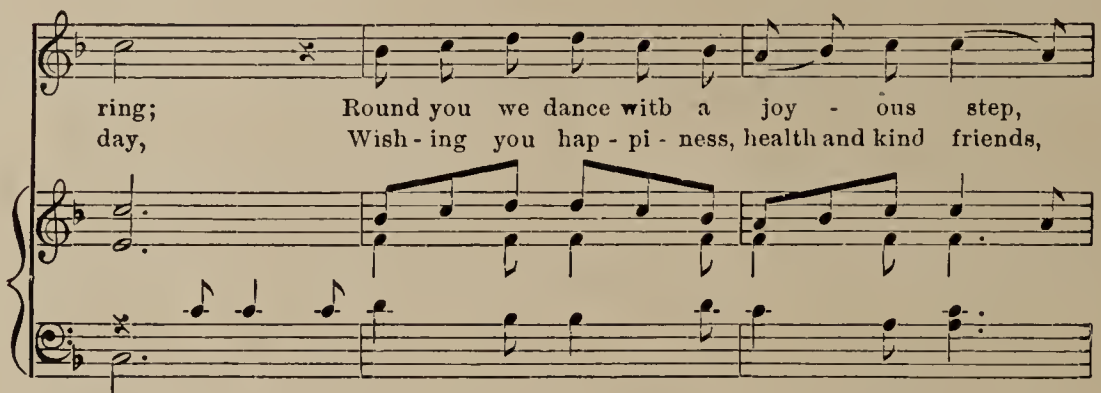
## SONG FOR A CHILD'S BIRTHDAY.

LAURA FROST ARMITAGE.

MILDRED J. HILL.



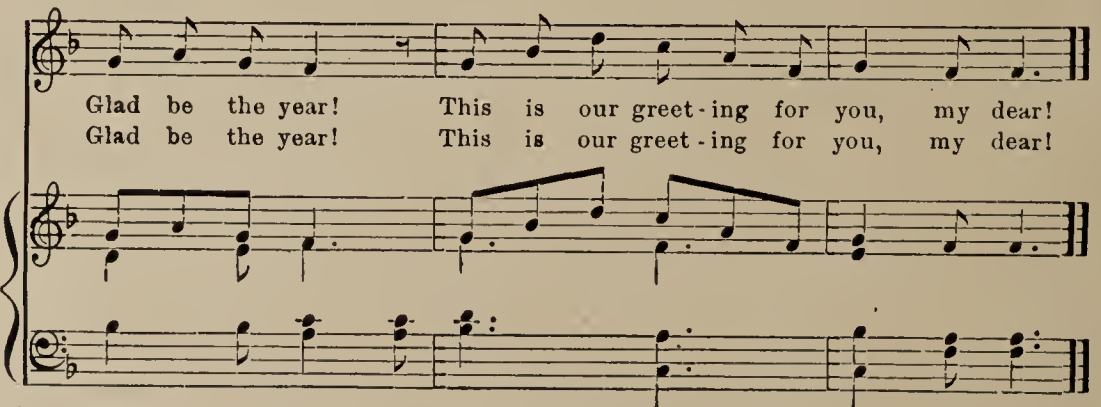
1. This is your birthday, my dear, my dear! Gai - ly we form in a  
2. This is your birthday, my dear, my dear! Play-mates are gath - ered to



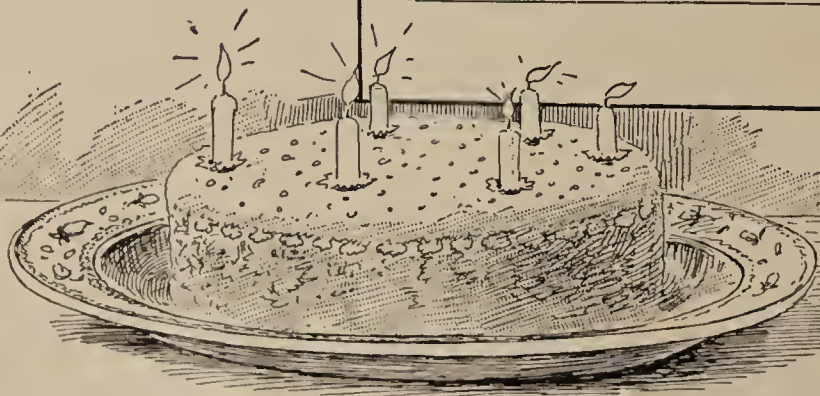
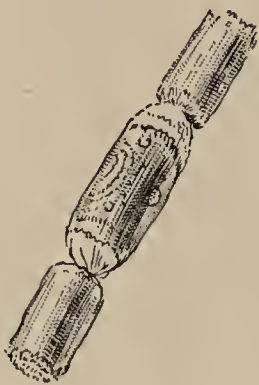
ring;  
day, Round you we dance with a joy - ous step,  
Wish - ing you hap - pi - ness, health and kind friends,



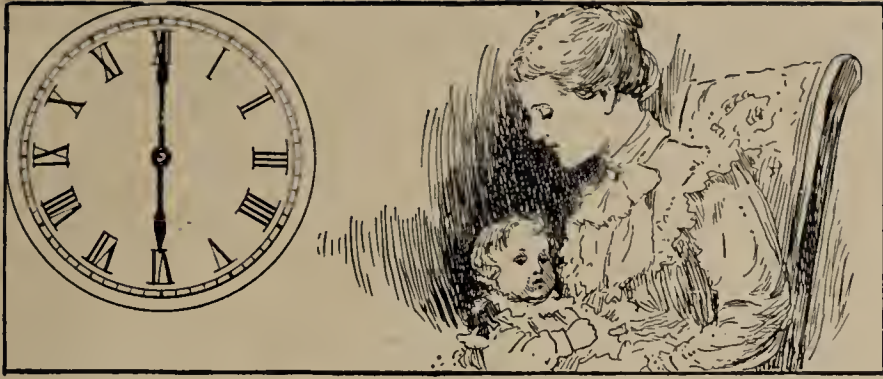
Hap - py the song that we sing. Glad be the day!  
As the year pass - es a - way. Glad be the day!



Glad be the year! This is our greet - ing for you, my dear!  
Glad be the year! This is our greet - ing for you, my dear!







## BED TIME.

SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE O'CLOCK.

Words and Music by HARRIET L. GROVE.

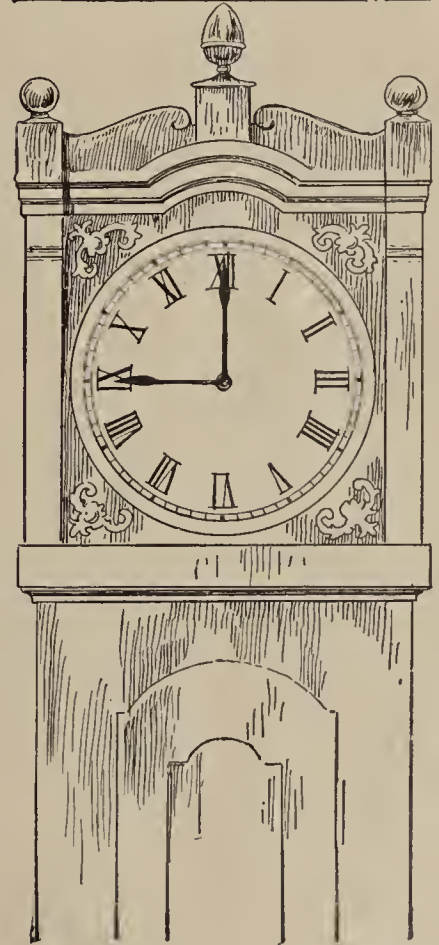
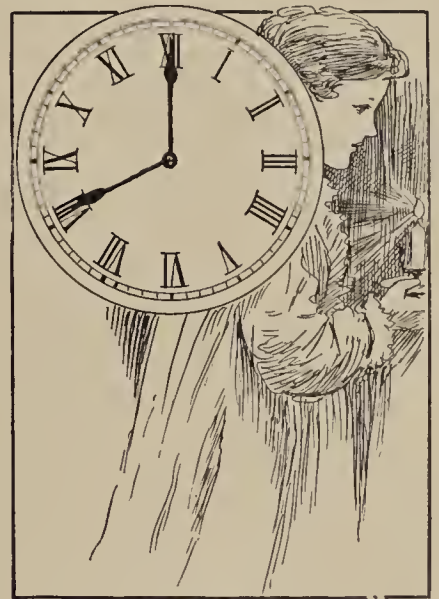
1. "Tick - i - ty tock!" Hark to the clock! Moth - er rocks the ba - by;  
2. "Tick - i - ty tock!" Hark to the clock! Now, my lit - tle Ted - die,

Tick - i - ty tock! Rock - i - ty rock! Hush, he's sleeping, may - be!  
Off to your nest, "Bed is the best," Come, my lad, get read - y.

"Tick - i - ty tock!" The old fashioned clock Strikes the hour, 'tis six o'clock.  
"Tick - i - ty tock!" The old fashioned clock Strikes the hour, 'tis seven o'clock.

3 "Tickity tock!"  
Hark to the clock!  
There's my winsome Mary;  
Bright eyes to keep,  
You must have sleep,  
List! my blue-eyed fairy,—  
"Tickity tock!"  
The old-fashioned clock  
Strikes the hour,—'tis eight o'clock.

4 "Tickity tock!"  
Hark to the clock!  
All are softly sleeping;  
Fair little heads,  
White little beds,  
Angels watch are keeping.  
"Tickity tock!"  
The old fashioned clock  
Strikes the hour,—'tis nine o'clock.

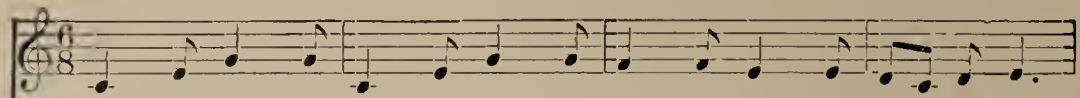




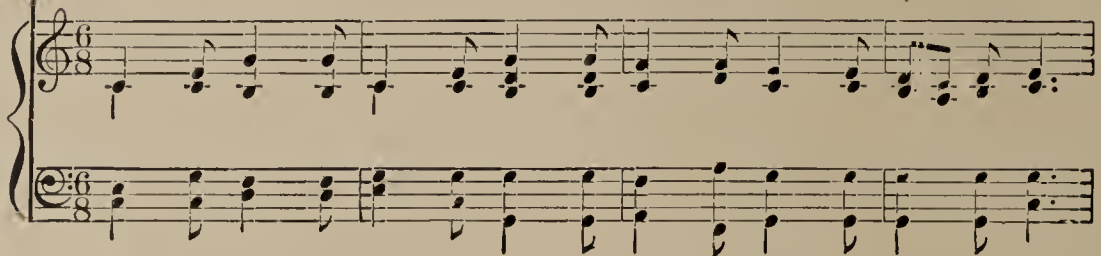
# MORNING SUNSHINE.

EMILIE POULSSON.

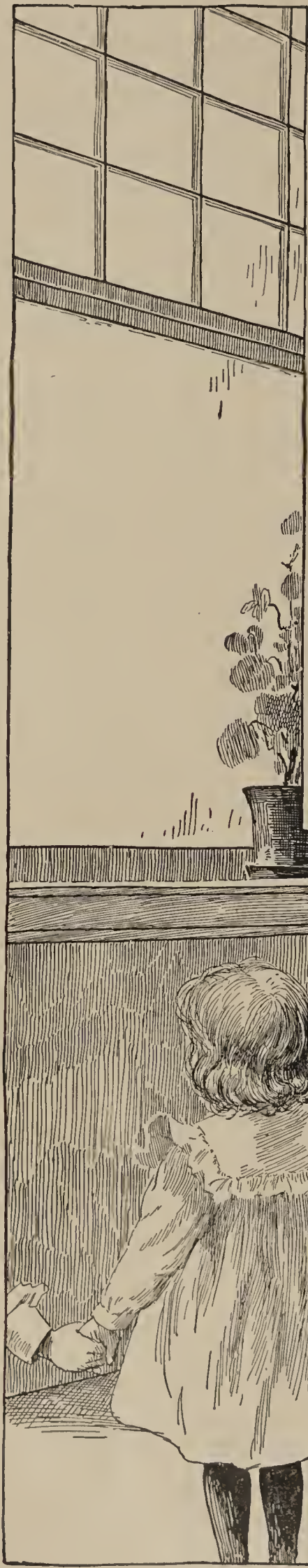
EDWARD BIRGE.



1. Gai - ly through the win - dow shin - ing, From the far - off sky so blue,  
2. And we, too, will greet the sun-shine, Hap - py in its gold - en light,



Gold - en sun-beams bright-ly greet us, When the morn - ing comes a - new,  
Chil - dren sing - ing, sunbeams shin - ing, Make the world more glad and bright.





# MORNING SONG.

Words and Music by HARRIET L. GROVE.

*Brightly.*

Good morning, little { play-mates  
school-mates } dear, With cheerful bows we greet you here, When

sunshine smiles or gray clouds frown, When blithe birds sing or snow floats down, To

hap-py hours we trip a - long, And greet you with our morn-ing song; Good

morn - ing! Good morn - ing! A hap - py day to you.





# THE LIGHT-BIRD.

EMILIE POULSSON.

ALICE HOWARD STETSON.

A qui - et lit - tle sun - beam Comes thro' the win - dow clear, And

The first system of musical notation for 'The Light-Bird'. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics 'A qui - et lit - tle sun - beam Comes thro' the win - dow clear, And' are written below the vocal line.

brings to us a play-mate—A light-bird danc-ing here. Oh! now the pret - ty

The second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'brings to us a play-mate—A light-bird danc-ing here. Oh! now the pret - ty' are written below the vocal line.

light - bird Is dart-ing high and low As if it wished to coax us To

The third system of musical notation. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'light - bird Is dart-ing high and low As if it wished to coax us To' are written below the vocal line.

chase it to and fro. O light- bird, pret - ty light-bird! We have not

The fourth system of musical notation. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'chase it to and fro. O light- bird, pret - ty light-bird! We have not' are written below the vocal line. The system ends with a double bar line.





# THE LIGHT-BIRD.



The children sing the first eight lines of this song sitting or standing quietly in their places. In the meantime, the light-bird (a spot of light reflected from a prism, a sun-lit mirror, or other bright object) is made to dart about as the words of the song suggest. When the eight lines have been sung, the children give chase, trying to reach and catch the light-bird. The last four lines of the song are to be sung after the chasing, when the children are in their places again.

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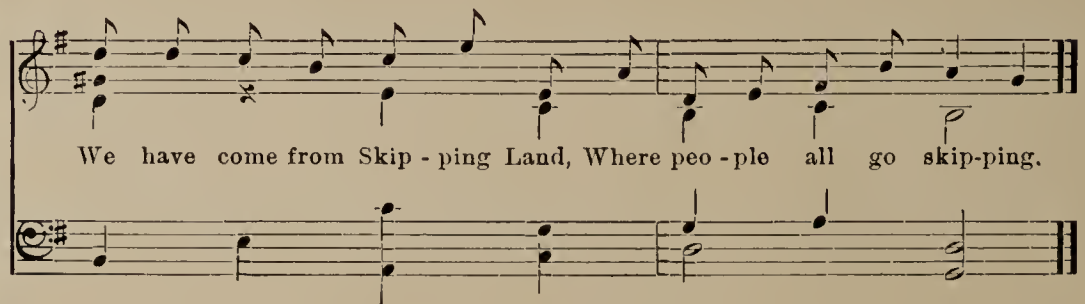
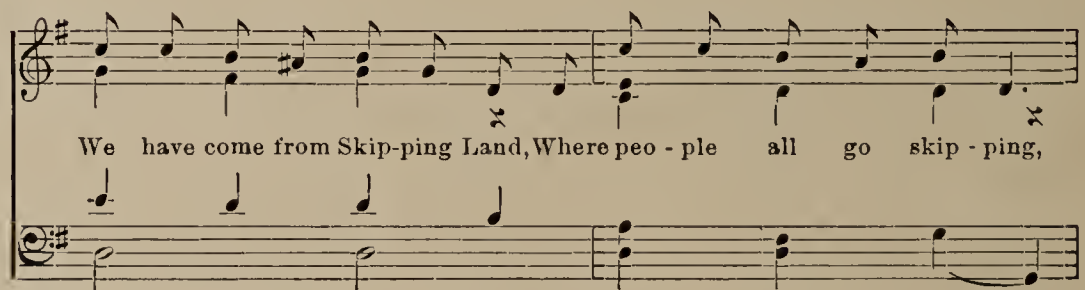
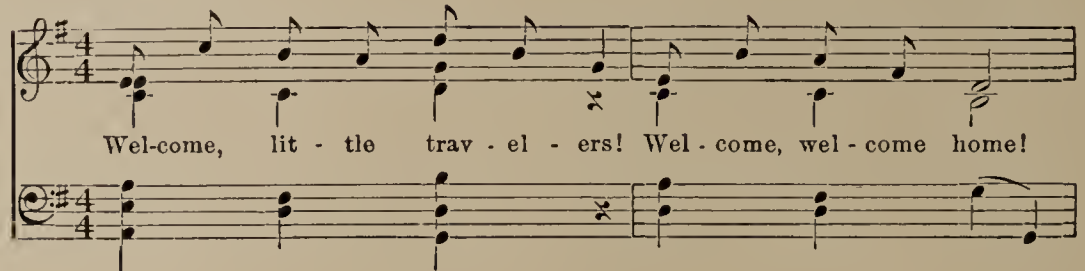


# LITTLE TRAVELERS.

A RING FROLIC.

EMILIE POULSSON.

W. W. GILCHRIST.



*Directions for Playing.* Two children,—the little travelers,—go from the circle, decide as to what land they will come from, and when the children on the circle sing the question, the travelers reply, suiting the word to the action; *i.e.* "We have come from Flying Land, Where people all go flying," or from Bowing Land, Sleeping Land, Dancing Land, Hopping Land, Talking Land, Laughing Land, etc. During the repetition of the last two lines of each verse, all the children sing and join in the action shown by the travelers. This game should be a real frolic and the children should be allowed great freedom in their choice of the "land" to be represented.





# WASHING DAY.

ACTION SONG.

EMILIE POULSSON.

LOUISE C. SLOANE.



1. With suds - y wa - ter in the tub, Our clothes we wash, rub -  
2. They must be clean from spot and stain, So rub, rub - rub! with  
3. We wring them out all clean and white, On clothes-lines high we



rub, rub - rub! Rub - rub, rub - rub! Now here's the boil - er,  
might and main, With might and main! Then rinse and rinse them  
pin them tight, We pin - them tight. Now dry them for us,



in they go! And when they boil, we poke them,—so! We poke them,—so!  
through and through, In wa - ter clear, in wa - ter blue, In wa - ter blue.  
wind and sun! Hur-rah, hur-rah! our wash-ing's done! Our washing's done!



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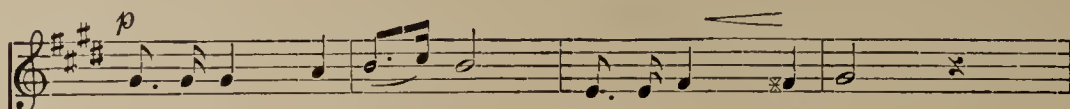
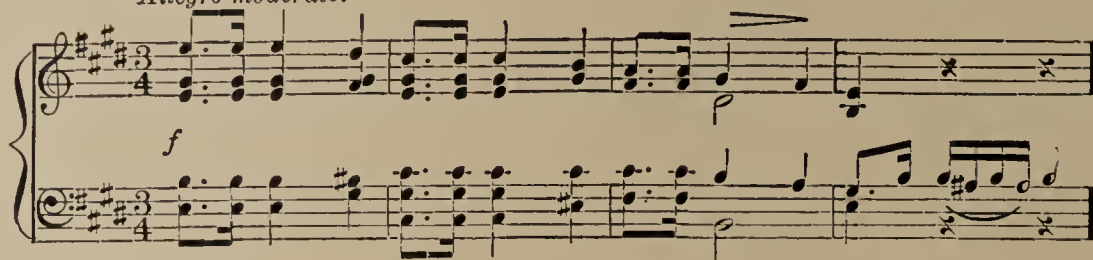


# SPRINKLING THE CLOTHES.

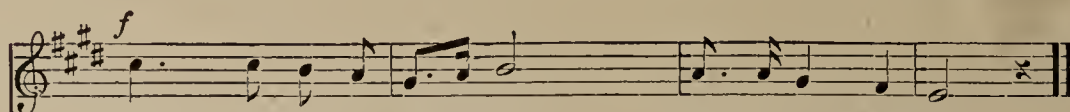
EMILIE POULSSON.

J. H. CHAPEK.

*Allegro moderato.*



1. Flut-ter-ing and wav-ing, Soon the clothes are dry;  
2. In the bas-ket pile them, Oh! how fresh and pure!  
3. From your drip-ping fin-gers, On the clothes so white,  
4. Fold the clothes and roll them Tight-ly as can be;



Down we quick-ly take them From the clothes-line high.  
Clean things are a pleas-ure, That is ve-ry sure.  
Shake the sparkling wa-ter In a show-er bright.  
For to-mor-row's i-ron-ing Rea-dy now are we.



## PLAYING THE GAME.

*Verse I.* Let the children extend their arms upward and sway them back and forth to imitate the light fluttering and waving of the dry clothes. The arms should not be straight and stiff, but relaxed at elbow and wrist, though held well up. During the third and fourth lines take the clothes down, dropping the arms at the word "Down," then reaching up and dropping them again at "From."

*Verse II.* Turn slightly toward the left, (the imaginary clothes-basket being there) extend the hands forward, palms down, and press the piled up clothes once or twice with both hands. Afterwards the hands may be dropped or loosely clasped; or, the children may clap during the last two lines.

*Verse III.* Make the bowl, by curving the left arm and touching the chest with the tips of the fingers. Dip the fingers of the right hand into this bowl and shake the water drops from them with a quick fling.

*Verse IV.* Give a quick turn of the left hand to represent folding, and imitate rolling the clothes with both hands. At the words, "Tightly as can be," give one little clap. This is for the pat with which a housewife usually lays aside a roll of dampened clothes. Hands at rest during the last part of the verse.





MONDAY



TUESDAY



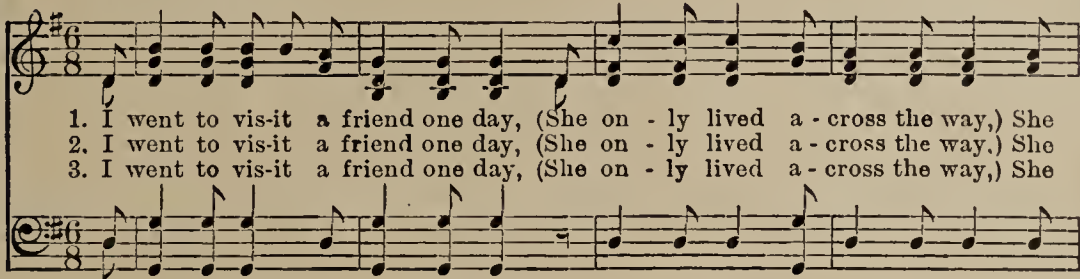
WEDNESDAY



# SONG OF HOME WORK.

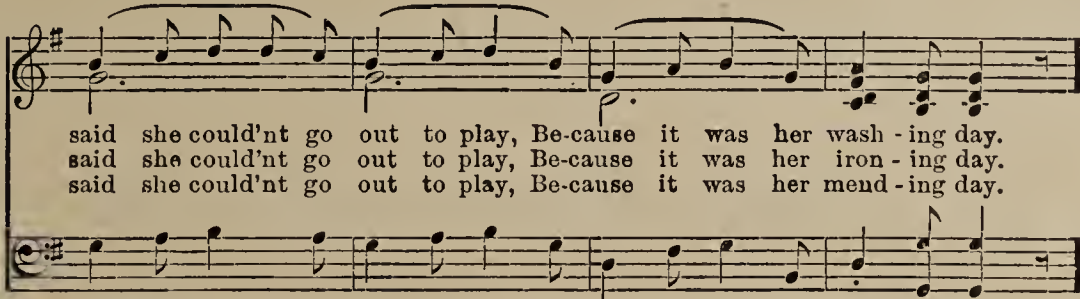
JESSIE ISABEL KEMP.

Old Folk-Song.



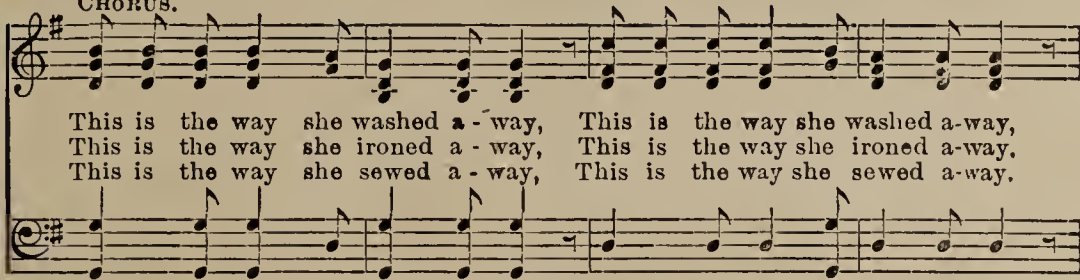
1. I went to vis-it a friend one day, (She on - ly lived a - cross the way,) She  
2. I went to vis-it a friend one day, (She on - ly lived a - cross the way,) She  
3. I went to vis-it a friend one day, (She on - ly lived a - cross the way,) She

THURSDAY



said she could'nt go out to play, Be-cause it was her wash - ing day.  
said she could'nt go out to play, Be-cause it was her iron - ing day.  
said she could'nt go out to play, Be-cause it was her mend - ing day.

CHORUS.

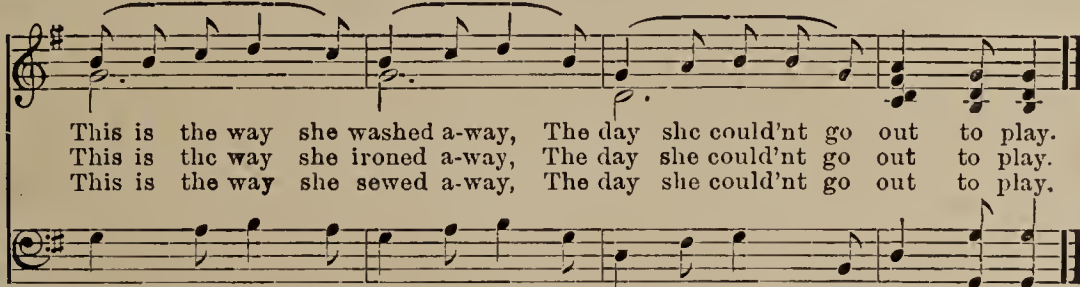


This is the way she washed a - way, This is the way she washed a-way,  
This is the way she ironed a - way, This is the way she ironed a-way,  
This is the way she sewed a - way, This is the way she sewed a-way.

SATURDAY



FRIDAY



This is the way she washed a-way, The day she could'nt go out to play.  
This is the way she ironed a-way, The day she could'nt go out to play.  
This is the way she sewed a-way, The day she could'nt go out to play.

SUNDAY



4 I went to visit a friend one day,  
(She only lived across the way.)  
She said she could go out to play,  
Because it was her playing day,

Cho. This is the way they played away,  
This is the way they played away,  
This is the way they played away,  
The day she could go out to play.

5 I went to visit a friend one day,  
(She only lived across the way.)  
She said she could'nt go out to play,  
Because it was her sweeping day.

Cho. This is the way she swept away,  
This is the way she swept away,  
This is the way she swept away,  
The day she could'nt go out to play.

6 I went to visit a friend one day,  
(She only lived across the way.)  
She said she could'nt go out to play,  
Because it was her baking day.

Cho. This is the way she stirred away,  
This is the way she stirred away,  
This is the way she stirred away,  
The day she could'nt go out to play.

7 I went to visit a friend one day,  
(She only lived across the way.)  
She said she could'nt go out to play,  
Because it was the Sabbath day.

Cho. Then to church she walked away,  
Then to church she walked away,  
Then to church she walked away,  
Because it was the Sabbath day.

Note. Play softly, during the last chorus, Scotson Clark's "Marche aux Flambeaux." It is arranged for the pipe organ but can be easily adapted to the piano.

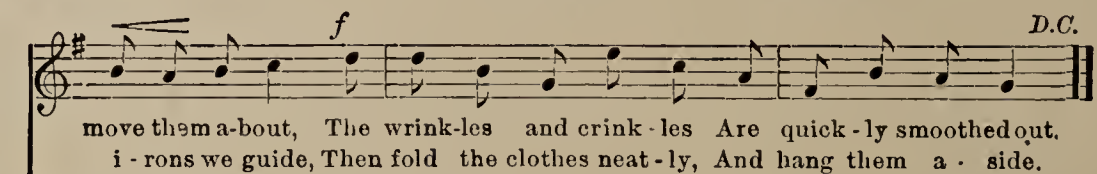
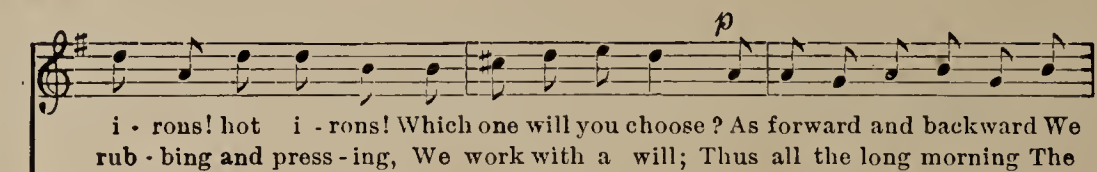
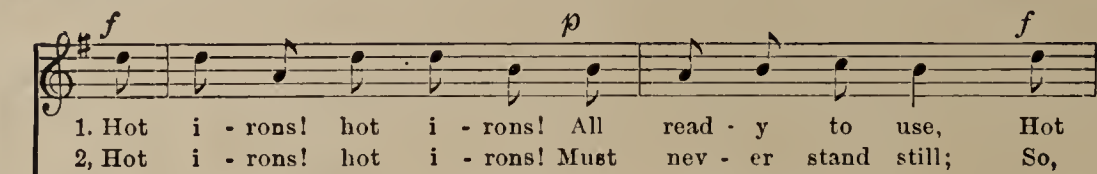


# IRONING SONG.

EMILIE POULSSON.

J. H. CHAPEK.

*Allegro ma non troppo.*

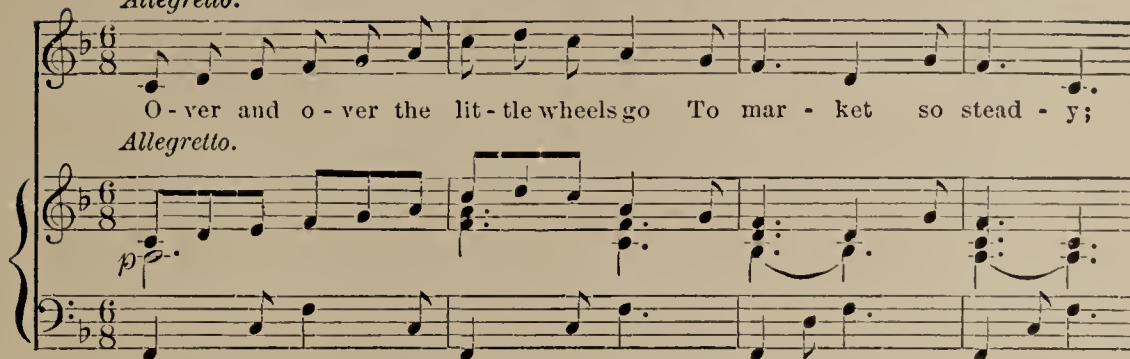




# GOING TO MARKET.\*

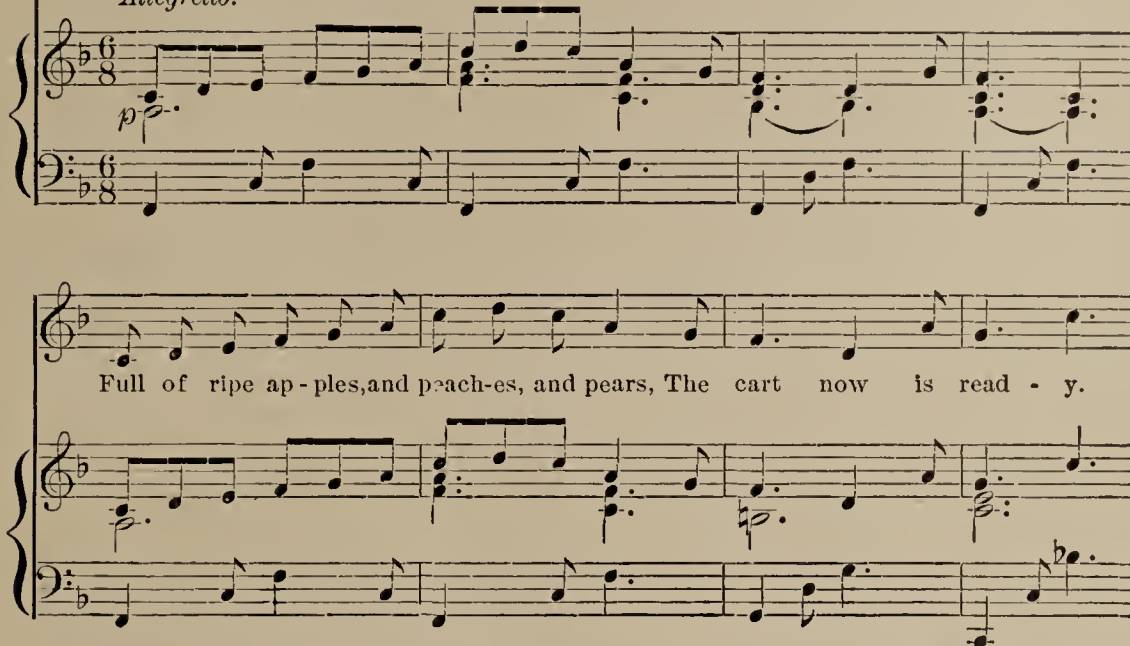
Words and Music by MABELLE M. WINSLOW.

*Allegretto.*

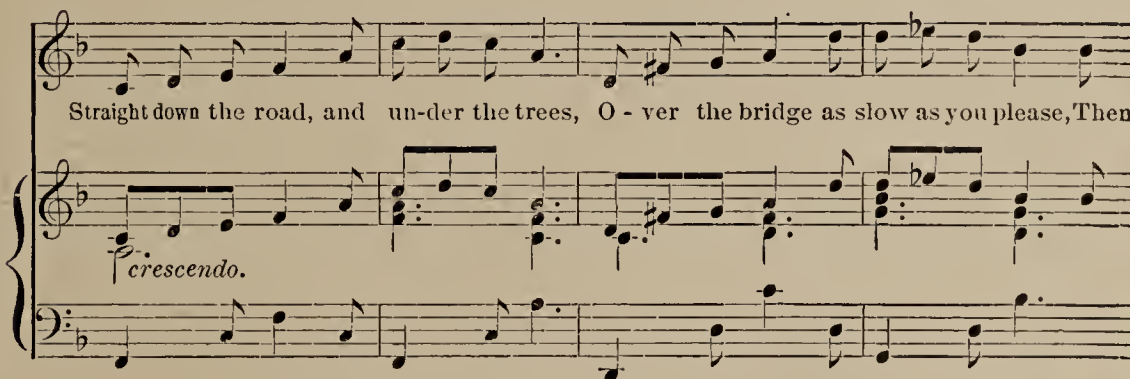


O - ver and o - ver the lit - tle wheels go To mar - ket so stead - y;

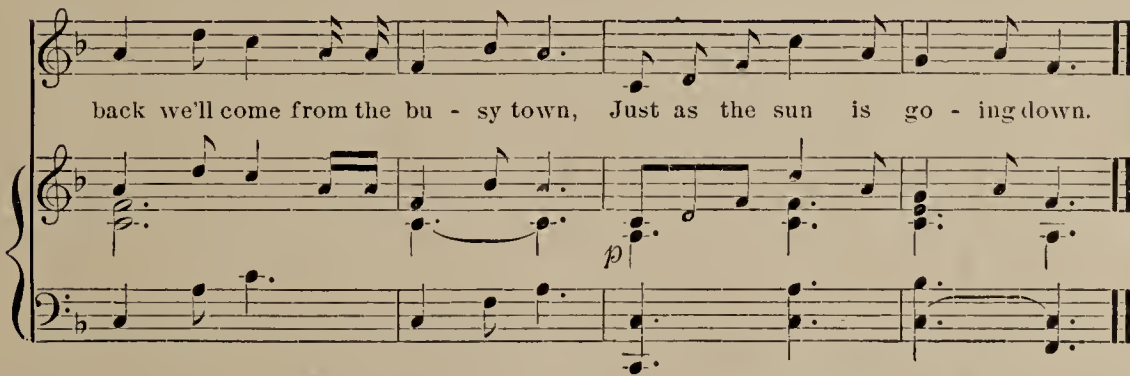
*Allegretto.*



Full of ripe ap - ples, and peach - es, and pears, The cart now is read - y.

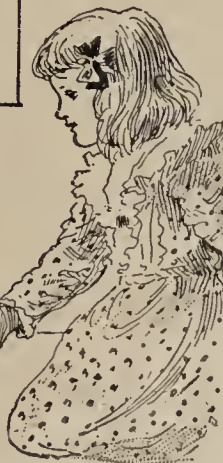
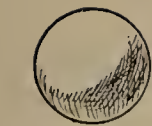


Straight down the road, and un - der the trees, O - ver the bridge as slow as you please, Then



back we'll come from the bu - sy town, Just as the sun is go - ing down.

\*Ball Play. First or Second Gift. Rhythmic Rolling.





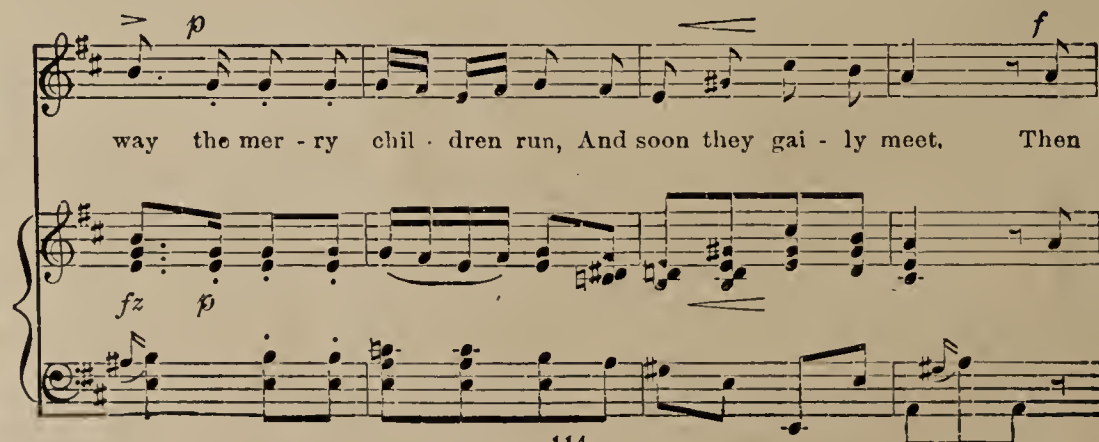
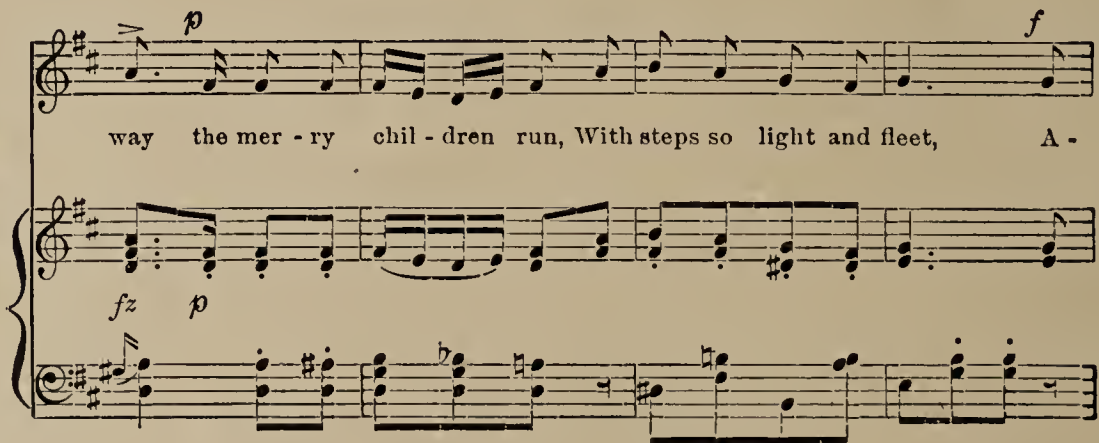


## BOWING GAME.

EMILIE POULSSON.

J. H. CHAPEK.

*Giocoso.*







# BOWING GAME.

*Lento.* *rall.*

both must stop and grave-ly bow, With slow and state-ly

*Lento.* *rall.*

grace, Then pass, and on-ward swift-ly run, To end the mer-ry

*p a tempo leggiero.*

race. Around the cir-cle quick-ly run, To end the mer-ry race.

## THE BOWING GAME.

"Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy." *Emerson.*

This game will be recognized as similar to the "Courtesying Game," which, however, is played without rhyme or tune.

When the ring is formed let two children be chosen. They should start and run around the ring in opposite directions, stopping short and bowing in a deliberate manner when they meet. Their starting can be timed so that the two children meet and bow "with slow and stately grace," while the fourth and fifth lines are being sung. After bowing, the children "pass and onward swiftly run," each endeavoring to be the first to regain his former place in the circle.

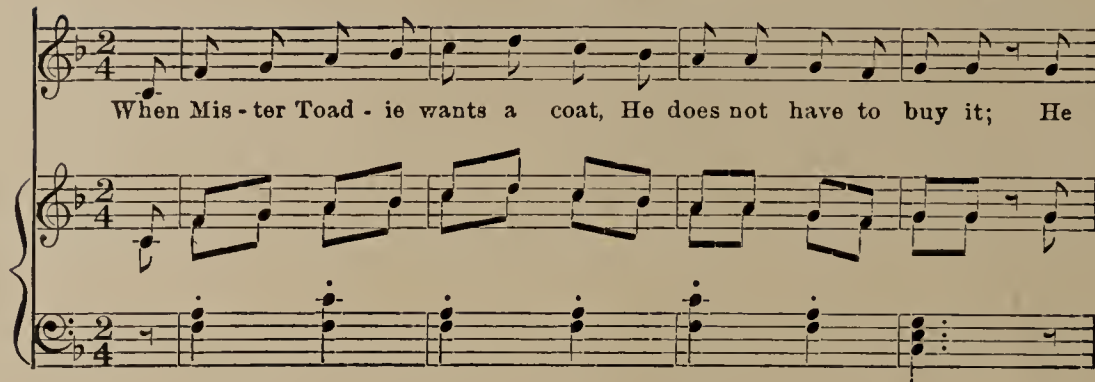
Notice whether the footsteps are *light* as well as fleet.



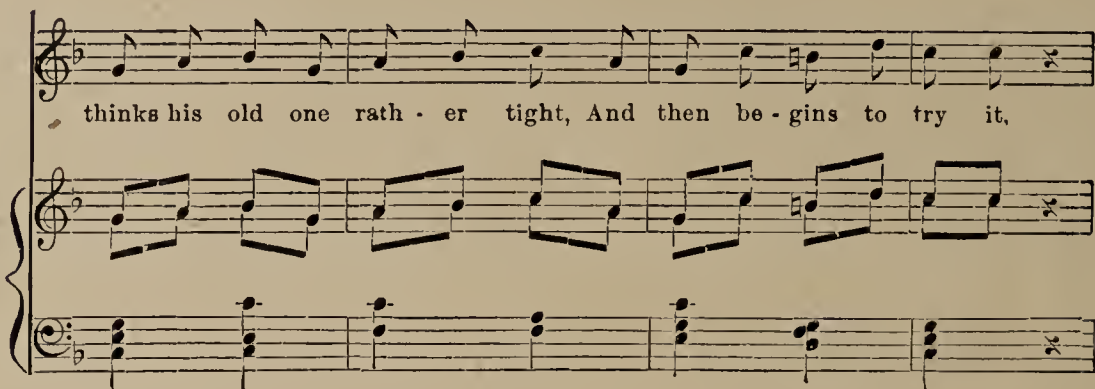


## MR. TOADIE'S COAT.

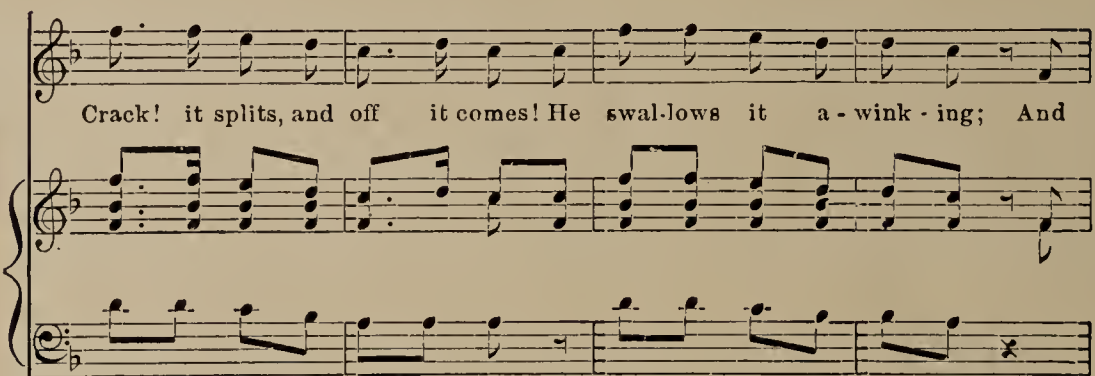
Words and Music by HARRIET L. GROVE.



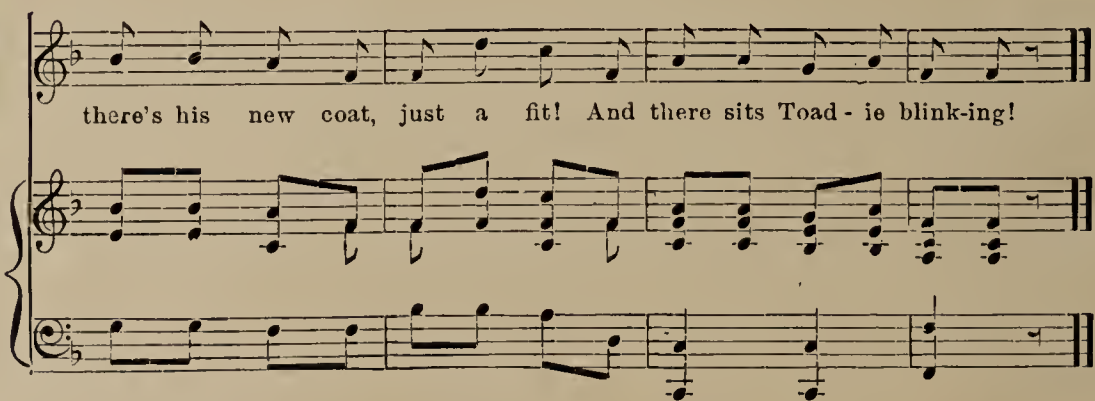
When Mis - ter Toad - ie wants a coat, He does not have to buy it; He



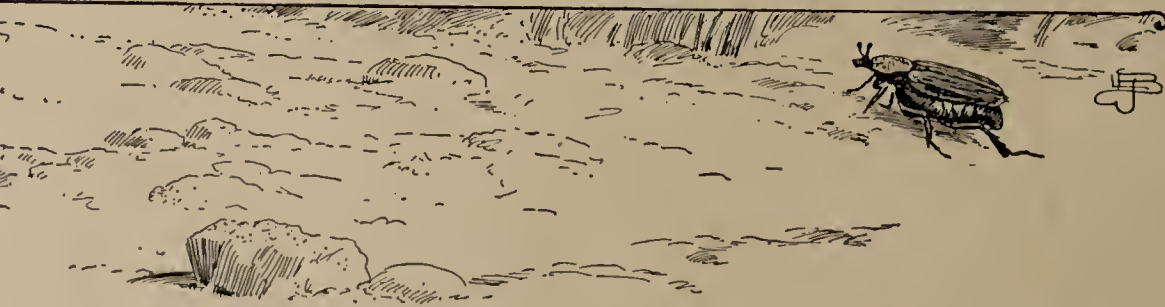
thinks his old one rath - er tight, And then be - gins to try it,



Crack! it splits, and off it comes! He swal-lows it a - wink - ing; And



there's his new coat, just a fit! And there sits Toad - ie blink-ing!



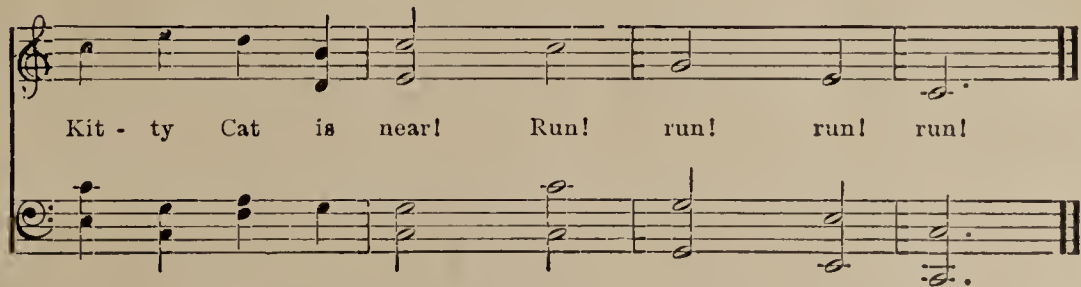
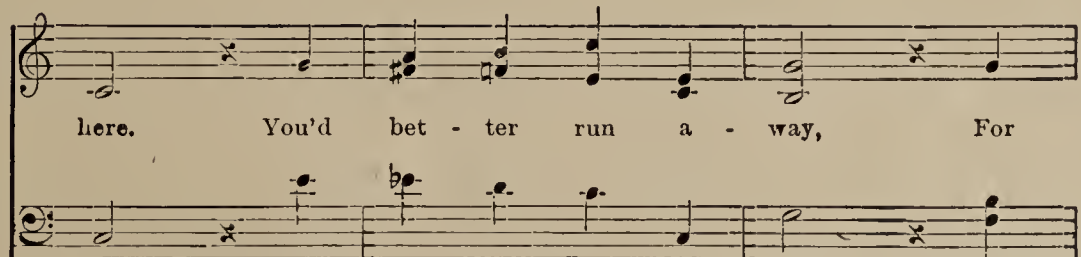
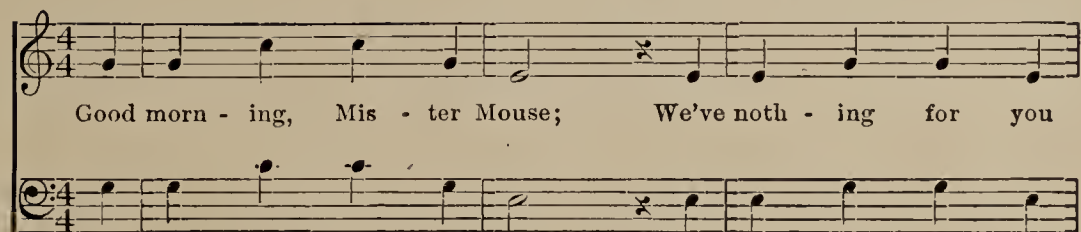
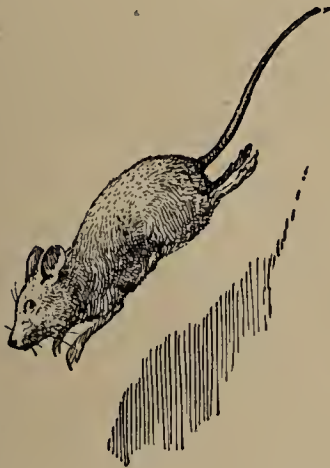




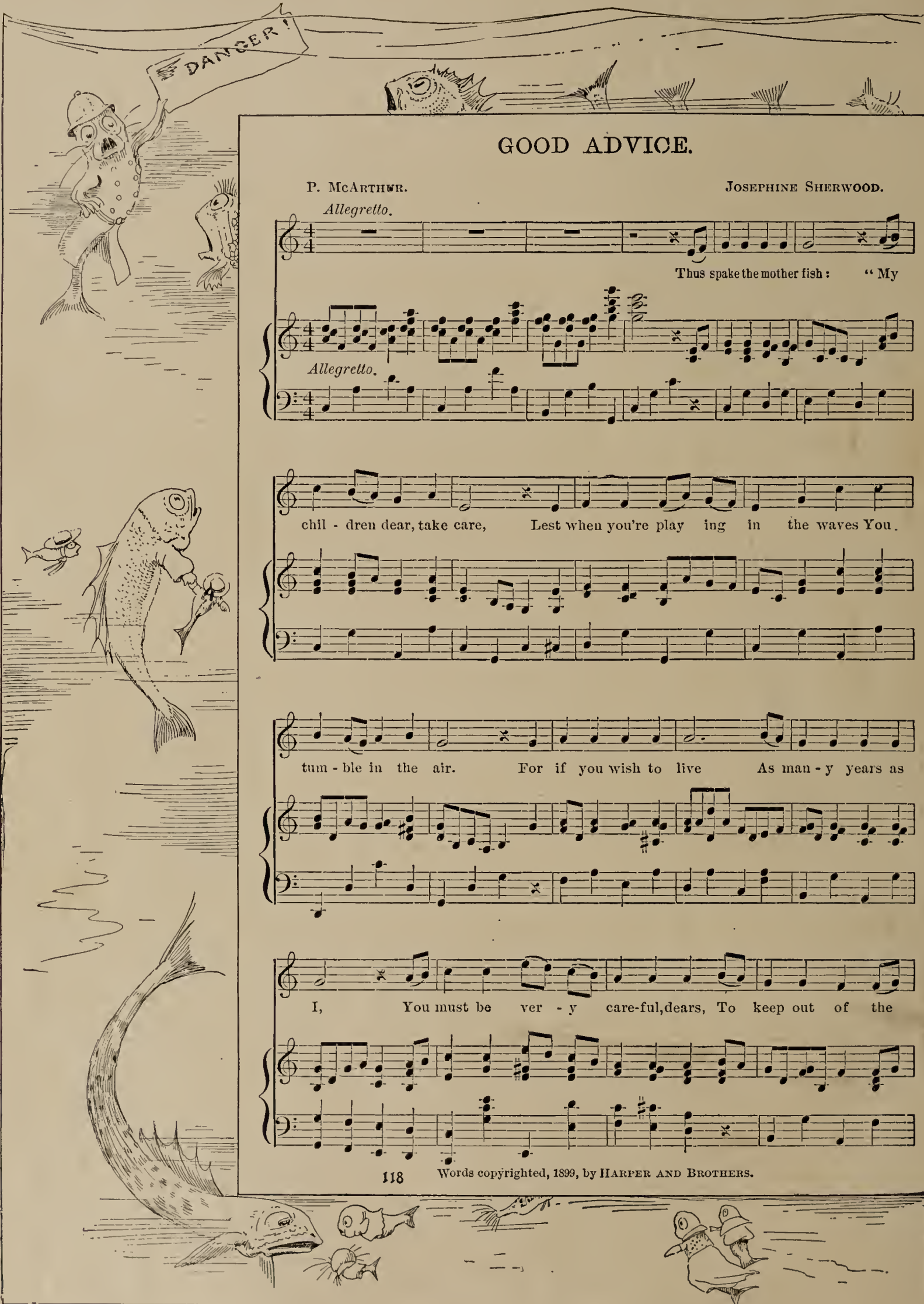
## MOUSE AND CAT.

A CHASING GAME.

Words and Music by HELEN E. G. KNIGHT.







## GOOD ADVICE.

P. McARTHUR.

JOSEPHINE SHERWOOD.

*Allegretto.*

Thus spake the mother fish: "My

*Allegretto.*

chil - dren dear, take care, Lest when you're play ing in the waves You

tum - ble in the air. For if you wish to live As man - y years as

I, You must be ver - y care-ful, dears, To keep out of the





GOOD ADVICE.

*rall.* . . . . . *a tempo.*

dry! You must be ver - y care - ful, dears, To keep out of the dry!"

*rall.* . . . . . *a tempo.*

A musical score for a song titled 'GOOD ADVICE.' The score is written on three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line with lyrics 'dry! You must be ver - y care - ful, dears, To keep out of the dry!'. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment. The tempo markings 'rall.' and 'a tempo.' are placed above and below the staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

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## THE SANDMAN.

Words and Music by LUCINE FINCH.

1. Here comes the Sand - man stepping so light - ly, Stealing a - long on the  
2. Oh! hear the Sand - man sing-ing so soft - ly, Sing-ing the chil-dren to

tips of his toes; And he scat-ters the sand With his own lit-tle hand, In the  
sleep ev-'ry-where; See how drowsy they grow Tired heads drooping low, And

*1st ending.* eyes of the sleep - y chil - dren. *2d ending.* hear the Sand-man sing - ing.

*rall.* *rall.*

Copyright, 1899, by Lucine Finch.



THE SANDMAN.

Sandman sings. (*Gliding, graceful and flowing.*)

Go to sleep, my chil - dren, Close your sleep - y eyes, . . . The

la - dy moon will watch you From out the dark-'ning skies; . . The

lit - tle stars are peep - ing, To see if you are sleep - ing;

Go to sleep, my chil - dren, Go to sleep. Good night.  
*dying away.*





## THE FIR TREE.

By CHARLOTTE LAY DEWEY.

THE fir tree grew in the forest old,  
And sang its happy song ;  
It gave sweet shelter to the birds,  
And rocked them all day long.  
It drank the rain and sparkling dew,  
And slept beneath the snow,  
And when the wind blew wild and free,  
And when the wind blew wild and free,  
It bent its branches low.  
“O tree! tell us your happy song,  
That we may sing it all day long.”  
Then softly did the answer fall,  
“Love, love, is the best of all!”

The fir tree came from the forest old,  
To be our Christmas friend ;  
For it, in sweet and tender song,  
Our happy voices blend.  
It glows with light, and bends with gifts,  
And sparkles like the snow ;  
It breathes to us the same sweet song,  
It breathes to us the same sweet song,  
It sang long years ago.  
“O tree! we thank you for your song,  
And we will sing it all day long ;—  
The song that did so softly fall,  
‘Love, love, is the best of all!’”

NOTE. — This may be sung to the music of “The Song of the Wind,” on page 68.



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